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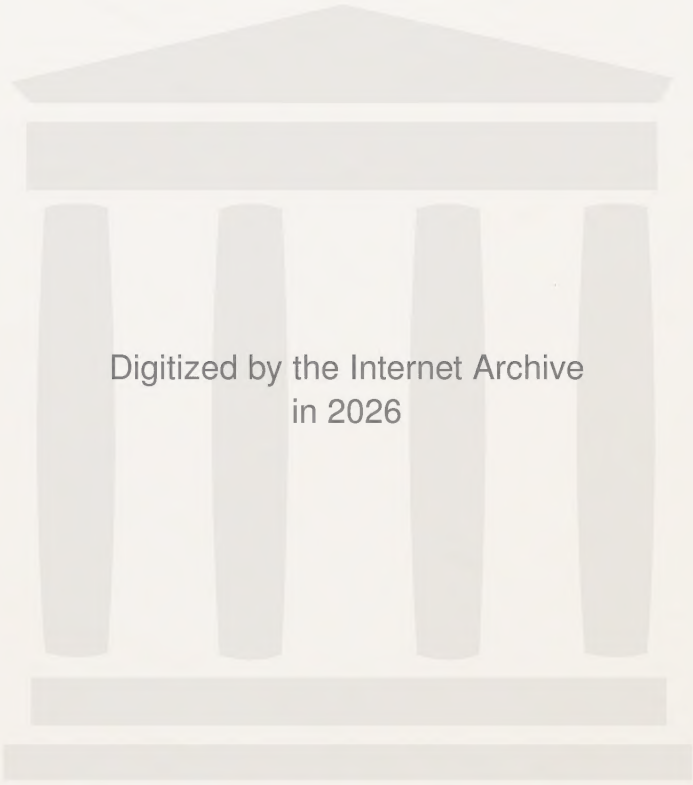
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NEW YORK

The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature

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EDITOR IN CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc.

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

Author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling." Of the Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
û as in pull.

ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ţh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. VII

	PAGE
Crabbe (krab), George	7
Craig-Knox (krāg noks), Isabella	17
Craigie (krā′ gi), Pearl Mary Teresa	21
Craik (krāk), Dinah Maria	24
Craik, George Lillie	29
Cranch (kranch), Christopher Pearse	31
Crane (krān), Stephen	35
Crashaw (krash′ â), Richard	39
Craven (krā′ ven), Pauline de la Ferronnays	45
Crawford (krâ′ fôrd), Francis Marion	48
Creasy (krē′ si), Sir Edward Shepherd	54
Crébillon (krā bē yôñ), Prosper Jolyot de	64
Crichton (krī′ tôn), James	67
Croaker (krō′ kêr), *see* Drake, Joseph Rodman	
Crockett (krok′ et), Samuel Rutherford	68
Croker (krō′ kêr), John Wilson	71
Croker, Thomas Crofton	75
Croly (krō′ li), George	77
Croly, Jane Cunningham	83
Crosby (kroz′ bi), Fanny, *see* Van Alstyne, F. J.	
Crosby, Howard	86
Crowe (krō), Catharine Ann Stevens	88
Cruden (krö′ den), Alexander	93
Cruger (krö′ gêr), Julie Grinnell Storrow	96
Cudlip (kud′ lip), Annie Hall Thomas	98
Cudworth (kud′ wêrth), Ralph	101
Cumberland (kum′ bêr land), Richard	106
Cumming (kum′ ing), John	112
Cumming, Roualeyn Gordon	115
Cummins (kum′ inz), Maria Susanna	116
Cunningham (kun′ ing ąm), Allan	121
Cupples (kup′ elz), George	126
Currer Bell (kêr′ êr bel), *see* Brontë, Charlotte	
Curtin (kêr′ tin), Jeremiah	129

PAGE

CURTIS (kêr′ tis), GEORGE TICKNOR 140
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM 145
CURTIS, WILLIAM ELEROY 156
CURTIUS (kör′ tsē ös), ERNST 160
CUTHBERT BEDE (kuth′ bêrt bēd), *see* BRADLEY, EDWARD.
CUVIER (kü vyā), GEORGES CHRETIEN 164
CUYLER (kī′ lêr), THEODORE LEDYARD 170
CYPRIAN (sip′ ri ạn), SAINT 172

D

DA COSTA (dä kos′ tä), ISAAK 178
DAHN (dän), JULIUS SOPHUS FELIX 182
DALE (dāl), J. S. OF, *see* STIMSON, FREDERICK JESUP ....
DALIN (dä′ lin), OLOF VON 184
DALRYMPLE (dal′ rim pl), SIR DAVID, *see* HAILES, LORD ..
DAMPIER (dam pēr′), WILLIAM 188
DANA (dā′ nạ), CHARLES ANDERSON 191
DANA, JAMES DWIGHT 200
DANA, RICHARD HENRY 203
DANA, RICHARD HENRY, JR. 214
DANBURY NEWS-MAN (dan′ bêr i nüz′ man), THE, *see* BAILEY, JAMES M. .....
DANIEL (dan′ yel), SAMUEL 220
DANTE (dan′ te; Ital. dän′ te) 225
DARLEY (där′ li), GEORGE 252
DARMESTETER (dar me ste tàr), JAMES 254
DARWIN (där′ win), CHARLES ROBERT 257
DARWIN, ERASMUS 266
D'AUBIGNÉ (dō bēñ yā), *see* MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ .....
DAUDET (dō dā), ALPHONSE 270
DAUDET, ERNEST LOUIS MARIE 289
DAVENANT (dav′ e nant), SIR WILLIAM 291
DAVIDSON (dā′ vid sŏn), JOHN 295
DAVIDSON, LUCRETIA MARIA 299
DAVIDSON, MARGARET MILLER 303
DAVIES (dā′ viz), SIR JOHN 310
DAVIS (dā′ vis), ANDREW JACKSON 313
DAVIS, HENRY WINTER 316
DAVIS, JEFFERSON 322
DAVIS, JOHN 333
DAVIS, SIR JOHN FRANCIS 339

	Page
Davis, Rebecca Harding	343
Davis, Richard Harding	349
Davis, Thomas Osborne	353
Davy (dā′ vi), Sir Humphry	355
Dawes (dâz), Rufus	362
Dawson (dâ′ sŏn), Sir John William	365
Day (dā), Thomas	370
De Amicis (dā ä mē′ chēs), Edmondo	380
De Candolle (dê koñ dōl), Alphonse Louis	384
De Candolle, Augustin Pyrame	386
Deems (dēmz), Charles Force	390
Deffand (def foñ), Marquise du	392
Defoe (de fō′), Daniel	395
De Forest (de fôr′ est), John William	418
De Kay (de kā′), Charles	424
Dekker (dek′ êr), Eduard Douwes	428
Dekker, Thomas	430
Deland (de land′), Margaret Wade	433
De la Ramée (dê lä rä mā′), Louise	436
Delavigne (dê lä vēñ yā), Jean Francois Casimir	443
Delille (dê lēl), Jacques	448
De Mille (de mil′), James	450
Demosthenes (dē mos′ thē nēz),	453
Denham (den′ ąm), John	473
Dennie (den′ i), Joseph	477
De Novissimo Judicio (de nō vis′ i mō jū di′ shio), *see* Dies Irae	
Depew (de pū′), Chauncey Mitchell	479
De Quincey (dē kwin′ zi), Thomas	485

C

CRABBE, GEORGE, an English poet; born at Aldborough, Suffolk, December 24, 1754; died at Trowbridge, February 3, 1832. He was the son of a collector of customs living at Aldborough. He early displayed a love of books, and while a schoolboy, began to write verses. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but disliked the profession, and in 1780 went to London, intending to apply himself to literature. His first efforts were unsuccessful. A poem, *The Candidate,* brought him nothing, owing to the failure of the publisher. In his distress he applied to Edmund Burke, who befriended him, introduced him to Dodsley, the publisher, and to Reynolds, Johnson, and Fox. Crabbe now published *The Library,* which was well received. At Burke's suggestion, he entered the Church, and in 1782 was appointed curate in Aldborough. The next year he published *The Village,* and in 1785 *The Newspaper.* He wrote no more for twenty-four years. Through the influence of Burke, he became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and later obtained the rectorship of a church in Dorsetshire. Six years afterward he was presented to two other rectories, and in 1818, to that of Trowbridge, where he spent his

last tranquil years. In 1809 he published *The Parish Register,* the success of which encouraged him to further efforts. *The Borough* appeared in 1810, *Tales in Verse,* in 1812, and *Tales of the Hall* in 1819. Crabbe depicted life as he saw it among the rural poor. His characters are not porcelain, but common clay, and many of them stained and marred by poverty and sin. Tramps, gypsies, vagabonds, and paupers are often the subjects of his verse, and he spares no detail in depicting their temptations, vices, and woes. His power lies in his absolute truthfulness. His descriptions are often painful, but here and there is some exquisite picture of constancy and nobility, like that of the mourning girl at her lover's grave, or the portrait of Isaac Ashford, "the wise good man, contented to be poor."

ISAAC ASHFORD.

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not; he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet, while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved,
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind

To miss one favor which their neighbors find);
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offense was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning: though my Clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew,
None his superior, and his equals few: —
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained:
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied —
In fact a noble passion, misnamed Pride.

He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim,
Christian and countryman was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
"On hope, in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind, and lose it, in your blaze."
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride. . . .

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honored head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,

Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile:
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there;—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise good man contented to be poor.
—*The Parish Register.*

THE GYPSIES.

On either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied;
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between:
Beneath an ancient bridge the straightened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side;
The rushes sharp that on the borders grow
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow:
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
Here the dwarf swallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh.
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound:
No hedge or tree conceals the glowing sun,
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.
Again the country was enclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
When lo! a hollow on the left appeared,
And there a Gypsy-tent their tribe had reared:
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,

The early traveler with their prayers to greet:
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepared the force of early powers to try;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feigned apprehension in her eyes;
Trained but yet savage, in her speaking face
He marked the features of her vagrant race,
When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
The vice implanted in her youthful breast:
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the traveler's face:
Within, the father, who from fences nigh
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by.
On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
Reclined the wife — an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remained.
Of vigor palsied and of beauty stained;
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid; her mother there
With Gypsy-state engrossed the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears:
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood;
Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits,
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits;
Useless, despised, his worthless labors done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half supports him; he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance;

And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years:
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat!
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain —
Ere, they like him, approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

— *Tales in Verse.*

A MOTHER'S BURIAL.

Then died lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued Mother and a faithful Wife;
Called not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when, to all that knits us to our kind,
She felt fast-bound, as charity can bind; —
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart;
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone:
Still those around appeared for hope to seek!
But viewed the sick and were afraid to speak.
  Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead;
When grief grew loud, and bitter tears were shed,
My part began; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face.
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came their grief to blend
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier,
He knew not grief, but cries expressed his fear;
Each different age and sex revealed its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain;
While the meek father, listening to their tones,

Swelled the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied:
"Be still, be patient;" oft she strove to say;
But failed as oft, and weeping turned away.
Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to and fro
As Nature guided, took the tone of woe.
Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place — where she no more was found;
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fireside chair, still set, but vacant still:
The garden-walks, a labor all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown!
The Sunday-pew she filled, with all her race —
Each place of hers was now a sacred place
That, while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart and forced them still to rise.
— *The Parish Register.*

AN AUTUMN SKETCH.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty when the bloom is lost
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long, yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,

And said aloud: "Yes; doubtless we must die."
"We must," said Richard; "and we could not live
To feel what dotage and decay will give;
But we yet taste whatever we behold;
The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
There is delicious quiet in this scene,
At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
Sounds, too, delight us — each discordant tone
Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone;
This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak —
See, the axe falls! — now listen to the stroke:
That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease."

— *Tales of the Hall.*

GRADUAL APPROACHES OF AGE.

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said: "The view is poor; we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold, neat parlor and the gay, glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less —
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;

The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft: — in short, began to prose.
— *Tales of the Hall.*

THE BETROTHED LOVERS.

Yes! there are real Mourners — I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention, through the day, her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed:
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect.
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past displayed
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted Youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene;
Where last for sea he took his leave — that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sailed — "This once, and then the day:"
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.
Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep and smartly look.
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger: dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:

His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
Hope was awakened as for home he sailed,
But quickly sank, and never more prevailed.
He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message — "Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! — if not, this trifle take,
And say till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die — blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look — and now repeat the prayer."
He had his wish, had more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint —
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope forever fled.
Still long she nursed him: tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave,
One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think
Yet said not so — "Perhaps he will not sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard; —
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;

Lively he seemed and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many and the favorite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people — death has made them dear;
He named his Friend, but then his hand she pressed
And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrightened; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love — and all was past!
  She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved — an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance —'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms in long, abstracted fit;
But if observer pass will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

— *The Borough.*

CRAIG-KNOX, Isabella, a British poet; born at Edinburgh, in 1831; died at London in 1890. While working as a seamstress she wrote several essays and poems for *The Scotsman* newspaper, which led to her engagement upon the editorial staff of that journal. In 1857 she went to London, and was engaged in the organization of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science;

and was subsequently married to her countryman, John Knox. She published a volume of *Poems* in 1856; in 1859 she was the successful competitor, out of more than six hundred, for the prize Ode at the Burns Centenary Festival; and in 1865 published *The Duchess Agnes, and Other Poems.* She also wrote *In Duty Bound* (1881).

THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

A stillness crept about the house,
  At evenfall, in noontide glare;
Upon the silent hills looked forth
  The many-windowed house of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed;
  Browsed on the lawn the timid hare;
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
  Calm by the sheltered house of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
  The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmurs from the streams,
  Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
  And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill of good or ill,
  While women keep the house of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
  And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
  About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
  The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in maiden dreams
  To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Within, in pall-black velvet clad,
Sits stately in her oaken chair,
A stately dame of ancient name —
The mother of the house of Quair.

Her daughter 'broiders by her side,
With heavy, drooping, golden hair,
And listens to her frequent plaint:
"Ill fare the brides that come to Quair;

"For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
Left lonely in the house of Quair;

"Alas! and ere thy father died,
I had not in his heart a share;
And now — may God forefend her ill —
Thy brother brings his bride to Quair!"

She came; they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair;
They led her to the chamber high —
The fairest in the house of Quair.

"'Tis fair," she said, on looking forth;
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare?"
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse of Quair.

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share."—
What need be said? She was not one
Of the ill-fated brides of Quair.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home was joy and sorrow
Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death,

His feeble pulse was failing,
  And his eye was growing dim;
He was standing on the threshold
  When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
  On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
  Pressed it to his lips and died.
An awful darkness resteth
  On the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold,
  Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
  Coming in unto the fight —
Coming in unto the darkness,
  Going out unto the light;
Although the shadow deepened
  In the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal,
  With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers
  As he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying —
  Death is but the gate of life:
Yet, awful darkness resteth
  On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
  Going out and coming in.

PEARL R. CRAIGIE.

CRAIGIE, Pearl Mary Teresa Richards ("John Oliver Hobbes"), an American novelist; born at Boston, Mass., November 3, 1867. She was taken by her parents to London, where her father had established himself in business as a manufacturing chemist. Her parents are both Americans, her mother of Quaker descent. She was educated principally by private tutors, but studied classics for two years with Professor Alfred Goodwin at University College, London. She also studied music in Paris. In 1886 she was married to R. W. Craigie, a clerk in the Bank of England, but the marriage was not a happy one and she was divorced in 1895. She is the author of *Some Emotions and a Moral* (1891); *The Sinner's Comedy* (1892); *A Study in Temptations* (1893); *A Bundle of Life* (1894); *Teresa;* and *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham* (1895); *Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting* (1895); *The Herb Moon* (1896); *School for Saints* (1897); *The Ambassador* (1898); *Robert Orange* (1900); *The Serious Wooing* (1901); and *The Vineyard* (1903).

"After a prolonged course," says the London *Athenæum,* "of the ordinary, well-intentioned, mediocre novel, which gives food, if not satisfaction, to the circulating library public, it is like entering a new world to come suddenly across a book by John Oliver Hobbes." "And what," remarks a recent writer, "was said of the book then under review may be said of every book yet written by Mrs. Craigie: 'It is a book that it is almost impossible to criticise; not the least because it is a great book, but from the joy and exhilaration which its wit and its almost flashy bril-

liancy inspire. There is hardly a page on which at least one epigram does not occur, or some admirably phrased description; the whole very cynical and pessimistic, of course, but somehow all the more amusing for that, perhaps because so it the better represents the mood of the day.'"

WARRE'S VISITS TO THE CHURCH.

When it was dark, he would sometimes steal into the Catholic church in Farm Street, and rest there undisturbed. He used to sit near the altar of Our Lady of Lourdes, where he could see, at the end of the aisle, another altar and the pendant lamps before it. The odor of flowers, incense, melting wax, and that something else like the scent of goodly fruit stored away for the hungry winter, gave him a welcome. He felt that he was in some way expected, that his place was set ready; that there were loving friends on every side who had been waiting, watching, longing for his approach. And while he could stay there, in his small, unmolested corner, it seemed that neither sorrow nor pain, hopes overthrown or miseries multiplied, could ever harm him more. The little silver hearts which hung in a case by the altar had each some story to tell of a faithful vow. And should he be faithless! He forgot his own narrow grief as he mused on the great sufferings of men, who, if human joys were given to truth and honor, deserved every perfect gift. It seemed to him that his own aims had been common and selfish; he felt an ineffable humiliation before the symbols of martyrdom which gave the walls of that sacred place a vivid pathos. His ways were pure because his nature was chivalrous, but his life was worldly: his youthful ambition had been to make money and fame, to marry a beautiful wife; he had loved passing well the pleasures of earth, fair women, wealth, and the luxuries wealth alone can promise. How much had he done or endured just for righteousness' sake?

ALLEGRA'S RELIGION.

But she was sincerely religious in the old Puritanical spirit. Her Scotch nurse had taught her a stern and simple creed which became softened in Allegra's nature by the Pagan grace of Italy. Her God was the Creator of a beautiful world which He loved. He did not hate it, spurn it, despise it; He had found it good when it was made, and when it became, in His sight, evil, He gave His only Son for its redemption. Her devotion rested on that attachment to and belief in the Person of God without which faith is a mere dry, mental acquiesence in useful fallacies. She did not think that to trust in the Almighty was the best mistake she could — for her own peace of life — make. It was the instinct of her soul — a fealty as intimate, inexplicable, and everlasting as the tie which sometimes binds one human being to another, and which is so far exalted above all senses and selfish sentiments that love is but its moon and friendship, but the shadow of its shadow. This sense of nearness to God, and of His actual existence as the Supreme King of earth, and heaven, and hell, was the crown of the early martyrs and the sword of early Puritanism. As that knowledge grew less vivid, and scepticism — making a profession of reverence — called this chivalric trust profane — hedging the King's Divinity about with mysteries, with insurmountable barriers of dogma and Church etiquette, so the crown was stolen and the sword became a white feather. The fear of approaching a Throne too closely, and the desire to keep it inaccessible was and is ever the characteristic of those who would usurp its power — never of the faithful who would serve and protect it. Allegra, therefore, read her Bible, and, sure that her God was indeed, and in reality, God, worshipped Him as devoutly in a Protestant Chapel as at High Mass, and felt as close to Him in the common scenes of life as in the pew of an Anglican cathedral.— *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham.*

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA, best known as "MISS MULOCK;" an English novelist and poet; born at Stoke-upon-Trent, in 1826; died at Shortlands, Kent, October 12, 1887. Her first novel, *The Ogilvies,* was published in 1849, and was followed the same year by *Cola Monti: the Story of a Genius.* In 1865 Miss Mulock married Mr. George Lillie Craik the younger. She wrote in all about thirty novels, besides sketches of life and scenery, poems, books for children, and magazine articles. Among her works are *Olive* (1850); *Alice Learmont* and *The Head of the Family* (1852); *Avillion and Other Tales; Agatha's Husband;* and *A Hero* (1853); *Little Lychetts* (1855); *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1856); *Nothing New* (1857); *A Woman's Thoughts about Women* (1858); *A Life for a Life; Poems; Romantic Tales;* and *Bread upon the Waters* (1859); *Domestic Stories* and *Our Year,* a child's book (1860); *Stories from Life* (1861); *The Fairy-Book;* and *Mistress and Maid* (1863; *Christian's Mistake; A New Year's Gift to Sick Children;* and *Home Thoughts and Home Scenes,* a book of poems (1865); *How to Win Love; or Rhoda's Lesson,* and *A Noble Life* (1866); *Two Marriages* (1867); *The Woman's Kingdom* (1869); *A Brave Lady* and *The Unkind Word* (1870); *Fair France; Little Sunshine's Holiday;* and *Twenty Years Ago* (1871); *Adventures of a Brownie; Is it True?* and *My Mother and I* (1874); *The Little Lame Prince* and *Sermons out of Church* (1875); *The Laurel Bush* and *Will Denbeigh, Nobleman* (1877); *A Legacy: the Life and Remains of J. Martin* (1878); *Young Mrs. Jardine* (1879);

DINAH MARIA CRAIK.

Poems of Thirty Years (1880); *His Little Mother; Children's Poetry;* and *Plain Speaking* (1882); and *King Arthur* (1886).

DEATH OF MURIEL, THE BLIND CHILD.

John opened the large Book — the Book he had taught all his children to long for and to love — and read out of it their favorite history of Joseph and his brethren. The mother sat by him at the fireside, rocking Maud softly on her knees. Edwin and Walter settled themselves on the hearth-rug, with great eyes intently fixed on their father. From behind him the candle-light fell softly down on the motionless figure in the bed, whose hand he held, and whose face he ever now and then turned to look at — then, satisfied, continued to read. In the reading his voice had a fatherly, flowing calm — as Jacob's might have had, when "the children were tender," and he gathered them all around him under the palm-trees of Succoth — years before he cried unto the Lord that bitter cry (which John hurried over as he read): *"If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."*

For an hour, nearly, we all sat thus, with the wind coming up the valley, howling in the beech-wood, and shaking the casement as it passed outside. Within, the only sound was the father's voice. This ceased at last; he shut the Bible, and put it aside. The group — that last perfect household picture — was broken up. It melted away into things of the past, and became only a picture for evermore.

"Now, boys, it is full time to say good-night. There, go and kiss your sister." "Which?" said Edwin, in his funny way. "We've got two now; and I don't know which is the biggest baby." "I'll thrash you if you say that again," cried Guy. "Which, indeed! Maud is but the baby." Muriel will be always sister." "Sister" faintly laughed as she answered his fond kiss — Guy was often thought to be her favorite brother. "Now, off with you, boys; and go downstairs quietly — mind, I say, quietly."

They obeyed — that is, as literally as boy-nature can obey such an admonition. But an hour after, I heard Guy and Edwin arguing vociferously in the dark, on the respective merits and future treatment of their two sisters, Muriel and Maud.

John and I sat up late together that night. He could not rest, even though he told me he had left the mother and her two daughters as cosey as a nest of wood-pigeons. We listened to the wild night, till it had almost howled itself away; then our fire went out, and we came and sat over the last fagot in Mrs. Tod's kitchen, the old Debatable Land. We began talking of the long-ago time, and not of this time at all. The vivid present — never out of either mind for an instant — we in our conversation did not touch upon, by at least ten years. Nor did we give expression to a thought which strongly oppressed me, and which I once or twice fancied I could detect in John likewise; how very like this night seemed to the night when Mr. March died; the same silentness in the house, the same windy whirl without, the same blaze of the wood-fire on the same kitchen ceiling. More than once I could almost have deluded myself that I heard the faint moans and footsteps overhead; that the staircase door would open and we should see there Miss March, in her white gown, and her pale, steadfast look:

"I think the mother seemed very well and calm to-night," I said, hesitatingly, as we were retiring. "She is, God help her — and us all!" "He will." That was all we said.

He went upstairs the last thing, and brought down word that mother and children were sound asleep.

"I think I may leave them until daylight to-morrow. And now, Uncle Phineas, go you to bed, for you look as tired as tired can be."

I went to bed; but all night long I had disturbed dreams, in which I pictured over and over again, first the night when Mr. March died, then the night at Longfield, when the little white ghost had crossed by my bed's foot, into the room where Mary Baines' dead boy lay. And continually, towards morning, I fancied I heard through my

window, which faced the church, the faint, distant sound of the organ, as when Muriel used to play it.

Long before it was daylight I rose. As I passed the boys' room, Guy called out to me: "Halloa! Uncle Phineas, is it a fine morning? for I want to go down into the wood and get a lot of beech-nuts and fir-cones for sister. It's her birthday to-day, you know." It *was* for her. But for us — O Muriel, our darling, darling child!

Let me hasten over the story of that morning, for my old heart quails before it still. John went early to the room upstairs. It was very still. Ursula lay calmly asleep, with baby Maud on her bosom; on her other side, with eyes wide open to the daylight, lay — that which for more than ten years we had been used to call "blind Muriel." She saw now. . . .

Just the same homely room — half bed-chamber, half a nursery — the same little curtainless bed where, for a week past, we had been accustomed to see the wasted figure and small pale face lying in smiling quietude all day long.

It lay there still. In it, and in the room, was hardly any change. One of Walter's playthings was in a corner of the window-sill, and on the chest of drawers stood the nosegay of Christmas roses which Guy had brought for his sister yesterday morning. Nay, her shawl — a white, soft, furry shawl that she was fond of wearing — remained still hanging up behind the door. One could almost fancy the little maid had just been said "good night" to, and left to dream the childish dreams on her nursery pillow, where the small head rested so peacefully, with that pretty babyish nightcap tied over the pretty curls. There she was, the child who had gone out of the number of our children — our earthly children — for ever. — *John Halifax.*

PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.

Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shall find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified! — Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King:
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God — throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my King,
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the King!"

CRAIK, George Lillie, a British editor and novelist; born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1799; died at Belfast, Ireland, June 25, 1866. He was educated at St. Andrew's University. About 1824 he went to London to engage in literary work. In 1831 he published *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,* and in 1839 became editor of the *Pictorial History of England,* and wrote some of its best chapters. He was also one of the leading contributors to the *Penny Cyclopædia.* In 1849 he became Professor of History and English Literature at Queen's College, Belfast. Among his works are *A History of Literature and Learning in England from the Norman Conquest up to the Present Time,* and *History of British Commerce from the Earliest Times* (1844); *Spenser and his Poetry* (1845); *Bacon, his Writings and his Philosophy* (1846); *Romance of the Peerage* (1848–50); *Outlines of the History of the English Language* (1855); *The English of Shakespeare* (1857); *Evils of Popular Tumults,* and *Paris and its Historical Scenes.* In 1861 Mr. Craik published a *Compendious History of English Literature and the English Language,* comprehending and incorporating all of his former work, the *History of Literature and Learning,* which he thought it desirable to preserve.

EDUCATION OF THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

It is worthy of remark that all these founders and first builders-up of the regular drama in England were, nearly if not absolutely without an exception, classical scholars and men who had received a university education. . . . To the training received by these writers the drama that

rose among us after the middle of the sixteenth century may be considered to owe not only its form, but in part also its spirit, which had a learned and classical tinge from the first, that never entirely wore out. The diction of the works of all these dramatists betrays their scholarship; and they have left upon the language of our higher drama, and indeed of our blank verse in general, of which they were the main creators, an impress of Latinity, which, it can scarcely be doubted, our vigorous but still homely and unsonorous Gothic speech needed to fit it for the requirements of that species of composition. Fortunately, however, the greatest and most influential of them were not mere men of books and readers of Greek and Latin. Greene and Peele and Marlowe all spent the noon of their days (none of them saw any afternoon) in the busiest haunts of social life, sounding in their reckless course all the depths of human experience, and drinking the cup of passion, and also of suffering to the dregs. And of their great successors, those who carried the drama to its height among us in the next age, while some were also accomplished scholars, all were men of the world — men who knew their brother-men by an actual and intimate intercourse with them in their most natural and open-hearted moods, and over a remarkably extended range of conditions. We know, from even the scanty fragments of their history that have come down to us, that Shakespeare and Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher all lived much in the open air of society, and mingled with all ranks from the highest to the lowest; some of them, indeed, having known what it was actually to belong to classes very far removed from each other at different periods of their lives. But we should have gathered, though no other record or tradition had told us, that they must have been men of this genuine and manifold experience from the drama alone which they have bequeathed to us — various, rich, and glowing as that is, even as life itself.— *History of the English Literature and Language.*

ENGLISH PROSE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Generally it may be observed, with regard to the English prose of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, that it is both more simple in its construction, and of a more purely native character in other respects, than the style which came into fashion in the latter years of the Elizabethan period. When first made use of in prose composition the mother-tongue was written as it was spoken; even such artifices and embellishments as are always prompted by the nature of verse were here scarcely aspired after or thought of; that which was addressed to and specially intended for the instruction of the people was set down as far as possible in the familiar forms and fashions of the popular speech, in genuine native words, and direct unincumbered sentences; no painful imitation of any learned or foreign model was attempted, nor any species of elaboration whatever, except what was necessary for mere perspicuity, in a kind of writing which was scarcely regarded as partaking of the character of literary composition at all. The delicacy of a scholarly taste no doubt influenced even the English style of such writers as More and his eminent contemporaries or immediate followers; but whatever eloquence or dignity their compositions thus acquired was not the effect of any professed or conscious endeavor to write in English as they would have written in what were called the learned tongues.—*History of the English Literature and Language.*

CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE, an American artist and poet; born at Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 20, 1892. He was graduated from Columbian University, Washington, in 1831; studied afterward at the Harvard Divinity School, and was licensed to

preach. In 1842 he became a landscape painter in New York; in 1853 he went to Europe for the second time, and resided for ten years in France and Italy. In 1854 he published a volume of poems, and in 1856–67 *The Last of the Huggermuggers* and *Kobboltozo,* two tales for children, illustrated by himself. He also published a translation of Virgil's *Æneid* in blank verse, and contributed not unfrequently to periodical literature. His later works included *The Bird and the Bell* (1875); *Ariel and Caliban* (1887).

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

Where now, where,
O spirit pure, where walk those shining feet?
Whither in groves beyond the treacherous seas,
Beyond our sense of time, dimly fair,
Brighter than gardens of Hesperides —
Whither dost thou move on, complete
And beauteous, ringed around
In mystery profound
By gracious companies who share
That strange supernal air?
Or art thou sleeping dreamless, knowing naught
Of good or ill, of life or death?
Or art thou but a portion of Heaven's breath,
A portion of all life enwrought
In the eternal essence? — All in vain
Tangled in misty webs of time,
Out on the undiscovered clime
Our clouded eyes we strain
We cannot pierce the veil,
As the proud eagles fail
Upon their upward track
And fluttering gasping back
From the thin empyrean, so, with wing
Baffled and humbled, we but guess
All we shall gain by all the soul's distress —
All we shall be, by our poor worthiness.

And so we write and sing
Our dreams of time and space, and call them Heaven.
We only know that all is for the best;
To God we leave the rest.

So, reverent beneath the mystery
Of Life and Death we yield
Back to the great Unknown the spirit given
A few brief years to blossom in our field.
Nor shall time's all-devouring sea
Despoil this brightest century
Of all thou hast been, and shalt ever be.
The age shall guard thy fame,
And reverence thy name.
There is no cloud on them. There is no death for thee.

TWO SINGERS.

One touched his facile lyre to please the ear
And win the buzzing plaudits of the town,
And sang a song that caroled loud and clear;
And gained at once a blazing, brief renown.
Nor he, nor all the crowd behind them, saw
The ephemeral list of pleasant rhymers dead:
Their verse once deemed a title without flaw
To fame, whose phantom radiance long had fled.

Another sang his soul out to the stars,
And the deep hearts of men. The few who passed
Heard a low, thoughtful strain behind his bars,
As of some captive in a prison cast.
And when that thrilling voice no more was heard,
Him from his cell in funeral pomp they bore;
Then all that he had sung and written stirred
The world's great heart with thoughts unknown before.

KNOWING.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
  Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach,
  What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
  Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
  To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
  Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
  Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
  Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
  All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
  But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
  But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of Love
  Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
  What the dim-eyed world has taught;

Only when our souls are fed
  By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
  Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain,
  Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
  Melting, flowing into one.

STEPHEN CRANE.

CRANE, STEPHEN, an American journalist and novelist; born at Newark, N. J., November 1, 1871; died at Badenweiler, Germany, June 5, 1900. His father, Rev. J. T. Crane, was presiding elder of the Newark district of the Methodist Church. He was of Revolutionary stock, many of his ancestors having been soldiers in the Revolution, and all good rebels. Besides the common schools in which the son was educated he studied for a time in Lafayette College, but did not graduate. At sixteen he began journalistic work. His first novel, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets,* was published in 1892, but without a publisher's imprint and under a pseudonym. A book without a publisher as sponsor, and an unknown name as the author, naturally received slight notice from the reviewers, and consequently little recognition from the public. But it may be said that the one critical review of it was a favorable one. The author's next book, *The Red Badge of Courage,* was first published serially. It appeared in book form in 1895. *The Black Rider's and Other Lines* also appeared in 1895; and *George's Mother,* in 1896. In 1897, during the Græco-Turkish war, he went to Greece to act as correspondent for a New York newspaper. His other books were *The Little Regiment* (1897); *The Third Violet* (1897); *The Open Boat* (1898); *Active Service* (1899); *War is Kind* (1899); *Wounds in the Rain* (1900); *Whilomville Stories* (1900); *The Monster* (1900); and *The O'Ruddy,* an incomplete novel, which was finished by Robert Barr in 1903.

TRUTH.

"Truth," said a traveler,
"Is a rock, a mighty fortress;
Often have I been to it,
Even to its highest tower,
From whence the world looks black."

"Truth," said the traveler
"Is a breath, a wind,
A shadow, a phantom;
Long have I pursued it,
But never have I touched
The hem of its garment."

And I believed the second traveler;
For truth was to me
A breath, a wind,
A shadow, a phantom,
And never had I touched
The hem of its garment.

"Think as I think," said a man,
"Or you are abominably wicked;
You are a toad."
And after I had thought of it,
I said, "I will, then, be a toad."

In Heaven
Some little blades of grass
Stood before God.
"What did you do?"
Then all save one of the little blades
Began eagerly to relate
The merits of their lives.
This one stayed a small way behind,
Ashamed.
Presently, God said,
"And what did you do?"
The little blade answered, "Oh, my Lord,

Memory is bitter to me,
For, if I did good deeds,
I know not of them."
Then God, in all His splendor,
Arose from His throne.
"Oh, best little blade of grass!" He said.
I walked in a desert.
And I cried,
"Ah, God, take me from this place!"
A voice said, "It is no desert."
I cried, "Well, but —
The sand, the heat, the vacant horizon."
A voice said, "It is no desert."

— *The Black Riders.*

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF OPINION.

They began to believe that in truth their efforts had been called light. The youth could see this conviction weigh upon the entire regiment until the men were like cuffed and cursed animals, but withal rebellious.

The friend, with a grievance in his eye, went to the youth. "I wonder what he does want," he said. "He must think we went out there an' played marbles! I never see sech a man!"

The youth developed a tranquil philosophy for these moments of irritation. "Oh, well," he rejoined, "he probably didn't see nothing of it at all and got mad as blazes, and concluded we were a lot of sheep, just because we didn't do what he wanted done. It's a pity old Grandpa Henderson got killed yesterday — he'd have known that we did our best and fought good. It's just our awful luck, that's what."

"I should say so," replied the friend. He seemed to be deeply wounded at an injustice. "I should say we did have awful luck! There's no fun in fightin' fer people when everything yeh do — no matter what — ain't done right. I have a notion t' stay behind next time an' let 'em take their ol' charge an' go t' th' devil with it."

The youth spoke soothingly to his comrade. "Well,

we both did good. I'd like to see the fool what'd say we both didn't do as good as we could!"

"Of course we did," declared the friend, stoutly. "An' I'd break th' feller's head if he was as big as a church. But we're all right, anyhow, for I heard one feller say that we two fit th' best in th' regiment, an' they had a great argument 'bout it. Another feller, 'a course, he had t' up an' say it was a lie — he seen all what was goin' on, an' he never seen us from th' beginnin' t' th' end. An' a lot more struck in an' says it wasn't a lie — we did fight like thunder, an' they give us quite a send-off. But this is what I can't stand — these everlastin' ol' soldiers titterin' an' laughin', an' then that general, he's crazy."

The youth exclaimed, with sudden exasperation: "He's a lunkhead! He makes me mad. I wish he'd come along next time. We'd show him what ——"

He ceased because several men had come hurrying up. Their faces expressed a bringing of great news.

"O Flem, yeh jest oughta heard!" cried one, eagerly.

"Heard what?" said the youth.

"Yeh jest oughta heard!" repeated the other, and he arranged himself to tell his tidings. The others made an excited circle. "Well, sir, th' colonel met your lieutenant right by us — it was the damnedest thing I ever heard — an' he ses: 'Ahem! ahem!' he ses. 'Mr. Hasbrouck!' he ses, 'by th' way, who was that lad what carried th' flag?' he ses. There, Flemin', what d' yeh think 'a that? 'Who was th' lad what carried th' flag?' he ses, an' th' lieutenant, he speaks up right away: 'That's Flemin', an' he's a jimhickey,' he ses, right away. What? I say he did. 'A jimhickey,' he ses — those 'r his words. He did, too. I say he did. If you kin tell this story better than I kin, go ahead an' tell it. Well, then, keep yer mouth shet. Th' lieutenant, he ses: 'He's a jimhickey,' an' the colonel, he ses. 'Ahem! ahem! he is, indeed, a very good man t' have, ahem! He kep' th' flag away t' th' front. I saw 'im. He's a good 'un,' ses the colonel. 'You bet,' ses th' lieutenant, 'he an' a feller named Wilson was at th' head 'a th' charge, an' howlin' like Indians all th' time,' he ses: 'A feller named Wilson

he says. There, Wilson, m'boy, put that in a letter an' send it hum t' yer mother, hay? 'A feller named Wilson,' he ses. An' th' colonel, he ses: 'Were they, indeed? Ahem! ahem! My sakes!' he ses. 'At th' head 'a th' regiment?' he says. 'They were,' ses the lieutenant. 'My sakes! says th' colonel. He ses: 'Well, well, well,' he ses, 'those two babies?' 'They were,' ses th' lieutenant. 'Well, well,' ses th' colonel, 'they deserve to be major-generals,' he ses. 'They deserve t' be major-generals.'"

The youth and his friend had said: "Huh!" "Yer lyin', Thompson." "Oh, go t' blazes!" "He never sed it." "Oh, what a lie!" "Huh!" But despite these youthful scoffings and embarrassments, they knew that their faces were deeply flushing from thrills of pleasure. They exchanged a secret glance of joy and congratulation.

They speedily forgot many things. The past held no pictures of error and disappointment. They were very happy, and their hearts welled with grateful affection for the colonel and the youthful lieutenant.— *The Red Badge of Courage.*

CRASHAW, RICHARD, an English poet; born at London, in 1616; died at Loretto, Italy, in 1649. He studied at Cambridge, and in 1637 was made a fellow of Peterhouse College. The publication of Herbert's *Temple*, in 1633, is said to have determined the bent of his mind toward religious poetry, his first book being *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber.* In this volume occurs the often imitated fanciful conceit upon the miracle of the water being converted into wine: "*Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit* — The modest water saw its God and blushed." During the

Civil War, Crashaw became obnoxious to the Parliamentary Party, and was deprived of his Fellowship. He fled to France, where he became a Roman Catholic, and, through the influence of Maria Henrietta, the queen of Charles I., was in 1646 made secretary to Cardinal Palotta at Rome. Three years later the Cardinal procured his appointment as canon of the church at Loretto; but within a fortnight he was attacked by a fever which proved fatal. While at Cambridge a warm attachment sprung up between Crashaw and Cowley, who wrote one of his finest poems, *On the Death of Crashaw,* which will be found in the article upon Cowley. The poems of Crashaw in Latin and English were published separately and at various periods during his lifetime. The first collected edition of them appeared in 1858; a second edition appeared in 1872, prepared by the Rev. A. B. Grossart. Crashaw was a man of varied accomplishments; but a large portion of his poems are religious, with a strong mystical tone running through them.

LINES ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT TO A LADY.

Lo! here a little volume, but large book
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite),
Much larger in itself than in its look.
It is, in one rich handful, heaven and all —
Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small;
To prove that true schools used to tell
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
Close crouched in your white bosom, and from thence,
As from a snowy fortress of defence,

Against the ghostly foe to take your part
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.
It is the armory of light:
Let constant use but keep it bright
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise,
Here is a friend shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let Prayer alone to play his part.
But oh! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure housekeeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong;
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings —
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings,
For worthy souls whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him who is alone
The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's son.

TWO SIMILES.

I.

I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood,
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted day;
His tender top not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower new shed
Invited him no more to hide

Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling glories, Auster spied him;
Cruel Auster hither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast
Shamed not spitefully to waste
All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.

II.

I've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With rosy wings, so richly bright,
As if he scorned to think of night,
When a ruddy storm whose scowl
Made heaven's radiant face look foul
Called for an untimely night
To blot the newly blossomed light.

TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? Oh, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

LIVING ACCORDING TO NATURE.

That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic, indeed.—
Hark, hither, reader! wouldst thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wouldst thou see a man all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell

How to wear her garments well —
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul, that's not oppressed,
Or choked with what she should be dressed;
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er Beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride;
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy streams? —
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
  Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tunèd numbers be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverned snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a Spring?
  In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends: —
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark! hither! and — thyself be he!

Crashaw made many translations from the Latin. The longest of these is *Music's Duel,* from the Latin of Strada. Music and the Nightingale have entered into a trial of skill and power, which comes to this end:

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul — snatched out at his ears
By a strong ecstacy — through all the spheres
Of Music's heaven; and seat it there on high,
In the empyreum of pure harmony,
At length, after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution.
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall —
A full-mouthed diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this;
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas! in vain! for while — sweet soul — she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies:
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute. Oh, fit to have —
That lived so sweetly — dead, so sweet a grave!

The following, translated from the *Sospetto d' Herode,* an Italian poem by Masino, had apparently been seen by Milton, suggesting to him certain passages in *Paradise Lost:*

THE ABODE OF SATAN.

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There, where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants: there placed is
Mischief's old master; close about him clings

A curled knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks; these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies. . . .

Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb;
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
Which, like two bosomed sails, embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade, but all in vain;
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.
While thus Heaven's highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he traced too well,
He tossed his troubled eyes — embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell;
With his foul claws he fenced his furrowed brow,
And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vault of night.

CRAVEN, PAULINE DE LA FERRONAYS ("MADAME AUGUSTUS"), a French novelist; born at Paris April 12, 1820; died there April 1, 1891. Her father, the Count de la Ferronays, shared the fortunes of the Bourbons, and was in banishment at the time of Pauline's birth. After the Restoration he was sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg. In 1829 he went as Ambassador to Rome. During these years Pauline was forming many of the friendships which are linked with her name as a writer. "To have danced, as a child," says *The Spectator,* "with Lord Sidney at Moscow in 1817, and to have been among the visitors at Frognal not long before his death in 1890, gives some gauge of her experience of English society." With the Bourbon dynasty ended the worldly

prosperity of her family; but other distinctions besides wealth and position belonged to them. It is evident from her journal and letters, and even from other writings in which she spoke as little as possible of herself, that both she and her husband were highly valued in the circle in which she moved; and it was to circumstances connected with her father's death that the conversion of Père Ratisbonne from Judaism to Christianity was popularly attributed. She married Augustus Craven, grandson of Elizabeth, Margravine of Anspach, in 1834. He left the army for diplomacy, and lived in Lisbon, Brussels, Naples, and London, where their house in Berkeley Square was much frequented. He edited the French edition of the Prince Consort's *Life;* and it is evident that his wife's influence was beneficial, for in his later years he was looked upon as an authority in everything pertaining to the bibliography of *The Imitation of Christ.* He lost his fortune in 1870; and then the wife, who had already gained literary distinction by the publication of *Récit d' une Sœur* (1866) and *Anne Sévérin* (1868), took to her pen in good earnest as a means of support, and nobly helped him to struggle through years of hardship. It was in 1870, the year of the Vatican Council, that Mrs. Craven's *salon* was thronged by all that was most brilliant in English, French, and Roman clerical society; and it was in the same year, after her husband had heard, in Rome, of the loss of his earthly possessions that she published her *Fleurange.* Before her husband's death, in 1884, she had issued *Le Mot de l' Énigma* (1874); *Le Travail d'une Âme* (1877); *Réminiscences* (1879); *La Jeunesse de Fanny Kemble* (1880); *Un Année de Méditations* (1881); *Eliane* (1882); and during her

widowhood she continued to write and publish, living alone in Paris. Mrs. Craven's principal work was her *Récit* or *Story of a Sister;* of this book and its author the London *Athenæum* says: "The author of this prose lyric of tender companionship hastening to an early grave has herself died in loneliness at eighty-three. By all except her friends, and perhaps by some of these, she must remain in memory as the Pauline of her own pages — a woman who, fifty years ago, had for a brother Albert de la Ferronays, doomed for death in the first days of his married life; and for sisters had Eugénie, a three years' wife wooed by death, and Olga, who knew no other espousal, spirited away in her maidenly teens. To no historian of the domestic life of our century will the human documents brought together by Mrs. Craven seem superfluous. This book of love, marriage, and death was crowned by the Academy, went through forty French editions, and at once passed into English."

ALEXANDRINE'S WIDOWHOOD.

To meet the deficiencies in her resources, she gradually restricted her own expenditure to the narrowest compass, and deprived herself of everything short of absolute necessaries. One day I happened to look into her wardrobe, and was dismayed at its scantiness. When any of us made this kind of discovery she blushed and smiled, made the best excuses she could find, in return for our scolding, and then went on just the same, giving away all she possessed, and finding every day new occasions for these acts of self-spoliation. She had, of course, long ago sold or given away all her jewels and trinkets, but if she ever happened to find among her things an article of the smallest value, it was immediately disposed of for the benefit of the poor. For instance, one day she took out of its frame a beautiful miniature of the Princess

Lapoukhyn at the age of twenty, and sold the gold and enameled frame, defending herself by saying that it was the only thing of value she still possessed, and did not in the least enhance the value of her mother's charming likeness. Two black gowns, and a barely sufficient amount of linen, constituted her wardrobe, so that she had reduced herself, as far as was possible in her position in life, to a state of actual poverty. Her long errands were almost always performed on foot, and at dinner-time she came home, often, covered with dirt and wet to the skin. One day when she was visiting some Sisters of Charity in a distant part of Paris one of them looked at her from head to foot; and then begged an alms for a poor woman much in need of a pair of shoes. Alexandrine instantly produced her purse, and gave the required amount, with which the Sister went away, and in a quarter of an hour returned, laughing and bringing with her a pair of shoes, which she insisted on Mme. Albert's putting on, instead of these she was wearing, which were certainly in the worst possible condition.— *From Récit d'une Sœur; translation of* EMILY BOWLES.

CRAWFORD, FRANCIS MARION, an American novelist; born at the Baths of Lucca, Italy, August 2, 1854. The son of Thomas Crawford, an American sculptor, and a nephew of Julia Ward Howe, as a boy he attended St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and afterward studied at Cambridge, England, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, and the University of Rome. In 1879 he went to India to more fully study Oriental languages, and while there became editor of a newspaper just established at Allahabad. In 1880 he returned to America and studied for a year at Harvard. During this time he wrote for a number of

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

periodicals on social, economic, and political questions. It was while at Allahabad, India, that he gathered the materials for his first story, *Mr. Isaacs* (1882). He has since published *Dr. Claudius* (1883); *A Roman Singer* (1884); *Saracinesca* (1885); *Marzio's Crucifix* (1885); *Paul Patoff* (1887); *With the Immortals* (1888); *Greifenstein and Sant' Ilario* (1889); *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance* (1890); *The Witch of Prague* and *Khaled* (1891); *The Three Fates* (1892); *Don Orsino* (1892); *Pietro Ghisleri* (1893); *The Children of the King* (1893); *Katharine Lauderdale* (1894); *The Ralstons* (1895); *Casa Braccio* (1895); *A Rose of Yesterday* (1897); *Via Crucis* (1899); *The Rulers of the South* (1900); *Marietta* (1901); *Cecilia* (1902); *Man Overboard* (1903); *The Heart of Rome* (1903); and *Whosoever Shall Offend* (1904).

"To Mr. Crawford, the novel," says William Canton, writing for the London *Bookman*, "is what the primrose was to Peter Bell. He has nothing to teach and nothing to preach. He is frankly a story-teller whose first and foremost concern is his story; and from *Mr. Isaacs* to his last work there is not an instance in which one's interest and sympathy are not carried away by the engrossing swing of the narrative. The plot is habitually strong, probable in its incidents, complicated with considerable freshness of resource, and disentangled with a mastery in which occasionally skill alone is not the most admirable quality. One of the most characteristic and engaging notes in all his work is his clean-mindedness, his virile healthiness of temperament. He does not shrink from the delineation of the aberrations of human passion, but he treats them with the large insight and sanity of proportion

which seem to be growing rare among so many of our novelists; and if he cannot discover some compensating core of goodness in things evil he makes it plain at least on which side his judgment walks."

Charles D. Lanier, writing on *How to Write Two Novels a Year,* says, in the *Review of Reviews,* that Francis Marion Crawford claimed to have completed a story of over 150,000 words, in his own manuscript, without any aid from amanuensis or stenographer, in twenty-five working days. "This gives the enormous average of 6,000 words a day. Mr. Crawford manages it, he says, by roughing it among Albanian mountains, wandering by the sunny olive slopes and vineyards of Calabria, and by taking hard work and potluck with the native sailors on long voyages in their feluccas. While hauling on halyards, and while establishing *modi vivendi* with Calabrian mules, the plots, even the conventional details of his stories, form themselves in his mind, so that when he begins to make record of them they are all fairly crying out, like Dogberry, to be written down, and it is but a matter of penmanship."

IN THE PANTHEON AT NIGHT.

On the appointed night Nino, wrapped in that old cloak of mine (which is very warm, though it is threadbare), accompanied the party to the temple, or church, or whatever you like to call it. The party were simply the Count and his daughter, an Australian gentleman of their acquaintance, and the dear Baroness — that sympathetic woman who broke so many hearts and cared not at all for the chatter of the people. Everyone has seen her, with her slim, graceful ways, and her face that was like a mulatto peach for darkness and fineness, and her dark eyes and tiger-lily look. . . . These four people Nino

conducted to the little entrance at the back of the Pantheon, and the sacristan struck a light to show them the way to the door of the church. Then he put out his taper, and let them do as they pleased.

Conceive, if you can, the darkness of Egypt, the darkness that can be felt, impaled and stabbed through its whole thickness by one mighty moonbeam, clear and clean and cold, from the top to the bottom. All around, in the circle of the outer black, lie the great dead in their tombs, whispering to each other of deeds that shook the world; whispering in a language all their own as yet — the language of the life to come — the language of a stillness so dread and deep that the very silence clashes against it, and makes dull, muffled beatings in ears that strain to catch the dead men's talk: the shadow of immortality falling through the shadow of death, and bursting back upon its heavenward course from the depth of the abyss; climbing again upon its silver self to the sky above, leaving behind the horror of the deep.

So in that lonely place at midnight falls the moon upon the floor, and through the mystic shaft of rays ascend and descend the souls of the dead. Hedwig stood out alone upon the white circle on the pavement beneath the dome, and looked up, as though she could see the angels coming and going. And, as she looked, the heavy lace veil that covered her head fell back softly, as though a spirit wooed her and would fain look on something fairer than he, and purer. The whiteness clung to her face, and each separate wave of hair was like spun silver. And she looked steadfastly up. For a moment she stood, and the hushed air trembled about her. Then the silence caught the tremor, and quivered, and a thrill of sound hovered and spread its wings, and sailed forth from the night.

"Spirito gentil dei sogni miei"—

Ah, Signorina Edvigia, you know that voice now, but you did not know it then. How your heart stopped, and beat, and stopped again, when you first heard that man

sing out his whole heartful — you in the light and he in the dark! And his soul shot out to you upon the sounds, and died fitfully, as the magic notes dashed their soft wings against the vaulted roof above you, and took new life again and throbbed heavenward in broad, passionate waves, till your breath came thick and your blood ran fiercely — ay, even your cold Northern blood — in very triumph that a voice could so move you. A voice in the dark. For a full minute after it ceased you stood there, and the others, wherever they might be in the shadow, scarcely breathed. That was how Hedwig first heard Nino sing.— *A Roman Singer.*

HORACE BELLINGHAM.

Ay, but he was a sight to do good to the souls of the hungry and thirsty, and of the poor and in misery! . . .

There are some people who turn gray, but who do not grow hoary, whose faces are furrowed but not wrinkled, whose hearts are sore wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's rough usage. These are they who have returned good for evil, not having learned it as a lesson of righteousness, but because they have no evil in them to return upon others. Whom the gods love die young because they never grow old. The poet, who at the verge of death said this, said it of and to this very man.— *Dr. Claudius.*

IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The lower Himalayas are at first extremely disappointing. The scenery is enormous but not grand, and at first hardly seems large. The lower parts are at first sight a series of gently undulating hills and wooded dells; in some places it looks as if one might almost hunt the country. It is long before you realize that it is all on a gigantic scale; that the quick-set hedges are belts of rhododendrons of full growth, the water-jumps

rivers, and the stone walls mountain-ridges; that to hunt a country like that you would have to ride a horse at least two hundred feet high. You cannot see at first, or even for some time, that the gentle-looking hill is a mountain of five or six thousand feet above the level of the Rhigi Kulm in Switzerland. Persons who are familiar with the aspect of the Rocky Mountains are aware of the singular lack of dignity in those enormous elevations. They are merely big, without any superior beauty, until you come to the favored spots of nature's art, where some great contrast throws into appalling relief the gulf between the high and the low. It is so in the Himalayas. You may travel for hours and days amidst vast forests and hills without the slightest sensation of pleasure, or sense of admiration for the scene, till suddenly your path leads you out onto the dizzy brink of an awful precipice — a sheer fall, so exaggerated in horror that your most stirring memories of Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, and the hideous aréte of the Pitz Bernina sink into vague insignificance. The gulf that divides you from the distant mountain seems like a huge bite taken bodily out of the world by some voracious god; far away rise snow-peaks such as were not dreampt of in your Swiss tour; the bottomless valley at your feet is misty and gloomy with blackness, streaked with mist, while the peaks above shoot gladly to the sun and catch his broadside rays like majestic white standards. Between you, as you stand leaning cautiously against the hill behind you, and the wonderful background far away in front floats a strange vision, scarcely moving, but yet not still. A great, golden shield sails steadily in vast circles, sending back the sunlight in every tint of burnished glow. The golden eagle of the Himalayas hangs in mid-air, a sheet of polished metal to the eye, pausing sometimes in the full blaze of reflection, as ages ago the sun and the moon stood still in the valley of the Ajalon; too magnificent for description, as he is too dazzling to look at. The whole scene, if no greater name can be given to it, is on a scale so Titanic in its massive length and breadth and depth that you stand utterly

trembling and weak and foolish as you look for the first time. You have never seen such masses of the world before.— *Mr. Isaacs.*

CREASY, Sir Edward Shepherd, an English jurist and historian; born at Bexley, Kent, September 12, 1812; died at London, January 27, 1878. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, and was called to the bar in 1837. In 1840 he became Professor of History in the University of London, and in 1860 was appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon. Besides many smaller works, one of which was an early volume of *Poems,* he wrote *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo* (1851); *History of the Ottoman Turks* (1856); *Rise and Progress of the English Constitution* (1856); *Imperial and Colonial Constitutions of the Britannic Empire* (1872). He also began a *History of England,* which was to be in five volumes; but only two volumes were published (1869–70).

WHAT CONSTITUTES A DECISIVE BATTLE.

Hallam, speaking of the victory over the Saracens at the battle of Tours, gained by Charles Martel, in 732 A.D., says: "It may justly be reckoned among those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the history of the world in all is subsequent scenes: with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic." It was the perusal of this note of Hallam's that first led me to the consideration of my present subject. I certainly differ with that great historian as to the comparative importance of some of

the battles which he thus enumerates, and also of some which he omits. It is probable, indeed, that no two historical inquirers would entirely agree in their lists of the Decisive Battles of the World. But our concurring in our catalogues is of little moment, provided we learn to look on these great historical events in the spirit which Hallam's observations indicate. . . .

I need hardly remark that it is not the number of killed and wounded in a battle that determines its general historical importance. It is not because only a few hundreds fell in the battle by which Joan of Arc captured the Tourelles and raised the siege of Orleans, that the effect of that crisis is to be judged; nor would a full belief in the largest number which Eastern historians state to have been slaughtered in any of the numerous conflicts between Asiatic rulers, make me regard the engagement in which they fell as one of paramount importance to mankind. But besides battles of this kind, there are many of great consequence, and attended by circumstances which powerfully excite our feelings and rivet our attention, and which yet appear to me of mere secondary rank, inasmuch as either their effects were limited in area, or they themselves merely confirmed some great tendency or bias which an earlier battle had originated. For example, the encounters between the Greeks and Persians which followed Marathon seem to me not to have been phenomena of primary impulse. Greek superiority had been already asserted, Asiatic ambition had already been checked, before Salamis and Platæa had confirmed the superiority of European free states over Oriental despotism. So Ægospotamos, which finally crushed the maritime power of Athens, seems to me inferior in interest to the defeat before Syracuse, where Athens received her first fatal check, and after which she only struggled to retard her downfall. I think similarly of Zama, with respect to Carthage, as compared to the Metaurus; and, on the same principle, the subsequent great battles of the Revolutionary War appear to me inferior in their importance to Valmy, which first determined the military character and career of the

French Revolution.—*Preface to the Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.*

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON, 490 B.C.

Two thousand three hundred and forty years ago, a council of Athenian officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate subject of their meeting was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy, outnumbering them at least ten to one, that lay encamped on the shore beneath them. On the result of their deliberation depended not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization. There were eleven members of that council of war: ten were generals who were then annually elected at Athens, one for each of the local *tribes* into which the Athenians were divided. Each general led the men of his own tribe, and each was invested with equal military authority. But one of the *archons* was also associated with them in the general command of the army. This magistrate was termed the *Polemarch,* or "War-ruler:" he had the privilege of leading the right wing of the army in battle, and his vote in a council of war was equal to that of any of the generals. The Polemarch for that year was Callimachus. The vote of the generals was equally divided: five being in favor of giving battle, five against it; and Callimachus thus held the casting vote. Among the most earnest of those in favor of battle was Miltiades. He addressed himself to the Polemarch, and urged him to vote for battle. Callimachus was won over; and it was decided to fight. The ten generals waived their rights of taking chief command, each for a day when his turn came, and agreed to act under the orders of Miltiades. He, however, waited until the day came when the command would have devolved upon him in regular course. . . .

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the northeastern coast of Attica. The plain is

nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the centre, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows toward either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inward from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it on the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle; but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in the Spring and Summer, and then offer no obstruction to the horseman; but are commonly flooded with rain, and so rendered impracticable for cavalry, in the Autumn — the time of year at which the action took place. The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle when he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis, the Persian commander, were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

On the afternoon of a September day Miltiades gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. According to the old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility exerted to the very utmost. The Polemarch, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The line consisted of the heavy-armed spearmen only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes,

or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breastplate, greaves, and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practical ground, and to secure himself from being out-flanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying if broken; and on strengthening his wings, so as to insure advantages at these points; and he trusted to his own skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggle between the European and Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells us was afterward heard over the waves of Salamis: "On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country! strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives — for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires! All — all — are now staked upon the strife!"

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They

were all trained in the exercises of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain-foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and manœuvre against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," says Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down upon them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the various races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general. They were familiar with victory; and, in contemptuous confidence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of levelled spears, against which the targets, the short lances and scimetars of the Orientals offered a weak defence. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides

and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meantime the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them, and the Athenian and Platæan officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian centre, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis's veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

But the Persians, with their light wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage, with their shorter and feebler weapons, against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Platæan spearmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollection of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of ten or twelve, upon the projecting spears of the Greeks, striving to force a lane into the spears of the phalanx, and to bring their scimetars and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the

fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight still more fiercely on.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia turned their backs and fled; and the Greeks followed, striking them down to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave Polemarch, Callimachus, the general, Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired, but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find Athens unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manœuvre. Leaving Aristides and the troops of his tribe to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium, and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

The number of the Persian dead was 6,400; of the Athenians, 192. The number of the Platæans who fell is not mentioned; but as they fought in the part of the army which was not broken, it cannot have been very large. The apparent disproportion between the losses of the two armies is not surprising when we remember the armor of the Greek spearmen, and the impossibility of heavy slaughter being inflicted by sword or lance on troops so armed, as long as they kept firm in their ranks.

The Athenians slain were buried on the field of battle. This was contrary to the usual custom, according to which the bones of all who fell fighting for their country in each year were deposited in a public sepulchre in the suburb of Athens called the Cerameicus. But it was felt that a distinction ought to be made in the funeral honors paid to the men of Marathon, even as their merit had been distinguished over that of all other Athenians. A lofty mound was raised on the plain of Marathon, beneath which the remains of the men of Athens who fell in the battle were deposited. Ten columns were erected on the spot — one for each of the Athenian tribes; and on the monumental column of each tribe were graven the names of those of its members whose glory it was to have fallen in the great battle of liberation. The antiquarian Pausanias read those names there six hundred years after the time when they were first graven. The columns have long perished, but the mound still marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity, "the Fighters at Marathon," repose.— *The Fifteen Decisive Battles.*

CONSEQUENCES OF THE AMERICAN VICTORY AT SARATOGA, 1777.

It would be impossible to describe the transports of joy which the news of this victory excited among Americans. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European Powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. "There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves." The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France. When the news arrived at Paris of the capture of Ticonderoga by Burgoyne, and of his victorious march toward Albany — events which seemed decisive in favor of the English — instructions had been immediately despatched to Nantes and the other ports

of the kingdom, that no American privateers should be suffered to enter them, except from indispensable necessity: as to repair their vessels, to obtain provisions, or to escape the perils of sea. The American Commissioners at Paris, in their disgust and despair, had almost broken off all negotiations with the French Government, and they even attempted to open communications with the British Ministry. But the British Government, elated with the first successes of Burgoyne, refused to listen to any overtures for accommodation.

But when the news of Saratoga reached Paris the whole scene was changed. Franklin and his brother Commissioners found all their difficulties with the French Government vanish. The time seemed to have arrived for the House of Bourbon to take full revenge for all its humiliations and losses in previous wars. In December a treaty was arranged, and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged the Independent United States of America. This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England. Spain soon followed France; and before long Holland took the same course. Largely aided by French fleets and troops, the Americans vigorously maintained the war against the armies which England, in spite of her European foes, continued to send across the Atlantic. But the struggle was too unequal to be maintained by Great Britain for many years; and when the treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world, the independence of the United States was reluctantly recognized by their ancient parent, and recent enemy — England.— *The Fifteen Decisive Battles.*

CRÉBILLON, Prosper Jolyot de, a French poet and dramatist; born at Dijon, February 15, 1674; died at Paris, June 17, 1762. He was the son of a notary-royal of Dijon, who, it is reported, belonged to an old and noble family. The son was educated at the Jesuit school of his native town and at the Collége Mazarin. After leaving college he began the study of law with Prieur, an advocate at Paris, said to be a friend of Scarron. Prieur, thinking he saw in Crébillon promise of great poetic talent, persuaded him to try his skill in tragedy, and he brought out the play *Mort des Enfants de Brutus.* But it was so severely criticised by the actors that he destroyed it and abandoned all thought of writing for the stage. Prieur, whose faith in him was not shaken, prevailed upon him to try again, and in 1705 he produced *Idoménée.* This play was not at first entirely satisfactory, but, after some alterations, it became a success. In 1707, *Atrée et Thyeste* appeared, *Electre* in 1709, and in 1711 his master-piece, *Rhadamiste et Zénobie. Xerxes* followed in 1714, and *Sémiramis* in 1717. Of these last two plays, *Xerxes* was played but once, and *Sémiramis* was certainly not a success. *Pyrrhus* was brought out in 1726. This was better received than *Xerxes* or *Sémiramis.*

After the production of *Pyrrhus,* Crébillon wrote nothing more for twenty years. The death of his wife and that of his father, added to pecuniary troubles and slanders at court, so weighed upon his mind, that at about this time he retired to abject quarters and lived in obscurity for a number of years. But in 1713

he was made a member of the French Academy, and some time after was appointed royal censor. In 1745, through the influence of Madame Pompadour, who hated Crébillon's rival, Voltaire, the king gave him a pension of 1,000 francs. His next tragedy after *Pyrrhus* was *Catilina,* and this was produced in 1748. As it was brought out under the patronage of the king, it was received with applause, but it did not retain its popularity, the sober second judgment being that it was not a faithful representation of the character and manners of the ancient Romans. *Le Triumvirat,* his last play, produced when he was eighty years of age, was only fairly successful. He left an unfinished play. At his death in 1762, the French actors had an imposing service celebrated in his honor, at which most of the literati and nobility were present, and Louis XV. caused a monument to be erected to his memory.

Want of care and accuracy mar the writings of Crébillon, but they possess both vigor and grandeur, and next to Voltaire he ranks as the best tragic dramatist of his age.

RHADAMISTE AND ZENOBIA.

Rhadamiste.—"By the gift of Cæsar I am king of Armenia, because he believes that through me he can destroy Iberia. The jury of my father has let it appear that Rome will respect no treaty between them!

"These are the high projects upon which he stakes his grandeur, and this the policy of the much vaunted Romans. It is by ruining the father through the son that Rome becomes fatal to her enemies: thus, in order to consolidate an unjust sovereignty, she ventures to confide her rights to my vengeance, and under a sacred name sends me to these regions less as an Ambassador than as a Fury, who, sacrificing all to the transports which in-

stigate him, may carry his resentment even unto parricidal acts. I perceive his designs, and my outraged heart nerves itself to the despair by which it is agitated. Thus it is that I re-enter the palace of my father as the enemy of Rome and of the Iberians."—Act II., Scene I.

Pharasamane.—"Well, then, it is vain that they speak to me of peace. Even if I could, without honor, succumb to the burden, I would carry war toward the Romans and avenge all the earth of these fierce tyrants! How I hate the Romans! I cannot express the horror which seizes me at the mere name of their Ambassador; his aspect has cast a shadow on my soul. Ah! it is he who has doubtless seduced Arsane. Both of them arrived here on the same day. The traitor! enough of it,—let him appear before me,—I am compelled to receive him."—Act V., Scene I.

Zenobie.—"Rise, enough said, seeing that I pardon thee. How serve these regrets to which thy heart is abandoned? Go; it is not us to whom the gods have confided the power to punish our domestic enemies.

"Happy if for thee, the devotion of Zenobie, may one day serve as an example to Armenia; render her, as myself, submissive to thy will, and at least teach her to perform her duty."—Act III., Scene V.

Zenobie.—"Prince, after this avowal I say no more. You well enough know a heart such as mine, to believe that for him, love can obtain an empire. My spouse lives, so my passion expires. Cease then to entertain an unhallowed love, and above all abstain from appearing before me. (*Turning to Rhadamiste.*) As to thee, as soon as night falls, I will in this place put myself in thy hands. I know the violence of thy suspicious jealousy, but I have too much virtue to be fearful of my husband.—*Translation of* MARY S. LESTER.

CRICHTON, James (called The Admirable), a Scottish nobleman; born at Eliock, Dumfriesshire, August 19, 1560; died at Mantua, Italy, probably July 3, 1593. At the age of fourteen he was graduated from the University of Saint Andrew's with the degree of A.M., and before he was twenty he could speak ten languages. He excelled in music, drawing, dancing, fencing, and other accomplishments. At the age of twenty, while in Paris, he challenged the scholars and doctors of the French capital to debate with him on any question and in any one of twelve specified languages. By this means a numerous company of professors were assembled, and Crichton acquitted himself to the general admiration. He then journeyed to Italy and achieved similar triumphs in Rome, Venice, and Padua. Aldus Manutius describes a three days' contest in philosophy and mathematics which Crichton sustained in Padua. In 1581 he disputed with the professors of the University of Padua on their interpretation of Aristotle. A misadventure led to his being denounced as a charlatan, whereupon he challenged the university, offering to confute their Aristotelian interpretations and to expose their errors in mathematics. This disputation lasted four days and Crichton came off completely successful. At Mantua he killed in a duel a swordsman famed far and wide for his skill. The Duke of Mantua engaged Crichton as tutor to his son, a dissolute youth. One night he was attacked by six persons in masks, and after he had repulsed and disarmed them, he discovered that one of his assailants was his pupil. He thereupon drew his sword and presented it by the han-

dle to the young prince, who remorselessly thrust it through his master's heart. He left four short Latin poems, which show that he was not so admirable a versifier as a disputant, or swordsman.

CROCKETT, SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, a Scottish novelist; born at Little Duchrae, Galloway, September 24, 1860. He was educated at the village school of Lauriston and at the Edinburgh University; and after making the tour of Europe as travelling tutor he was ordained a minister of the Free Church of Scotland in 1885. Meantime, he had published a book of poems entitled *Dulce Cor;* and during his pastorate at Penicuik, which he resigned in 1894 to devote himself entirely to literature, he contributed many short stories and sketches to the newspapers and magazines. A number of tales of Scotch life appeared thus in *The Christian Leader,* and were afterward collected into a volume under the title *The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men* (1893). This was followed by, in 1894, *The Raiders; The Lilac Sunbonnet; The Play Actress,* and *Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills.* In 1895 appeared *Bog-Myrtle and Peat; The Men of the Moss-Hags;* and *A Galloway Herd.* His later novels include *The Grey Man* (1896); *The Red Axe* (1898); *Ione March* (1899); *Kit Kennedy* (1900); *The Silver Skull* (1900); *The Firebrand* (1901); *The Dark o' the Moon* (1902); *Raiderland* (1903); *The Love of Miss Anne* (1904); *Red-Cap Tales* (1904); and *May Margaret* (1905). His "stickit minister" is a theological

S. R. CROCKETT.

student who has not succeeded in graduating, but is allowed to do duty in out-of-the-way places. The reasons for failure involve some searching questions in life and character.

Many of Crockett's characters, and the incidents which invest them with so powerful a charm, are not altogether creations of his own imagination. *The Raiders,* we are told, was written from old Galloway traditions; and most of the incidents are perfectly true. "Captain Yadkins," says a writer in the London *Bookman,* "was the quite real name of a quite real character; and his cramming of his wig into a great gun and shooting it on board his pursuer, which has been variously represented as having been copied from Scott, from Stevenson and from Charles Reade, actually took place at the mouth of the Dee." Much that is found in Crockett's writings is familiar to every student of Galloway tradition.

THE STICKIT MINISTER.

"I never told you how I came to leave the college, Saunders," said the younger man, resting his brow on a hand that even the horn of the plough could not make other than diaphanous.

"No," said Saunders quietly, with a tender gleam coming into the humorsome, kindly eyes that lurked under the bushy tussocks of gray eyebrow. Saunders' humor lay near the Fountain of Tears.

"No," continued Robert Fraser, "I have not spoken of it to many; but you've been a good frien' to me, Saunders, and I think you should hear it. I have not tried to set myself right with folks in the general, but I would like to let *you* see clearly before I go my ways to Him who seeth from the beginning."

"Hear till him," said Saunders; "man, yer hoast (cough) is no' near as sair i' the back-end. Ye'll be here

lang efter me; but lang or short, weel do ye ken, Robert Fraser, that ye need not to pit yersel' richt wi' me. Hev I no' kenned ye sins ye war the size o' two scrubbers?"

"I thank you, Saunders," said Robert; "but I am well aware that I am to die this year No, no, not a word. It is the Lord's will! It's more than seven year now since I first kenned that my days were to be few. It was the year my father died, and left Harry and me by our lane.

"He left no siller to speak of, just plenty to lay him decently in the kirkyard among his forbears. I had been a year at the Divinity Hall then, and was going up to put in my discourses for the next session. I had been troubled with my breast for some time, and so called one day at the infirmary to get a word with Sir James. He was very busy when I went in, and never noticed me till the hoast took me. Then on a sudden he looked up from his papers, came quickly over to me, put his own white handkerchief to my mouth, and quietly said, 'Come into my room, laddie!' Ay, he was a good man and a faithful, Sir James, if ever there was one. He told me that with care I might live five or six years, but it would need great care. Then a strange prickly coldness came over me, and I seemed to walk light-headed in an atmosphere suddenly rarefied. I think I know now how the mouse feels under the air pump."

"What's that?" queried Saunders.

"A cruel plot not worth speaking of," continued the Stickit Minister. "Well, I found something in my throat when I tried to thank him. But I came my ways home to the Dullbarg, and night and day I considered what was to be done, with so much to do and so little time to do it. It was clear that both Harry and me could not go through the college on the little my feither had left. So late one night I saw my way clear to what I should do. Harry must go, I must stay. I must come home to the farm, and be my own 'man'; then I could send Harry to the college to be a doctor, for he had no call to the ministry as once I thought I had. More than that, it was laid on me to tell Jessie Loudon that Rob-

ert Fraser was no better than a machine set to go five year.

"Now all these things I did, Saunders, but there's no use telling you what they cost in the doing. They were right to do, and they were done. I do not repent any of them. I would do them all over again were they to do, but it's been bitterer than I thought."

The Stickit Minister took his head off his hand and leaned wearily back in his chair.

CROKER, JOHN WILSON, a British historian; born at Galway, Ireland, December 20, 1780; died at St. Alban's Bank, Hampton, August 10, 1857. He was educated at Dublin College, where he graduated in 1800, and was called to the Irish bar in 1802. In 1807 he entered Parliament as a member for Downpatrick. Two years afterward he made an ingenious defence of the Duke of York, son of George III., who was charged with gross abuses in his position as commander-in-chief of the army; and for this service to the Government he was rewarded by being made Secretary to the Admiralty, a position which he held until 1830, when he retired upon a pension of £1,500. He represented various Irish constituencies in Parliament, the last being that of the University of Dublin. He declared that he would never sit in a Reformed Parliament; and when the Reform Bill of 1830 was passed, he threw up his seat. Previous to entering Parliament he published a number of clever satires in prose and verse. In 1807 he put forth a pamphlet on *The State of Ireland,* in which he

advocated Catholic emancipation. In this pamphlet he pronounced a warm eulogy upon Swift.

EULOGY UPON SWIFT.

On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot — her first — almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw — he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic — remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a Churchman; his gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts. Guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years, and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

Croker wrote a series of *Stories from the History of England* which were very popular, and which suggested to Scott the *Tales of a Grandfather,* dealing in a similar manner with the history of Scotland. The *Quarterly Review* was started in 1809 by Gifford, Scott, Croker, Southey, and others. Croker was for many years one of its principal contributors, writing mainly upon political and historical subjects; but not unfrequently upon purely literary topics. One of his most noted critiques is that upon Keats's *Endymion*

(sometimes, however, attributed to Gifford, the editor of the *Review*), published in April, 1818, which is foolishly averred to have caused the death of Keats, nearly three years later. The poet and his work are thus contemptuously treated:

KEATS'S ENDYMION.

With the fullest stretch of our perseverance, we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four books of which this Poetic Romance consists. We should extremely lament this want of energy — or whatever it may be — on our part, were it not for one consolation — namely, that we are no better acquainted with the meaning of the book through which we have so painfully toiled than we are with that of the three which we have not looked into. It is not that Mr. Keats (if that is his real name — for we almost doubt whether any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody) — it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius: he has all of these, but he is unhappily a disciple of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry, which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language. . . . This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype.

Croker wrote several small works in prose and verse; edited *The Suffolk Papers; Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George III.*, and *Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford.* His most noted work is an annotated edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (1831); which was savagely reviewed by Macaulay. Eighteen years later Macaulay published the first instalment of his History of England. Croker seized the opportunity of

returning, through the *Quarterly Review,* the blows which Macaulay had given him in the *Edinburgh Review.* He writes:

MACAULAY AS A HISTORIAN.

It may seem too epigrammatic — but it is, in our judgment, strictly true — to say that his History seems to be a kind of combination and exaggeration of the peculiarities of all his former efforts. It is as full of political prejudice and partisan advocacy as any of his parliamentry speeches. It makes the facts of English History as fabulous as his *Lays* do that of Roman tradition; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his reviews. . . . His historical narration is poisoned with a rancor more violent than even the passions of the time. There is hardly a page that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in color; and the whole of the brilliant, and at first captivating narrative, is perceived, on examination, to be impregnated to a marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and — we are under the painful necessity of adding — bad faith. His pages, whatever may be their other characteristics, are as copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence as, we believe, our language can produce; and especially against everything in which he choses (whether right or wrong), to recognize the shibboleth of Toryism. . . .

But, we are sorry to say, we have a heavier complaint against Mr. Macaulay. We accuse him of a habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. This unfortunate indulgence — in whatever juvenile levity it may have originated — and through whatever steps it may have grown into an unconscious habit — seems to pervade his whole work, from Alpha to Omega, from Procopius to Mackintosh. One strong mark of his historical impartiality is to call anything bigoted, intolerant, shameless, cruel, by the comprehensive title of Tory. . . . We are ready to admit, a hundred times over, Mr. Macaulay's literary powers — brilliant even under

the affectation with which he too frequently disguises them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been — and his future volumes as they appear will be — devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excite; with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it. But his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal; and the work, we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historical shelf; nor ever, assuredly — if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes — be quoted as authority on any question or point of the history of England.

CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON, an Irish historian and humorist; born at Cork, January 15, 1798; died at London, August 8, 1854. He was apprenticed to a trader in Cork, but at the age of twenty-one he was, through the interest of John Wilson Croker, appointed to a clerkship in the Admiralty, at London. He published from time to time various works upon the legends, lore, and antiquities of Ireland. The principal of these are: *Researches in the South of Ireland* (1825); *Fairy Legends and Traditions of Ireland* (1825–27); *Legends of the Lakes of Killarney* (1828); *Popular Songs of Ireland* (1839); *Historical Songs of Ireland* (1841). He was a member of the Camden, Percy, Hakluyt, and other archæological societies, for which he edited various manuscripts. His only strictly original works were the humorous novels *Barney Mahony* and *My Village versus Our Village* (1832).

THE LAST OF THE IRISH SERPENTS.

"Sure," said Barney, "everybody has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he 'bothered all the varmint' entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, or made to drown himself. St. Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he bethought himself and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh,' says St. Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you?" 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter: for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine boults upon the chest he thought he was sould [betrayed], and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. ''Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint; 'but I think it's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says St. Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he: 'you're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in there'll be plenty of room for you.' The sarpint

was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he; 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does St. Patrick do but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults. 'Oh, murder! won't you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the sarpint; 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling?' says St. Patrick; 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain: and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man (continued Picket) besides myself has heard the sarpint, crying out from within the chest under the water: 'Is it to-morrow yet?—is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be. And that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir."

CROLY, GEORGE, a British clergyman, poet and novelist; born at Dublin in August, 1780; died at London, November 24, 1860. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; went to London, where he became noted as an eloquent preacher, and about 1833 was presented by Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, to the valuable rectorship of St. Stephens,

Walbrook, London. Croly's literary activity was very great for many years, up nearly to the close of his active life. Besides *Sermons* and other writings of a strictly professional character, he wrote numerous brilliant Poems; *Pride shall have a Fall,* a comedy which was successfully produced in 1824; *Catiline,* a tragedy (1825); *Personal History of George IV.* (1830); *Political Life of Burke* (1840); *Historical Sketches* (1842). He also edited the works of Pope, and of Jeremy Taylor. He wrote three novels: *Salathiel* (1827); *Tales of the Great St. Bernard,* and *Marston, or the Soldier and Statesman* (1846). The last of these is a story of very considerable power; but *Salathiel* — the hero and narrator of which is no other than the "Wandering Jew"— is a master-piece of its class. No other novelist who has made this legend his theme, has at all equalled Croly.

THE COMBAT IN THE ARENA.

The Emperor's arrival commenced the grand display. He took his place under the curtains of the royal pavilion. The dead were removed, perfumes were scattered through the air; rose-water was sprinkled from silver tubes upon the exhausted multitude; music resounded; incense burned; and in the midst of these preparations of luxury, the terrors of the lion-combat began.

A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of its den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine.

Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me!

All my rancor vanished. An hour past, I could have struck the betrayer to the heart. I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed: the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities — whom I had even loved — whose crime was at worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes — and this misery wrought by me! — I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; my limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero: but I sat like a man of stone, pale, paralyzed; the beating of my pulses stopped — my eyes alone alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger — an animal of prodigious power — couched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound; but his impulse was irresistible, and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on its hind feet, and with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way. He still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one

before; till, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane — and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrank from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circles still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst out into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the Emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face. It was that of Salome! I sprang upon my feet; I called on her name; I implored her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death; to come to my arms; to think of the agonies of all that loved her. She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her.

There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eye; her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet," and she kissed the ashy lips before her, "yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned our quiet home! Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon; that led you safe through conflagration; that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you." Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in a tone of wild power, "he was betrayed; and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people pour down just retribution upon the head that dared ——"

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leapt on the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered forward a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him; I felt his fiery breath; I saw his lurid eye glaring; I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.— An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck; gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl; he dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamation.

With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster.

The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives, in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular

feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened; and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.—*Salathiel, Chap. XX.*

JACOB'S DREAM.

[*A Painting by Washington Allston.*]

The sun was sinking on the mountain zone
  That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
  Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
  Like a pure spirit o'er its earthy shrine
Up Padan-aram's height abrupt and bare,
  A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air:—
The summit gained, he knelt and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered. Darkness fell
  Upon the twilight hills: a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;
  Clouds heavy with the tempests gathered round
  Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
  Gigantic volume upon volume wound:
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky;
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard — a choir of golden strings,
  Low winds whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot wheels — the nearer rush of wings;
  Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows;
  It thunders:— the resplendent gates unclose.
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
  Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
  Like Cherub Kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command.
  They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom;
  Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea;
  Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given, whom angels long to see;
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

CROLY, JANE CUNNINGHAM ("JENNY JUNE"), an American essayist and journalist; born at Market Harborough, England, December 19, 1831; died at New York, December 23, 1901. In 1857 she married David Goodman Croly, a New York journalist. In 1860 she became editor of *Demorest's Mirror of Fashion,* a position she held for many years. She was the inventor of the system of manifold newspaper correspondence, and was the founder and for many years president of the Sorosis club. She was editorially connected with many quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily publications; and wrote *Talks on Women's Topics* (1869); *For Better or Worse* (1875); *Cookery-Book for Young Housekeepers; Knitters and Crochet; Letters and Monograms* (1885); and *History of the Woman's Club Movement in America* (1900).

DIVORCE.

Marriage should be practically indissoluble; if it is not, it is not marriage, and has no force, no sacredness, no value. Instead of creating the family, which is the

foundation of society and good government, it creates tribes of wandering, nomadic existences, bound together by no law of duty, acknowledging no obligation, held by no tender cords of association, sympathy, or companionship. To reorganize society on such a basis would be to return to the Fetichistic condition of the human race, to voluntarily relinquish all that has been gained of general moral and social elevation. Goethe says, "Marriage is the beginning and end of all culture, and must be indissoluble, because it brings so much happiness, that what small exceptional unhappiness it may bring counts for nothing in the balance. And what do men mean by talking of unhappiness? Impatience it is, which from time to time comes over them, and then they fancy themselves unhappy. Let them wait till the moment has gone by, and then they will bless their good fortune that what has stood so long continues standing. There never can be any adequate ground for separation."

This last expression, which, with the rest, Goethe has put in the mouth of a good man, is perhaps too strong; the law which binds should have power to unloose, or at least protect from consequences dangerous to the individual, disastrous to society.

"Free divorce" would destroy marriage; but *compulsory divorce* — in other words, divorce insisted upon and maintained by law when habitual drunkenness or other criminal habits render man or woman brutal, dangerous, and unfit to undertake the parentage of children — would be one of the best safeguards of marriage. The flippancy which sneers at or ridicules the holiest ties may profess to see in this an inducement to drunkenness, in order to become released from the marriage bond. But the lips that would utter such a sentiment would know that it was not true. There are none to whom it is more important, none who feel that it is so, more than the very poor, to whom it is the link that unites them with their kind, that makes them sharers in the common humanity. If the very poor were not husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, they would be brutes, with hardly a

thought, a feeling, or habit, in common with the rest of the world.

The knowledge that the law took cognizance of the loss of individual character and self-respect, and interfered summarily to protect individuals and society from dangers and additional burdens, would exercise an incalculable influence in deterring men and women from the excessive indulgence of their appetites and passions.

The one cause for which divorces are principally granted is a matter which is even now settled mainly by the parties themselves, the action for damages recently entered by a contestant in a celebrated case being almost the first in which such an appeal has been made to the laws in this country.

Under a system which gives a wife no right in the income or accumulated property until after her husband's death, a woman cannot apply for a divorce because she has no money — because marriage has deprived her of her means of maintenance, and given her children, whom she is bound to take care of. Its protection, therefore, and championship of her rights, is the merest pretence, as is proved by the fact that to one who appeals to the law, ten patiently sit down and endure their woes.

It is here, however, in America, where human rights are professedly held sacred, where social conditions are more favorable than elsewhere to the highest form of social morality, that marriage should be placed upon an authoritative and universally acknowledged basis. It is the extreme of childishness and folly to make a law for one State, touching so important a matter as this, which underlies all social and governmental life, to be set aside by simply stepping over the boundaries into another State. This purely human interest is above sect or party, and should be treated from the broad stand-point of a universal humanity.

CROSBY, HOWARD, an American clergyman; born at New York, February 27, 1826; died there March 29, 1891. A graduate of the University of New York, he became Professor of Greek in that institution in 1851, and in 1859 was appointed to the same chair in Rutgers College. His first pastorate was at New Brunswick, N. J., and in 1863 he became pastor of a Presbyterian Church in New York, and in 1870 was chosen Chancellor of the University of that city. He was a member of the American committee for the revision of the New Testament. He was one of the prime movers in the organization in 1877 of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, of which he became president. Among his many works are *The Lands of the Moslem* (1850); *A Bible Manual* (1870); *Jesus, his Life and Works, as Narrated by the Four Evangelists* (1870); *The Healthy Christian* (1872); *Thoughts on the Pentateuch* (1873); *The Christian Preacher* (1880); *True Humanity of Christ* (1881); *Bible View of the Jewish Church* (1888); *The Seven Churches of Asia* (1890); *Sermons* (1891).

THE PREACHER OF THE DESERT.

At length the time arrived for the Nazarite to begin his public work. His old parents were, it is likely, dead; and without immediate relatives or social ties to bind him, he is led by the Spirit of God to summon the people to the limestone wastes that incline, full of fissures, crags, and ravines, from the cultivated highlands of Judea to the Dead Sea, and there to proclaim to them the speedy coming of the Messiah. It was this preaching of John which excited the whole nation. The people,

HOWARD CROSBY.

weary of the Roman yoke, were ready to listen to the story of a deliverer; and a strange mingling of religious and patriotic interests led them out in multitudes to the wilderness to hear the eloquent Nazarite. John's very appearance would suggest Elijah to the crowds of Israel. As we have an ideal figure of Napoleon or of Washington, so, there was a conventional figure of Elijah among the Jews. The garment of coarse hair and the girdle of leather were the distinctive features of this ideal. The rugged appearance of the unshorn prophet was appropriate to the bleak rocks of conies and wild goats, among which he lifted up his voice of promise and warning, and his mode of life was conformed to the general wilderness model. The locusts, which are now a favorite food of the poorer classes in the East, and the wild honey found amid the crags of the desert, formed the staple of his daily sustenance.

His manner of life and his personal appearance combined to impress the minds of the people, and to deepen the effect of his preaching. This preaching had two sides: the one to announce the near coming of the long-expected Messiah, the other to demand of the people a new personal life of godliness as the only due preparation for his coming, by which they could alone appreciate his character, and receive the benefits of his appearance. It was no ceremonial cleanness that John inculcated, nor was it any mere betterment of the outward life. His preaching sought the inmost citadel of the heart, and demanded a change there radical and eternal. A change of the soul's purpose was insisted on as necessary in order to see the glory of the kingdom of God. This was the burden of those energetic harangues which shook all Judea, and which are condensed into the formula, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." In this preaching, John was conscious of his authoritative position. He pointed to Isaiah's prophecy, and declared himself to be the voice in the wilderness that was there predicted. Conviction fastened upon the Jewish mind; and as the multitudes publicly confessed their sins under the arousing words

of John, he led them down to the Jordan valley, and there, in an eddy of that swift stream, he applied to them an outward emblem of purification, with which the nation was perfectly familiar in the many washings from ceremonial defilement which marked the Jewish ritual. It was an outward sign of the purity they professed to lay hold of in turning to God, and would, in the Oriental mind, serve to deepen the impression of the truth illustrated, as well as strengthen the life by an act of open committal. John was careful to insist, before his disciples and the multitude, upon the merely symbolic character of his baptism. "I, indeed," he said, "baptize you with water with regard to your renewed life; but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear, and the latchet of Whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." . . . Such a preaching and baptism from so remarkable a man agitated the whole land. The work of John was accomplished. He turned many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God, and, with the spirit and power of Elijah, he turned the hearts of the people from selfishness to domestic and social virtues, and thus made ready the way for the Messiah.—*Jesus: his Life and Work.*

CROWE, CATHARINE ANN STEVENS, an English novelist; born at Borough Green, Kent, about 1800; died in 1876. She appears to have resided principally in Edinburgh; and in her tract on Spiritualism she speaks of herself as having been a disciple of George Combe. Her first literary work was a tragedy, *Aristodemus* (1838), published anony-

mously; then followed *Memorial Rights* (1839), a novel; and *Susan Hopley* (1841), her most successful work of fiction. *The Vestiges of Creation* was pronounced by certain critics to be the work of a woman; and when the public said she wrote it she let them say so. She was at that time (1844), however, engaged in translating Kerner's *Seeress of Prevorst,* and in preparing her *Night Side of Nature;* which appeared, respectively, in 1845 and 1848; and of which the former is one of the best collections of supernatural stories in our language, the energy of the writer's own belief lending animation to her narrative. Then appeared her *Lilly Dawson* (1847); *Adventures of a Beauty* (1852); *Light and Darkness* (1852); *Linny Lockwood* (1854); a tragedy entitled *The Cruel Kindness* (1853); and an abridged *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for children. She also contributed very effective stories to periodicals. In 1859 she published *Spiritualism and the Age We Live In.* This book only slightly referred to the subjects of its title, and evinced a morbid and desponding turn of mind. She soon became violently insane; and after her recovery she wrote very little.

Dr. Garnett, writing for Stephen's *National Biography,* says: "Mrs. Crowe will probably best be remembered by her *Night Side of Nature;* but her novels are by no means devoid of merit. They are a curious and not unpleasing mixture of imagination and matter of fact. The ingenuity of the plot and the romantic nature of the incidents contrast forcibly with the prosaic character of the personages and the unimpassioned homeliness of the diction. Curiosity and sympathy are deeply excited, and much skill is shown in maintaining the interest to the last."

AN OPPORTUNE ESCAPE.

We will not attempt to depict poor Lilly's terror and amazement whilst, crouching beneath the hedge within three yards of the speakers, afraid to breathe lest they should discover her, she listened to this conversation. She was actually paralyzed with fear; and for some time after they had passed on she remained as motionless as if she had been turned into stone. It was not till the echo of their voices had long died away that she ventured to creep out of her hiding-place, and take a side-peep at the gate, where she almost feared she should still see them standing. But the faint beams of the waning moon showing her that there was no one there, she ventured, with as little noise as possible, to rise to her feet; and, after cautiously listening, for the purpose of making sure that her enemies were not returning, she climbed over the wicket again into the road. All she thought of was immediate escape; and, without considering where she was to go, or reflecting on the probable consequences of setting out alone, in the middle of th night, on a journey which might conduct her to greater perils than those she was flying from, she took to her heels and ran along the road in an opposite direction to the town till she was fairly out of breath and obliged to relax her speed for the want of it.

The night was very fine, and it was not long before the forlorn traveller was cheered by the dawn of the morning, and then she could venture to sit down by the wayside to take a little rest. But the voices of some men approaching started her to her feet; for she could not divest herself of the apprehension of being pursued, and she fled forward again, with somewhat of her former speed, till she reached a village; and as she was very hungry and had plenty of money in her pocket, she would have very gladly purchased some food; but the shops were not yet opened; and, afraid to linger, she walked through. And now the early travellers and the laborers in the fields began to be afoot, and ever and anon she was saluted by the observation that it was a

fine morning, or with a rustic compliment upon her early rising; and thus she proceeded without any particular adventure, till, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, she seated herself on a low stone post, which stood at the gate of a neat little villa, enclosed in a garden. She had sat there about half an hour, with somewhat of the feelings of a hunted hare, alarmed at every foot she heard approaching from the west, and so confused and perplexed with the strangeness of her situation, that she was entirely incapable of determining on any step that might diminish her difficulties, when she heard, first, the door of the house, and next the gate, unlocked behind her; and presently a man came out, bearing in his hands a small trunk and a large blue bandbox, which he set down on the pathway, and then retreated into the house, leaving the gate ajar. On the trunk were the letters A. T. in brass nails, and on the bandbox was inscribed "Mrs. Treadgold, passenger." Presently the man came out again and looked down the road, as if expecting something. Then he looked at Lilly, and seemed about to address her; when a voice within, calling "James!" caused him suddenly to re-enter the gate. A third time he made his appearance; and now, after listening for a moment, Lilly heard him say, "I think she's coming now!" and then, turning toward her, where she was still sitting on the post, he added, "You're waiting for her, too, I suppose."

"Sir?" said Lilly, not understanding what he meant.

"James," cried a voice from within, "isn't that the coach?"

"Yes, ma'am; she's coming up now," answered James, re-entering the gate; out of which he presently issued again, accompanied by a lady; upon whose appearance Lilly rose from her seat, and at the same moment the coach swept round a curve in the road, and dashed up to the gate. In a moment, the coachman was off his box, arranging the luggage in the boot, whilst James opened the coach-door, and handed in the lady.

"Now, my dear," said the coachman, taking hold of Lilly's arm, and drawing her to the coach, "Come, come,

don't be frightened — put your foot there — the other there — that's right!" and, before she knew where she was, Lilly found herself at the top of the London coach, spanking away at the rate of ten miles an hour.— *Lilly Dawson.*

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

A farmer in Worcestershire dreampt that his little boy of twelve years old had fallen from the wagon and was killed. The dream recurred three times in one night; but, unwilling to yield to superstitious fears, he allowed the child to accompany the wagoner to Kidderminster fair. The driver was very fond of the boy, and he felt assured would take care of him; but having occasion to go a little out of the road to leave a parcel, the man bade the child walk on with the wagon, and he would meet him at a certain spot. On arriving there, the horses were coming quietly forward, but the boy was not with them; and on retracing the road, he was found dead, having, apparently fallen from the shafts and been crushed by the wheels.

A gentleman who resided near one of the Scottish lakes dreampt that he saw a number of persons surrounding a body which had just been drawn out of the water. On approaching the spot, he perceives that it is himself, and the assistants are his own friends and retainers. Alarmed at the life-like reality of the vision, he resolved to elude the threatened destiny by never venturing on the lake again. On one occasion, however, it became quite indispensable that he should do so; and, as the day was quite calm, he yielded to the necessity, on condition that he should be put ashore at once on the opposite side, whilst the rest of the party proceeded to their destination, where he would meet them. This was accordingly done; the boat skimmed gayly over the smooth waters, and arrived safely at the rendezvous, the gentlemen laughing at the superstition of their companion, whilst he stood smiling on the bank to receive them. But alas! the fates were inexorable; the little promontory that supported him had been undermined by the water; it gave way be-

neath his feet, and life was extinct before he could be rescued from the waves.— *The Night Side of Nature.*

CRUDEN, Alexander, a Scottish scholar and compiler; born at Aberdeen, May 31, 1701; died at Islington, November 1, 1770. He was educated at the Aberdeen Grammar School and at Marischal College, where he took the degree of M. A. It was his intention to enter the Church, but before he had finished his studies for this purpose he became insane, and for a time was in confinement. After his release he left Aberdeen and went to London, where, for a number of years, he was engaged as a tutor. In 1732 he opened a bookseller's store, and soon after began work on the *Bible Concordance.* The first edition of this appeared in 1737. This was dedicated to Queen Caroline and was presented to her November 3d, but she died a few days later, and he never received the acknowledgment he had reason to expect. Between the publication of the first and second editions (1761) he was twice confined in an asylum. He published a third edition in 1769, shortly before his death. He died suddenly at his lodgings, and when found was on his knees, as if in prayer. Besides the *Concordance* he prepared a number of other works, among them a *Brief Compendium of the Bible.* His *Concordance,* "a laborious, comprehensive, and accurate work," has been invaluable to Bible students.

TO GEORGE THE THIRD.

SIRE:

This CONCORDANCE was begun with a design to promote the study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and the method taken therein is deemed by competent judges to be the best toward a complete *Concordance* that hath hitherto appeared in our language. It is acknowledged to be a useful book to private Christians who search the Scriptures, and to be very necessary for all the Preachers of the Gospel. Therefore, to whom can this new edition be more properly offered than to your Majesty, now in the beginning of your reign, having already manifested a great regard to religion, and an earnest concern for promoting it among your subjects?

All other books are of little or no importance in comparison of the Holy Scriptures, which are a revelation from God, and are given as the only rule of faith and practice. If the kings of *Israel* were required not only "to read the law of *Moses* all the days of their life, but also to write out a copy of it with their own hand, that they might learn to fear the Lord their God, and keep all the words of His law," it may be reasonably expected that Christian Princes should make the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ their daily study, that it may become their constant guide and rule for the government of their people, as well as for their own salvation.

It has been often observed that the most effectual way to a general external reformation is "to make Religion a step to preferment, and Irreligion a bar to it;" because example has a more powerful influence over the minds of men than precept or even than punishment. The early declarations and strong resolutions which your Majesty was pleased to make at your coming to the throne, "That you would encourage those who are religious, and discourage those that are otherwise," rejoiced the hearts of all who earnestly desire the revival of vital and practical religion, and to see your Majesty's subjects a holy and happy people.

True piety has been in all ages accounted the truest honor; for religion diffuses the greatest glory around a human character, and sweetens and embalms the memory of Princes. A pious Prince, who has shown a hearty concern for the eternal happiness of his people, as well as for their present protection, will be remembered with great esteem and honor; for the Scripture says, that "the memory of the just is blessed." When they are spoken of, it is with praise and commendation by all good men. All other accomplishments, without true grace and real religion, cannot make the children of men happy, who must all die and rise again, "and appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to receive according to what they have done in the body, whether good or bad."

The memory of *Hezekiah,* the religious king of *Judah,* is precious: he hath been celebrated in all ages of the Church for his pious zeal in the reformation of his people at the beginning of his reign; for "God honors those who honor Him, and they who despise Him shall be lightly esteemed." It is said of that pious King, that "he trusted in the Lord God of *Israel,* so that after him there was none like him among all the Kings of *Judah,* nor any that were before him: for he clave to the Lord, and departed not from following him, but kept His commandments, which the Lord commanded *Moses.*" *Hezekiah,* like your Majesty, began his reign in his youth, yet his zeal for the worship of God, and for promoting religion among his subjects, carried him through the great difficulties of reforming a people who had so much degenerated into gross idolatry. May the great God be the guide of your life and direct and prosper you, that it may be said by the present and future ages, that KING GEORGE THE THIRD hath been an HEZEKIAH to our *British Israel.* — *From the Dedication of A Complete Concordance.*

CRUGER, JULIE GRINNELL STORROW ("JULIEN GORDON"), an American novelist and poet; born at Paris, France, of American parents, in 1858. She married S. Van Rensselaer Cruger and became a leader in New York society. Her works include *A Wedding and Other Stories; A Diplomat's Diary; Poppæa; A Successful Man; Eat Not Thy Heart; Mademoiselle Réséda; A Puritan Pagan; Vampires; World's People* (1904); and *Poems* (1905). In the *World's People,* Mrs. Cruger says: "They also had a tinge of that brutality which the large, facile life of wealth leaves on people whose whims it daily gratifies." This judgment, passed by the author on a group of people in one of these stories, might well be applied to most of the characters in the book. The tales and sketches — clever in construction, character-drawing, and diction — describe a world that is part sensual, part mercenary, part flippant, and part bored, but which under certain crises reveals the existence in some of its inhabitants of elemental virtue.

In her *Poems,* Mrs. Cruger has included roundels, villanelles, vers de société and other lyrics, all achieved with an ease and sprightliness that bring into sharp contrast the well imagined pathos of sonnets like this:

DANCE MUSIC.

I dreamed the music with its rhythmic grace
  Crept down the hall where we two stood apart;
Once more the spirit of thy haunting face
  Swept Memory's fingers on my sleeping heart.
Thy nervous arm encircled me, my ear
  Thirstily drank thy words, as in a trance
We whirled to where the crystal chandelier

Swung its pale light across the winding dance.
I felt thy pulses close and hot to mine.
And youth and joy and life ours again,
And Hope peered down the glittering shafts of time
And found no scoria mid its golden vein.
I woke. I saw our wild love wan and old,
And thou, far off — silent — estranged and cold.

A deeper note is struck in the following lines:

SOUL PASSION.

As the same vintage may make bestial swine,
Cast the pale drunkard in the street's foul gutter,
Or lift the acolyte where angels flutter
Their wings to dip in sacramental wine —
So love, which is to one a vulgar lust
Alluring on to death, in base desire —
Where bargaining blisses, bought and sold for hire,
Crouch to the meanness of the pavement's dust —
Raises another to the starry height.
Here 'neath heaven's dome seraphic councils sit.
Here fires celestial at the throne are lit.
Here radiance decks and gilds our great delight.
The cup that others spill I quaff, my sweet,
Reverent and awed — my shoes from off my feet.

Here, on the other hand, are four stanzas that have the true lilt of light-hearted joy:

SONG.

The dawns are cold and the low skies frown,
The birds drop wing and their song is done,
The autumn's mist is over the sun;
But oh, my beloved has come to town!

The grass is dead that grew on the down,
Close where the lime tree droops to the wall
The hoar frost crackles the leaves that fall;
But oh, my beloved has come to town!

The meadow has donned her winter gown,
A light snow melts on the shining pane,
The sea gull's cry fills the soul with pain;
But oh, my beloved has come to town!

The summer's laughter the wild winds drown,
The garden pathway is bleak and black,
The dark clouds gloom on the moon's pale track;
But oh, my beloved has come to town!

—*Poems.*

CUDLIP, ANNIE HALL THOMAS, an English novelist; born at Aldborough, Suffolk, October 25, 1838. In 1867 she was married to the Rev. Pender Cudlip, then curate of Yealmpton, later vicar of Sparkwell, Devonshire. She was a prolific writer and her novels obtained a wide popularity both in England and the United States. Her first novel, *The Cross of Honor,* was published in 1863. She has since published *Sir Victor's Choice; Denis Donne; A Dangerous Secret; The House in Piccadilly;* and *Philip Morton* (1864); *Barry O'Byrne; Theo. Leigh;* and *On Guard* (1865); *Played Out* and *Walter Goring* (1866); *Called to Account* (1867); *A Noble Aim; High Stakes;* and *The Dower House* (1868); *Only Herself* and *False Colors* (1869); *The Dream and the Waking* (1870); *A Passion in Tatters* (1872); *The Two Widows,* and *"He Cometh Not," She Said* (1873); *No Alternative* (1874); *A Narrow Escape* and *The Maskelynes* (1875); *Blotted Out* (1876); *A Laggard in Love* (1877); *Mrs. Cardigan; A London*

Season; and *Stray Sheep* (1879); *Fashion's Gay Mart; County People;* and *Society's Verdict* (1880); *Eyre of Blendon* and *Our Set* (1881); *Allerton Towers* (1882); *Maud Mohun,* and *Playing for High Stakes* (1886); *Comrades True* (1900); *The Diva* (1901); and *The Cleavers of Cleaver* (1902).

CLEVER MISS CONWAY.

A cleverer woman than Miss Smith was required to defeat Fanny Conway, a sharper one than Mrs. Pridham to detect her discomfiture. She was kneeling down before a large black box full of clothes when the boarding-house mistress came into her room after knocking and being told to enter. Her dress was off, but the fine linen, and insertion, and lace edging, and delicate embroidery of the bodice rather staggered Mrs. Pridham in the resolutions she had formed of talking to Miss Conway as if the latter were a reprehensible pauper. A young lady whose "fine linning," as she termed it, was so exquisitely fine and correct could not be desperately, dangerously poor yet.

"You'll excuse my intruding upon you again, Miss Conway, but I have something unpleasant to say."

Fanny rose, and seated herself on the side of her bed.

"What is the matter?" she asked; "has the Count bolted with the spoons, or the Baron with Miss Smith?"

"Neither, Miss Conway. I trust, at least, that they are not adventurers; but, to my horror, *this* has been found on my virtuous hearth, and it can only belong to you." And as she wound up her peroration she handed the tell-tale ticket to Fanny, who took it with the faintest surprise and without the faintest confusion.

"A *little* pawn ticket, funny little thing; well? what else?"

"Miss Smith picked it up, and at once concluded, as every one else in the house would, that you have pawned your bracelet. Oh! Miss Conway, this is shocking, and you have always led me to believe that you are well off."

Fanny Conway looked at her for a moment, and then threw her head back and laughed merrily and long; presently she checked her mirth and said:

"Dear old, amiable lady! so it was the thought that she had found me out in pawning and penury that made her want to compare the emeralds? Well, I'll trust her with the bracelet unguarded by my presence, though she has tried to commit one larceny to-night, and filch my good name. Here," she continued, going to a drawer and taking out a bracelet, a broad gold band studded with emeralds, "take this down, Mrs. Pridham, and show them that I wasn't the 'Miss Jones' (that was the name on the ticket, wasn't it?) who pledged a jewel that happens to read something like the one she's seen me wear. Let me look at the ticket again, will you?"

Mrs. Pridham, completely abashed by the production of the bracelet, could only apologize vehemently for her suspicions. "But you have the ticket, I think," she said.

"No, I haven't," Fanny answered, "I gave it back to you."

Mrs. Pridham looked about a little, but not finding it, said it was of no consequence, it would be found when Miss Conway's room was "done" in the morning and Fanny said, "Oh! yes, or if it wasn't it would be no matter, for it was evidently an old ticket." She took good care that it should not be found in the morning, for as soon as Mrs. Pridham has descended, to triumphantly refute the aspersions on her pet boarder's character, Fanny locked the little ticket carefully away in a drawer.

"Stupid old woman!" she cried performing a *pas* of joy about the room. "*I* saw her pick it up, I knew it would be no use to ask her for it, but I didn't think I'd have got it into my hands again. I'd have lost the bracelet rather than have been found out. Ah! the malicious old cat, she little thought I had a pair of them."—*Denis Donne.*

CUDWORTH, RALPH, an English clergyman and philosopher; born at Aller, Somerset, in 1617; died at Cambridge, June 26, 1688. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in which he came to be Fellow and Tutor. He was one of the chiefs of those who were called "Latitudinarians" in divinity. In 1645 he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew, a position he held for thirty years; and in 1654 he was elected Master of Christ's College. In 1659 he engaged in discourses in defense of Christianity against Judaism. He also received from time to time several valuable preferments in the Church. In consequence of his knowledge of Hebrew literature and antiquities, he was consulted by a committee of Parliament concerning a new translation of the Bible. Cudworth's writings are voluminous. His principal work is *The True Intellectual System of the Universe,* in which, as the author claims, "all the reason and philosophy of atheism is refuted, and its impossibility demonstrated." This work, which first appeared in 1678, was republished in 1743, 1820, and 1845. This marvellous book was the work of the author's life-time, and was never really finished. It was the author's intention to publish it in three parts — the *Treatise on Eternal and Immutable Morality,* published in 1731, by Bishop Chandler, and a *Discourse on Liberty and Necessity,* belonging to the original work. As the first chapters in the book were directed against the atheistical opinions of Hobbes, who was then in much favor at court, Cudworth experienced considerable difficulty and delay in getting his book into print. He was also severely criticised by many orthodox

Christians for the candid statement of the views of his opponents, which he fearlessly stated in their most formidable form before proceeding to dissect.

Sir James Mackintosh says of the *Intellectual System:* "It is a work of stupendous erudition, of much more acuteness than at first appears, . . . and is distinguished, perhaps, beyond any other volume of controversy, by that best proof of the deepest conviction of the truth of a man's principles — a fearless statement of most formidable objections to them, a fairness rarely practised but by him who is conscious of his power to answer them." Dugald Stuart says: "*The Intellectual System* will forever remain a precious mine of information to those whose curiosity may lead them to study the spirit of the ancient theories."

Several editions of his *Complete Works* have been published in the United States.

GOD, THOUGH INCOMPREHENSIBLE, NOT INCONCEIVABLE.

It doth not at all follow, because God is incomprehensible to our finite and narrow understandings, that he is utterly inconceivable by them, so that they cannot frame any idea of Him at all, and He may therefore be concluded to be a nonentity. For it is certain that we cannot comprehend ourselves, and that we have not such an adequate and comprehensive knowledge of the essence of any substantial thing as that we can perfectly master and conquer it. . . . For even body itself, which the atheists think themselves so well acquainted with, because they can feel it with their fingers, and which is the only substance that they acknowledge, either in themselves or in the universe, hath such puzzling difficulties and entanglements in the speculation of it that they can never be able to extricate themselves from. We might instance, also, in some accidental things — as time and motion. Truth is bigger than our minds, and

we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature, and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is, indeed, one badge of our creaturely state, that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essences of things; from whence we ought to be led to this acknowledgment, that there is another Perfect Mind or Understanding Being above us in the universe, from which our imperfect minds were derived, and upon which they do depend.

Wherefore, if we can have no idea or conception of anything whereof we have not a full and perfect comprehension, then can we not have an idea or conception of the nature of any substance. But though we do not comprehend all truth as if our mind were above it or master of it, and cannot penetrate into and look quite through the nature of everything, yet may rational souls frame certain ideas and conceptions of whatsoever is in the orb of being proportionate to their own nature, and sufficient for their purpose. And though we cannot fully comprehend the Deity, nor exhaust the infiniteness of His perfection, yet may we have an idea of a Being absolutely perfect; such a one as is *nostro modulo conformis,* agreeable and proportionate to our measure and scantling; as we may approach near to a mountain, and touch it with our hands, though we cannot encompass it all round, and enclasp it within our arms. Whatsoever is in its own nature absolutely unconceivable is nothing; but not whatsoever is not fully comprehensible by our imperfect understandings.

It is true, indeed, that the Deity is more incomprehensible to us than anything else whatsoever, which proceeds from the fulness of its being and perfection, and from the transcendency of its brightness; but for the very same reason may it be said also, in some sense, that it is more knowable and conceivable than anything. As the sun, though by reason of its excessive splendor it dazzles our weak sight, yet is it, notwithstanding, far more visible, also, than any of the *nebulosæ stellæ* — the

small, misty stars. Where there is more of light there is more visibility; so, where there is more of entity, reality, and perfection, there is more of conceptibility and cognoscibility; such a thing filling up the mind more, and acting more strongly upon it. Nevertheless, because our weak and imperfect minds are lost in the vast immensity and redundancy of the Deity, and overcome with its transcendent light and dazzling brightness, therefore hath it to us an appearance of darkness and incomprehensibility; as the unbounded expansion of light in the clear, transparent ether hath to us the apparition of an azure obscurity; which yet is not an absolute thing in itself, but only relative to our sense, and a mere fancy in us.

The incomprehensibility of the Deity is so far from being an argument against the reality of its existence as that is most certain, on the contrary, that were there nothing incomprehensible to us, who are but contemptible pieces, and small atoms of the universe; were there no other being in the world but what our finite understandings could span or fathom, and encompass round about, look through and through, have a commanding view of, and perfectly conquer and subdue under them, then could there be nothing absolutely and infinitely perfect — that is, no God. . . .

And nature itself plainly intimates to us that there is some such absolutely perfect Being, which, though not inconceivable, yet is incomprehensible to our finite understandings, by certain passions which it hath implanted in us that otherwise would want an object to display themselves upon; namely, those of devout veneration, adoration, and admiration, together with a kind of ecstacy and pleasing horror; which, in the silent language of nature, seem to speak thus much to us, that there is some object in the world so much bigger and vaster than our mind and thoughts that it is the very same to them that the ocean is to narrow vessels; so that, when they have taken into themselves as much as they can thereof by contemplation, and filled up all their capacity, there is still an immensity of it left without, which cannot enter in, for want of room to receive it,

and therefore must be apprehended after some other strange and more mysterious manner — namely, by their being plunged into it, and swallowed up or lost in it. To conclude, the Deity is, indeed, incomprehensible to our finite and imperfect understandings, but not inconceivable; and therefore there is no ground at all for this atheistic pretence to make it a nonentity.

CREATION.

Because it is undeniably certain, concerning ourselves and all imperfect beings, that none of these can create any new substance, men are apt to measure all things by their own scantling, and to suppose it universally impossible for any power whatever thus to create. But since it is certain that imperfect beings can themselves produce some things out of nothing pre-existing, as new cogitations, new local motion, and new modifications of things corporeal, it is surely reasonable to think that an absolutely perfect Being can do something more; that is, create new substances, or give them their whole being. And it may well be thought as easy for God, or an Omnipotent Being, to make a whole world, matter and all, as it is for us to create a thought or to move a finger, or for the sun to send out rays, or a candle light; or, lastly, for an opaque body to produce an image of itself in a glass of water, or to project a shadow; all these imperfect things being but the energies, rays, images, or shadows of the Deity. For a substance to be made out of nothing by God, or a Being infinitely perfect, is not for it to be made out of nothing in the impossible sense, because it comes from Him who is all. Nor can it be said to be impossible for anything whatever to be made by that which hath not only infinitely greater perfection, but also infinite active power. It is, indeed, true that infinite power itself cannot do things in their own nature impossible; and, therefore, those who deny creation ought to prove that it is absolutely impossible for a substance, though not for an accident or modification, to be brought from non-existence into being. But nothing is in itself impossible which does not imply

contradiction; and, though it be a contradiction to be and not to be at the same time, there is surely no contradiction, in conceiving an imperfect being, which before was not, afterwards to be.

CUMBERLAND, RICHARD, an English dramatist and essayist; born at Cambridge, February 19, 1732; died at Tunbridge Wells, May 7, 1811. He was a great-grandson of Richard Cumberland, the author of *De Legibus Naturæ,* and other learned works, and the grandson of Richard Bentley. He was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College. About 1750 he became private secretary to the Earl of Halifax, whom he accompanied to Ireland, and who afterward obtained for him an appointment as crown agent for Nova Scotia. In 1775 he was made Secretary of the Board of Trade. Five years afterward he was sent on a secret mission to Spain, to negotiate a treaty of peace with that kingdom; but at the end of a year he was recalled, and was refused repayment of his drafts. This so impoverished him that he was obliged to sell his estate, and retire to private life. He was already the author of several successful comedies. He now betook himself to writing as a means of support, and produced numerous dramas, poems, essays, three novels, and his own *Memoirs,* published in 1806. Cumberland wrote forty dramatic pieces, the best of which are *The West Indian* (1771); *The Jew* (1794); and *The Wheel of Fortune* (1795). Among his other plays are *The Brothers* (1769); *The Fashionable Lover* (1772); *The Choleric Man* (1775); *The Battle of Has-*

tings (1778); *The Carmelite* (1784); *The Natural Son* (1785); *The Walloons* (1782); *Confession* (1796); and *False Impressions* (1797). Among his other works are *The Observer,* a collection of essays published in 1785; *Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain* (1782); *Arundel,* a novel (1789); *Calvary, or the Death of Christ,* an epic poem (1792); another novel, *Henry* (1795), and his last poem, *Retrospection.* (1811).

FROM THE WEST INDIAN.

Stockwell.—[*Reading a letter.*] "Sir — I write to you under the hands of the hair-dresser. As soon as I have made myself decent, and slipped on some fresh clothes, I will have the honor of paying you my devoirs. Yours Belcour." He writes at his ease; for he's unconscious to whom his letter is addressed; but what a palpitation does it throw my heart into — a father's heart! 'Tis an affecting interview. When my eyes meet a son whom yet they never saw, where shall I find constancy to support it? Should he resemble his mother, I am overthrown. All the letters I have had from him (for I industriously drew him into a correspondence with me) bespeak him of quick and ready understanding. All the reports I ever received give me a favorable impression of his character; wild, perhaps, as the manner of his country is; but, I trust, not frantic or unprincipled.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Serv.— Sir, the foreign gentleman is come.

[*Enter Belcour.*]

Stock.— Mr. Belcour, I am rejoiced to see you; you are welcome to England!

Bel.— I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell. You and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met; and the pleasure this meeting gives me amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

Stock.— What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have made a bad passage at this time o' year.

Bel.— Nor did we: courier-like, we came posting to your shores upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; 'tis upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; 'tis the passage from the river-side I complain of.

Stock.— Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met between this and the river side?

Bel.— Innumerable! Your town is as full of defiles as the island of Corsica; and, I believe, they are as obstinately defended: so much hurry, bustle, and confusion on your quays; so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common-councilmen in your streets, that unless a man marched with artillery in his front, 'tis more than the labor of Hercules can effect to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock.— I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

Bel.— Why, 'faith, 'twas all my own fault. Accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boat-men, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of mosquitoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan. The sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and, beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which my person and apparel suffered so much that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stock.— All without is as I wish: dear Nature, add the rest, and I am happy (*Aside*). Well, Mr. Belcour, 'tis a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you'll not think the worse of them for it.

Bel.— Not at all, not at all; I like them the better. Were I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but as a fellow-subject, and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.

Stock.— That's well; I like that well. How gladly I could fall upon his neck, and own myself his father! (*Aside.*)

— *Act. I.*

[*Enter Lady Rusport, leaning on Major O'Flaherty's arm.*]

O'Fla.— Rest yourself on my arm; never spare it! 'tis strong enough; it has stood harder service than you can put it to.

Lucy.— Mercy upon me, what is the matter? I am frightened out of my wits. Has your ladyship had an accident?

Lady R.— O Lucy, the most untoward one in nature: I know not how I shall repair it.

O'Fla.— Never go about to repair it, my lady; even build a new one, 'tis but a crazy piece of business at best.

Lucy.— Bless me! is the old chariot broke down with you again?

Lady R.— Broke, child! I don't know what might have been broke, if, by great good fortune, this obliging gentleman had not been at hand to assist me.

Lucy.— Dear madam, let me run and fetch you a cup of the cordial drops.

Lady R.— Do, Lucy. [*Exit Lucy*]. Alas, sir, ever since I lost my husband, my poor nerves have been shook to pieces: — There hangs his beloved picture: that precious relic, and a plentiful jointure, is all that remains to console me for the best of men.

O'Fla.— Let me see. I' faith, a comely personage! By his fur cloak, I suppose he was in the Russian service: and by the gold chain round his neck I should guess he had been honored with the Order of St. Catharine.

Lady R.— No, no; he meddled with no St. Catharines — that's the habit he wore in his mayoralty; St. Stephen was Lord Mayor of London — but he is gone, and has left me a poor, weak, solitary widow behind him. [*She af-*

fects to cry; then throws out her hand to the Major, which he kisses.]

O'Fla.— By all means, then, take a strong, able, hearty man to repair his loss: — If such a plain fellow as one Dennis O'Flaherty can please you, I think I may venture to say, without any disparagement to the gentleman in the fur gown there —

Lady R.— What are you going to say? Don't shock my ears with any comparisons, I desire.

O'Fla.— Not I, by my soul; I don't believe there's any comparison in the case.

[*Enter Lucy.*]

Lady R.— Oh, are you come? Give me the drops — I'm all in a flutter.

O'Fla.— Hark ye, sweetheart; what are those same drops? Have you any more left in the bottle? I didn't care if I took a little sip of them myself.

Lucy.— Oh, sir, they are called the cordial restorative elixir, or the nervous golden drops; they are only for ladies' cases.

O'Fla.— Yes, yes, my dear, there are gentlemen, as well as ladies, that stand in need of those same golden drops; they'd suit my case to a tittle.

[*Overtakes Lucy, and prevails on her to give him a glass. Returns to Lady R.*]

Lady R.— Well, Major, did you give old Dudley my letter, and will the silly man do as I bid him, and be gone?

O'Fla.— You are obeyed — he's on his march.

Lady R.— That's well; you have managed this matter to perfection. I didn't think he would have been so easily prevailed upon.

O'Fla.— At the first word; no difficulty in life; 'twas the very thing he was determined to do before I came. I never met a more obliging gentleman.

Lady R.— Well, 'tis no matter, so I am but rid of him and his distresses. Would you believe it, Major O'Flaherty, it was but this morning he sent a-begging

to me for money to fit him out upon some wild-goose expedition to the coast of Africa, I know not where?

O'Fla.— Well, you sent him what he wanted?

Lady R.— I sent him what he deserved — a flat refusal.

O'Fla.— You refused him?

Lady R.— Most undoubtedly.

O'Fla.— You sent him nothing?

Lady R.— Not a shilling.

O'Fla.— Good-morning to you — your servant —

Lady R.— Hey-dey! what ails the man? Where are you going?

O'Fla.— Out of your house before the roof falls on my head — to poor Dudley, to share the little modicum that thirty years' hard service has left me; I wish it was more, for his sake.

Lady R.— Very well, sir; take your course; I shan't attempt to stop you; I shall survive it; it will not break my heart, if I never see you more.

O'Fla.— Break your heart! No, o' my conscience, will it not. You preach, and you pray, and you turn up your eyes, and all the while you are as hard-hearted as a hyena — A hyena, truly! by my soul, there isn't in the whole creation so savage an animal as a human creature without pity! [*Exit.*]

Lady R.— A hyena, truly! [*Exit.*]

— *Act IV.*

AN ACT OF CHARITY.

Splendida, in one of her morning airings, was solicited for charity by a poor woman with an infant in her arms. "It is not for myself, Madame," said the wretched creature; "it is for my husband, who lies under that hedge tormented with a fever, and dying for want of relief." Splendida directed her eyes toward the spot, and saw a sickly object stretched upon the ground, clad in the tattered regimental of a foot soldier. Her heart was touched, and she drew out her purse, which was full of guineas: the blood rushed into the beggar's meagre visage at the sight; Splendida turned over the gold; her hand delayed for a moment, and the impulse was lost; unhappily for the

suppliant, Splendida was alone, and without a witness: she put her hand once more into her pocket, and, taking out a solitary shilling, dropped it into the shrivelled hand that was stretched out to receive it, and drove on.

Splendida returned home, dressed herself, and went to a certain great lady's assembly; a subscription was put about for the benefit of a celebrated actress; the lady condescended to receive subscriptions in person, and delivered a ticket to each contributor. Splendida drew forth the same purse, and, wrapping twenty guineas in a paper, put them into the hand of the noble beggar: the room rang with applause of her charity. "I give it," says she, "to her virtues rather than to her talents: I bestow it on the wife and mother, not upon the actress."

Splendida on her return home took out her account book, and set down twenty-one pounds one shilling to the article of charity; the shilling, indeed, Heaven audited on the score of alms, the pounds were posted to the account of vanity.— *The Observer.*

CUMMING, JOHN, a Scottish theologian; born in Aberdeenshire, in 1807; died July 5, 1881. He was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and in 1833 became minister in the Scotch Church, Covent Garden, London. He opposed the separation of the Free Church in 1843, and was a vigorous adversary of Roman Catholicism. His sermons, many of which were upon the Prophecies, attracted a large congregation. Among his numerous publications are *Apocalyptic Sketches; Lectures on Christ's Miracles; Lectures on the Parables; Lectures on Daniel; Christ Our Passover; The Comforter; Voices of the Night; Voices of the Day; Voices of the Dead; The Great Consummation; The Great Tribulation; Benedictions;*

Lectures for the Times; Christian Patriotism; The Great Sacrifice; The Seventh Vial; and *God in History.*

Upon the appearance of *The End,* the works of Dr. Cumming were handled by the reviewers somewhat interrogatively. "In what light," asked *The Press,* "are we to regard him? As an orthodox expounder of prophesy, or as a mere showy lecturer? Is he a thoughtful, learned divine, seeking after truth, and earnestly studying his Bible to find it, or is he a kind of pulpit Barnum, solely anxious to collect a large audience, and to excite speculation and wonder among the crowd?" And the *Westminster Review* began a long article on eight of his books in these words: "Given a man of moderate intellect, a moral standard not higher than the average, some rhetorical affluence and great glibness of speech, what is the career in which, without the aid of birth or money, he may most easily attain power and reputation in English society? Where is that Goshen of mediocrity in which a smattering of science and learning will pass for profound instruction, where platitudes will be accepted as wisdom, bigoted narrowness as holy zeal, and unctuous egotism as God-given piety?"

PRETENSION.

I have seen the mountain eagle almost beating the blue firmament with his outspread wings, and I have thought, as I gazed at his magnificent ascent, that he was soaring toward the sky and the realms of purer and brighter day; but I had only to wait a little to find out that, though he seemed to soar so high and aspire so purely, his bright eye was upon the quarry all the while that was on the ground below. So it is with many a one with loud pretensions, high-sounding profession, great

Christian aims avowed and declared, while he seems to be soaring upward with his outspread wings, and seeking a loftier sphere and a nobler land, he is really looking down at what will bring the greatest profit to his purse, or the noblest credit to his name.

WHERE DWELLETH RIGHTEOUSNESS.

In that blessed state wherein dwelleth righteousness there shall be no more misunderstanding and misinterpretation of each other. The worst wars that have convulsed the earth, and scourged the nations, have arisen from misunderstanding. There shall be there no uncharitableness to desire to misinterpret; there will be no shadow of ill-will upon a single brow; there shall be no ripple of ill-feeling rushing through the channels of a single heart; they shall all be righteous, saith the Lord. There shall be no ignorance in that day to lead to misapprehensions. We now see through a glass darkly. I believe if two people that heartily hate each other — and such phenomena do occur — were to see each other as they are, they would shake hands and embrace each other, and marvel at the misunderstanding that has led to their discords, their divisions and disputes. It is by seeing bits of each other that we misinterpret each other; and it is by putting hasty constructions upon each other's words, and deeds, and features, and manner, that we come often to uncharitable and unrighteous inferences respecting each other. In that blessed state there shall be no crime to stain the calendars of the world, or to vex the souls of the people of God. Each heart shall be the holy chancel in which God dwells: each spirit shall be the seat of the very Shechinah, and be consecrated as the Holy of Holies itself. . . . Every word shall be true, every feeling shall be just, every affection love, every act shall be righteous, as measured by the standard of heaven; every thought shall be pure, as weighed in the sanctuary of the Eternal; righteousness shall dwell in every heart, its illumination; in every affection, its warmth; in every imagination, its inspiration; in every word, its music; in every deed, its coloring, its fragrance, and its glory;

the whole soul, body, and spirit shall be inlaid with the exquisite and imperishable mosaic of righteousness, and love, and peace, and joy: and no tides of change or streams of trouble shall pass one ripple or cast one shadow over that brilliant and beautiful economy in which dwelleth righteousness.— *The Great Consummation.*

CUMMING, ROUALEYN GORDON, a Scottish sportsman and traveler; born March 15, 1820; died 1866. In his early years a strong love for nature in her wildest forms and a passion for sport displayed themselves in him, at once foreshadowing and determining his future career. He was educated at Eton, and at the age of eighteen passed the examination at Addiscombe and entered the Madras Guards of the Indian Army. After some years of military service in India and the Cape of Good Hope, he left the army in 1843, and during the next five years made several hunting expeditions into South Africa, of which he has left a record in his *Hunter's Life in South Africa,* published in 1850. He was about the earliest describer of lion and elephant hunting in Africa; and many believe that for his almost innumerable adventures he is more indebted to fancy than to fact. He made a great collection of the spoils of the chase at Fort Augustus, Scotland, where he died.

THE VOICE OF THE LION.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible

sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. They roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. . . . As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright, sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour of the day, but their roar is subdued.— *A Hunter's Life in South Africa.*

CUMMINS, Maria Susanna, an American novelist; born at Salem, Mass., April 9, 1827; died at Dorchester, Mass., October 1, 1866. She was educated at Lenox, and turned her attention to literature very early in life. She became a contributor to the *Atlantic* and other magazines; and in 1854 she

issued her first novel, *The Lamplighter,* the work upon which her literary fame chiefly rests. So great was the popularity of this book that in eight weeks no less than 40,000 copies were sold, and during the first year 70,000 had been disposed of; nor did the furor cease until the sale had reached 119,000 copies. *Mabel Vaughn,* a novel which is said by some critics to be superior to its predecessor, appeared in 1857 "A charming story," says one writer, "which, considered as a piece of literary mechanism, is more finished and better sustained than *The Lamplighter.*" *El Fureidis,* a story of the East, containing "graphic and truthful pictures of life and scenes in Palestine, which the author had never visited," was published in 1860; and in 1863 appeared her *Haunted Hearts.* In 1856 a German translation of *The Lamplighter* was published at Leipsic; and in France two translations appeared: *L'Allumeur de Réverbères* and *Gerty* — the latter version named from the heroine.

"There is to us a charm about this story," said *Norton's Literary Gazette,* "which we cannot fully express. We thank Miss Cummins heartily for the pleasure she has given, and is yet to give, to thousands of readers."

GERTY REASSURED.

When Gerty awoke, she found herself the subject of conversation. Of course she soon became deeply interested. "Where," said Mr. Cooper, "did you say you picked her up?"

"At Nan Grant's," said True. "Don't you remember her? She's the same woman whose son you were called up to witness against at the time the church-windows were broken, the night afore the 4th of July. You can't have forgotten her at the trial, Cooper; for she blew you up with a vengeance, and didn't spare his

Honor the Judge, either. Well, 'twas just such a rage she was in with this 'ere child, the first time I saw her; and the second time she'd just turned her out o' doors."

"Ah, yes, I remember the she-bear; I shouldn't suppose she'd be any too gentle to her own child, much less a stranger's; but what are you going to do with the foundling, Flint?"

"Do with her? — Keep her, to be sure, and take care on her."

Cooper laughed rather sarcastically.

"Well, now, I s'pose, neighbor, you think it's rather freakish in me to be adoptin' a child at my time o' life; and p'r'aps it is; but I'll explain to you just how 'twas. She'd a-died that night I tell ye on, if I hadn't brought her home with me; and a good many times since, what's more, if I, with the help o' your darter, hadn't took mighty good care on her. Well, she took on so in her sleep the first night ever she came, and cried out to me all as if she never had a friend before (and I doubt me she never had), that I made up my mind then she should stay, at any rate, and I'd take care on her, and share my last crust with the wee thing, come what might. The Lord's been very marciful to me, Mr. Cooper, very marciful. He's raised me up friends in my deep distress. I knew, when I was a little shaver, what a lonesome thing it was to be fatherless and motherless; and when I see this little sufferin' human bein', I felt as if, all friendless as she seemed, she was more partickerly the Lord's, and as if I could not sarve Him more, and ought not to sarve Him less, than to share with her the blessins he has bestowed on me. You look round, neighbor, as if you thought 'twant much to share with anyone; and 'taint much there is here, to be sure; but it's a *home* — yes, a *home;* and that's a great thing to her that never had one. I've got my hands yet, and a stout heart, and a willin' mind. With God's help, I'll be a father to that child: and the time may come when she'll be God's embodied blessin' to me."

Mr. Cooper shook his head doubtfully, and muttered something about children — even one's own — not being

apt to prove blessings. But he had not power to shake Trueman's high faith in the wisdom, as well as righteousness, of his own proceedings. He had risen in the earnestness with which he had spoken, and, after pacing the room hastily and with excitement, he returned to his seat and said:

"Besides, neighbor Cooper, if I had not made up my mind the night Gerty came here, I wouldn't have sent her away after the next day; for the Lord, I think, spoke to me by the mouth of one of his holy angels, and bade me persevere in my resolution. You've seen Miss Graham. . . . Well may I bless her angel face, poor thing! — if the world is dark to her, she makes it light to other folks. She cannot see Heaven's sunshine outside; but she's better off than most people, for she's got it in her, I do believe, and when she smiles it lets the glory out, and looks like God's rainbow in the clouds. . . . I told her all about little Gerty; and I tell you she and I both cried 'fore I'd done. She put some money into my hand, and told me to get Miss Sullivan to make some clothes for Gerty; more than that, she promised to help me if I got into trouble with the care of her: and when I was going away, she said, 'I'm sure you've done quite right, True; the Lord will bless and reward your kindness to that poor child.'"

True was so excited and animated by his subject that he did not notice what the sexton had observed, but did not choose to interrupt. Gerty had risen from her bed and was standing beside True, her eyes fixed upon his face, breathless with the interest she felt in his words. She touched his shoulder; he looked round, saw her, and stretched out his arms. She sprang into them, buried her face in his bosom, and, bursting into a paroxysm of joyful tears, gasped out the words, "Shall I stay with you always?"

"Yes, just as long as I live," said True, "you shall be my child."— *The Lamplighter.*

A FUNERAL TRAIN.

All nature drooped, for the sirocco was abroad, that blasting wind which brings with it a thick atmosphere, covers the sky with vapor, and saps the vitality alike of the animal and vegetable world. . . . The stillness, too, was oppressive. It would have been refreshing to catch some natural sound, something which might betoken a welcome. But all nature was silent. The Syrian peasant usually sings cheerily at his work; but not only was the ploughman's voice unheard, the plough itself seemed to be forsaken. Even when the travellers had gained the precincts of the village, and its cottages were glimmering through the haze, one might have almost believed that a deep sleep had fallen upon the place, the stillness was so unbroken.

But all do not sleep, for hark! surely, there is the sound of the bell. Yes, the church bell, and it is not the Sabbath. Is it the density of the atmosphere which makes the sound so muffled? is it faintness of heart which makes it seem to the listener so hollow, funereal, and cold? No, it is the tolling bell — and the convent bell tolls, too; and across the opposite valley comes the toll of some other sympathetic chime. And what is that just glimmering through the fog, and gliding ghost-like around the tower of the church? How noiselessly it moves on, like some opaque mass borne along by the mist! how like a long, dark wreath of smoke it winds up the curving pathway, and melts into the distance! It is difficult to distinguish any object in the dim procession, but now and then the fog lifts a little, and the floating body takes substance and form. What a contrast does it present to the bridal train, which, only a few months ago, made the village gay with its music, its shouts, and its decorations glistening in the sunshine!

Now one may see, darkly, as through a cloud, figures that move slowly, keeping time to the tolling bell; here the hazy opening discloses a band of sturdy artisans, strong-limbed and firm, marching gravely in single file. A group of children follow, huddled together, clinging

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

to each other's hands; and, looking back over their shoulders they watch the approach of an old man, who, with bare head and snowy locks, precedes a company of rustic youths, moving in double line, and bending as if, in their midst, they bore a burden. A strongly built man and a frail girl come next; he totters, but she moves like one who treads the clouds beneath her feet; he leans heavily on her arm, but she bears him bravely up; it is the weak supporting the strong. Sweeping robes and white veils mingle with the fog, as the village matrons, in their turn, file past; the muslin folds that hang suspended from their tall tantours falling heavily, like the melancholy sails which in a calm at sea cling idly to the masts. Dark and sombre is the column that brings up the rear of this sad procession. It consists of the Maronite friars, whose withered faces, black robes, and monkish cowls, no less than their dejected air, make them worthy representatives of the mournful scene in which they bear a part.— *El Fureidis.*

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN, a Scottish poet and biographer; born at Keir, Dumfriesshire, December 7, 1784; died at London, October 30, 1842. He was apprenticed to a stone-mason, but early showed a decided literary capacity. He was engaged by Cromek to aid him in collecting the *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.* The work was published in 1810; and soon it appeared that a considerable part — and by far the best — was composed by Cunningham himself. At the age of twenty-five he went to London, and for four years supported himself by manual and literary work. In 1814 he became connected with Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, as confidential

clerk and general manager of his artistic establishment. This connection remained unbroken until the death of Chantrey in 1841; and Cunningham lived only a few months longer.

During these years with Chantrey Cunningham found time to write much in various departments of literature. His principal works, with their dates, are: *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,* a dramatic poem (1825); *Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* (1829–33); *Biographical and Critical History of the Last Fifty Years* (1833); an edition, with a Memoir, of *The Works of Robert Burns;* and *The Life of Sir David Wilkie,* completed only two days before his death. An edition of *The Poems and Songs* of Allan Cunningham was in 1847 prepared by his son, Peter Cunningham. These *Poems and Songs* are mainly, but not wholly, in the Scottish dialect.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame, fain wad I be
An' it's hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys 'o kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie

May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,
"I'll shine on you yet in yer ain countrie."
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' its hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free.
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snorting breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free:—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners:
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

Gone were but the winter cold,
  And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods
  Where primroses blow.

Cold's the snow at my head,
  And cold at my feet;
And the finger of Death's at my een,
  Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father,
  Or my mother so dear: —
I'll meet them both in heaven,
  At the Spring of the year.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AT HOME.

There was something singular in the style and economy of his table that contributed to pleasantry and good-humor — a coarse, inelegant plenty without any regard to order or arrangement. A table prepared for seven or eight was often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen. When this pressing difficulty was got over, a deficiency of knives and forks, plates and glasses, succeeded. The attendance was in the same style; and it was absolutely necessary to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that you might be supplied before the first course was over. He was once prevailed on to furnish the table with decanters and glasses for dinner, to save time and prevent the tardy manœuvres of two or three occasional, undisciplined domestics. As these accelerating utensils were demolished in the course of service, Sir Joshua could never be persuaded to replace them.

But these trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment. The wine, cookery, and dishes were but little attended to, nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amid this convivial, animated bustle

among his guests, our host sat perfectly composed, always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eaten or drunk, but leaving every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peer, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians, composed the motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord. At five o'clock precisely dinner was served, whether all the invited guests were present or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour, perhaps, for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humor by this invidious distinction.— *Lives of Painters and Sculptors.*

Four of the sons of Allan Cunningham acquired a respectable place in literature: ALEXANDER, born in 1814, entered the army, in which he rose to the rank of major-general. He was educated at the Military College at Addiscombe; in 1834 became aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of India, and was subsequently employed in important diplomatic service. Besides numerous papers in periodicals, he has written an *Essay on the Aryan Order of Architecture* (1846); *The Bhilsa Topes, or Buddhist Monuments of Central India* (1854); and *Ladak, Physical, Statistical, and Historical* (1854). PETER (1816–69), entered the civil service, from which he retired in 1860. While a mere boy he wrote a *Life of Drummond of Hawthornden* (1833); and subsequently produced many other works, among which are: *Songs of England and Scotland* (1835); *Hand-Book of Westminster Abbey* (1842); *Life of Inigo Jones* (1848); *The Hand-book of London* (1849); *Modern London* (1851); *The Story of Nell Gwynne* (1852); and a *Memoir of J. M. W. Turner* (1852). He also edited the works of *Goldsmith;* a new edition, with additions, of Johnson's *Lives of Poets;* and was a frequent contributor to literary peri-

odicals. Joseph Davey (1812–51) was a Captain of Engineers in the Indian army, was appointed to draw up official reports on various subjects, and wrote a valuable *History of the Sikhs* (1849). Francis (1820–75), became a Lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army. He edited the dramatic works of Marlowe, Massinger, and Ben Jonson, and was a frequent contributor to literary periodicals.

CUPPLES, George, a Scottish journalist, critic, and novelist; born in the parish of Legerwood, Berwickshire, August 2, 1822; died October 7, 1891. He was descended of a line of Scotch Presbyterian divines, and was the son of a Free Church minister. He was educated at Edinburgh; where, after a sea-voyage of about two years' duration, he "finished his education" and went into literature. He was a contributor to several magazines, notably *Blackwood* and *Macmillan's;* in the former of which first appeared, serially, between 1848 and 1851, his most famous work, *The Green Hand, a Sea Story: Being the Adventures of a Naval Lieutenant.* This was published in London in book form in 1856. *Kyloe Jock and the Weird of Wanton-Walls* were published serially in *Macmillan's* in 1860. Other tales are, *Hinchbridge Haunted* (1859); *The Two Frigates* (1859); and many essays and critiques, of which his *Essay on Emerson* is one of the most noted. A great many of the "Cupples Tales" are the work of Mrs. Jane Cupples, the wife of George Cupples. Allibone enumerates no less than

forty-six distinct works issued under her name. Many of these, following the path of her husband's popularity, are sea-tales; though the two which are best known at present are *The Story of Our Doll,* being the history of a doll called Black Bess; and *Singular Creatures,* a series of stories and studies of domestic animals in a Scottish parish.

Of *The Green Hand,* the *Saturday Review* said: "It is not a work of genius, but it is much the best sea-story we have seen of late." Other and later writers, numbering it with similar works of Marryat and Stevenson, declare it to be one of the best ever written, and note particularly the poetic spirit and the evident "truthfulness" which animate its pages.

THOUGHTS OF ST. HELENA.

Suddenly I took to guessing and puzzling closely how I should go to work myself, if I were the strange Frenchman I saw in the brig at sea, and wanted to manage Napoleon's escape out of St. Helena. And first, there was how to get into the island and put *him* up to the scheme — why, sure enough, I couldn't have laid it down better than they seemed to have done all along. What could one do but just dodge about that latitude under all sorts of false rig, then catch hold of somebody fit to cover one's landing? No Englishman *would* do it, and no foreigner but would set Sir Hudson Lowe on his guard in a moment. Next, we should have to get put on the island; and, really, a neat enough plan it was, to dog one of the very cruisers themselves, knock up a mess of planks and spars in the night-time, set them all ablaze with tar, and pretend they were fresh from a craft on fire; when even Captain Wallis, of the Podargus, as it happened, was too much of a British seaman not to carry us straight to St. Helena! Again, I must say it was a touch beyond me — but to hit the governor's notions of a hobby, to go

picking up plants around Longwood, was a likely enough way to get speech of the prisoner, or at least let him see one was there! How should I set about carrying him off to the coast, though? That was the prime matter; seeing that even if the schooner, which was no doubt hovering out of sight, were to make a bold dash for the land with the tradewind, in a night eleven hours long, there were sentries close round Longwood from sunset, the starlight shining mostly always in the want of a moon. And at any rate there was rock and gully enough betwixt here and the coast to try the surest foot aboard the Hebe, let alone an Emperor. With plenty of woods for a cover, one might steal up close to Longwood; but the bare rocks showed you off to be made a mark of. Whew! but why were those same blacks on the island? I thought. Just strip them stark naked, and let them lie in the Devil's Punch Bowl, or somewhere, beyond military hours, when I warrant me they might slip up, gully by gully, to the very sentries' backs! Their color wouldn't show them; and, savages as they seemed, couldn't they settle as many sentries as they needed, creep into the very bed-chamber where Bonaparte slept, and manhandle him bodily away down through some of the nearest hollows, before any one was the wiser? The point that still bothered me was, why the fourth of the blacks was wanting at present, unless he had his part to play elsewhere. If it was a chance, then the *whole* might be a notion of mine — which I knew I was apt to have sometimes. If I could only make out the fourth black, so as to tally with the scheme, on the other hand, then I thought it was all sure. But of course this quite pauled me; and I gave it up, to work out my fancy case by providing signals betwixt us plotters inside and the schooner out of sight from the telegraphs. There was no use for her to run in and take the risk without good luck having turned up on the island; yet any sign she could profit by must be both sufficient to reach sixty miles or so and hidden not to alarm the telegraphs or the cruisers. Here was a worse puzzle than all; and I only guessed at it for my own satisfaction — as a fellow can't help doing when he hears a question he

can't answer — till my eye lighted on Diana's Peak, near three thousand feet above the sea. There it was, by Jove! 'Twas quite clear at the time; but by nightfall there was always more or less cloud near the top, and if you set a fire on the very peak 'twould only be seen leagues off — a notion that brought to mind a similar thing which I told you saved the Indiaman from a lee-shore one night on the African coast — and again, by George! I saw *that* must have been meant at first by the negroes as a smoke to help the French brig easier in! Putting that and that together, why, it struck me at once what the fourth black's errand might be — namely, to watch for the schooner and kindle his signal as soon as he couldn't see the island for mist. I was sure of it; and as for a dark night coming on at sea, the freshening of the breeze there promised nothing more likely; a bright white haze was softening out the horizon already, and here and there the egg of a cloud could be seen to break off the sky to windward; all of which would be better known afloat than here.— *From The Green Hand.*

CURTIN, JEREMIAH, an American linguist, antiquarian and translator; born at Milwaukee, Wis., in 1840. He was graduated from Harvard in 1863, and in 1865–6, was acting consul-general of the United States in Russia. From 1883 to 1891 he was connected with the Bureau of Ethnology at the Smithsonian Institution. He has written *Myths and Folk-Tales of Ireland; Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Slavs and Magyars; Hero-Tales of Ireland; Fairy-Tales of Ireland; Creation Myths of Primitive America and Their Relation to the Religious and Mental History of Mankind.*

Mr. Curtin is best known by his translations from the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz, and from the Russian of Michael Zorgoskin and Count Tolstoi. He has translated a dozen novels of Sienkiewicz, among them the popular *Quo Vadis.* He is famous as a linguist, having a knowledge of over fifty languages.

INTRODUCTION TO "THE DELUGE."

The wars described in *The Deluge* are the most complicated and significant in the whole career of the Commonwealth, for the political motives which came into play during these wars had their origin in early and leading historical causes.

The policy of the Teutonic Knights gave the first of its final results in the war of 1655, between Sweden and Poland, since it made the elector independent in Prussia, where soon after, his son was crowned king. The war with Great Russia in 1654, though its formal cause came, partly at least, from the struggle of 1612, in which the Poles had endeavored to subjugate Moscow, was really roused by the conflict of Southern Russia with Poland to win religious and material equality.

The two fundamental events of Polish history are the settlement of the Teutonic Knights in Prussia, through the action of the Poles themselves; and the union of Poland with Lithuania and Russia by the marriage of Yadviga, the Polish princess, to Yagyello, Grand Prince of Lithuania.

Before touching on the Teutonic Knights, a few words may be given to the land where they began that career which cut off Poland from the sea, took from the Poles their political birthplace, and gave its name and territory to the chief kingdom of the new German Empire, the kingdom which is in fact the creator and head of that Empire.

Prussia in the thirteenth century extended from the Vistula eastward to the Niemen, and from the Baltic southward about as far as it does at present. In this

territory lived the Prussians. East of the Niemen lived the Lithuanians, another division of the same stock of people. West of the Vistula lay Pomorye,[1] now Pomerania, occupied at that time exclusively by Slavs under Polish dominion.

The Prussians, a people closely related to the Slavs, were still Pagans, as were also the Lithuanians; and having a more highly developed religion than either the pre-Christian Slavs or the Germans, their conversion was likely to be of a more difficult nature.

At the end of the tenth and in the beginning of the thirteenth centuries attempts were made to convert the Prussians; but the only result was the death of the missionaries, who seem to have been too greatly filled with zeal to praise their own faith and throw contempt on that of the people among whom they were really only guests and sojourners.

Finally, a man appeared more adroit and ambitious than others,— Christian, a monk of Olivka, near Dantzig. This monk, we are told, had a knowledge of the weak points of men, spoke Prussian as well as Polish, was not seeking the crown of martyrdom, and never made light of things held sacred by those to whom he was preaching. After a few years his success was such as to warrant a journey to Rome, where he explained to Innocent III. the results of his labor. The Pope encouraged the missionary, and in 1211 instructed the Archbishop of Gnezen to aid Christian with his co-workers and induce secular princes to help them.

Christian returned from Rome with renewed zeal; but instead of being helped he was hindered, for tribute and labor were imposed on his converts by the secular power. Since the new religion was coupled with servitude, the Prussians were roused greatly against it.

Christian strove to obtain relief for his converts, but in vain. Then, taking two native followers, he made a second journey to Rome, was created first Bishop of Prussia, and returned again to the field.

The great body of Prussians now considered all converts as traitors. The priests of the native religion

[1] Means "On the sea."

roused the people, and attacked those persons as renegades who had deserted the ancient faith and were bringing slavery to the country. They went farther and fell upon Mazovia, whence the propaganda had issued. Konrad, unable to defend himself, bought them off with rich presents. The newly made converts were killed, captured, or driven to deep forests.

Christian turned to the Pope a third time, and implored him to direct against Prussia those Poles who were going to the Holy Land.

The Archbishop of Gnezen was instructed from Rome to make this change, and the Poles were summoned against Prussia for the following year. The crusade was preached also in Germany.

Warriors arrived from both countries in fairly large numbers, and during their presence ruined villages and churches were rebuilt in the district of Culm, where the conversions had taken place mainly. In a couple of seasons the majority of the warriors found their way home again. A second crusade was proclaimed, and men responded freely. All these forces were simply guarding the missionaries and the converts,— a position which could not endure.

Christian, seeing this, formed the plan of founding an order of armed monks in Poland like the Knights of the Sword in Livonia. Konrad gave his approval at once.

The Bishop of Modena, at that time papal legate in Poland, hastened the establishment of the order; for to him it seemed the best agent to bend the stiff necks of idolaters. Permission to found the order was obtained from the Pope, and a promise of means to maintain it from Konrad.

Christian, who had interested Rome and the West in his work, now gave great praise before the world to the Prince of Mazovia, who thereupon rewarded him with a gift of twelve castles and one hundred villages, reserving merely sovereign rights without income. This gift was confirmed to the Bishop of Prussia by Honorius III.

Christian labored so zealously that in 1225 he consecrated twenty-five superior knights in his new order,

which received the same rules as the Livonian Knights of the Sword,— that is, the rules of the Templars.

The new knights were called Brothers of Dobjin, from the castle of Dobjin, which Konrad gave them as a residence, adding the district of Leslin near Inovratslav as a means of support.

As soon as the Brothers had settled in their castle, they attacked the Prussians, ruined villages, and brought in plunder. The enraged Prussians collected large forces, and attacked the land of Culm, with the intent to raze Dobjin. On hearing this, Konrad with his own troops and a general levy hastened to the relief of the order.

A bloody and stubborn battle of two days' duration was fought with great loss on both sides. Konrad, despairing of victory, left the field, thus causing the complete overthrow of the Poles. The surviving Brothers of Dobjin took refuge in the castle, which the Prussians were unable to capture. The order, shattered at its very inception, hoped for reinforcements from abroad; but the Pope at that juncture was sending a crusade to Palestine, and would not permit a division in the forces of the West. The Prussians, elated with victory, plundered at pleasure the lands bordering on their own.

In this disaster Christian conceived the idea of calling in the Teutonic Knights against Prussia. This idea, suicidal from a Polish point of view, was accepted by the Prince of Mazovia.

The Teutonic Order was founded in Palestine near the end of the twelfth century to succeed some German hospitallers who had resided in Jerusalem till the capture of the city by Saracens in 1187.

In a few years the new order became military, and under the patronage of Frederick, Duke of Suabia, afterward the Emperor Frederick II., acquired much wealth, with great imperial and papal favor. Under Herman Von Salza, who was grand master from 1210 to 1239, the future of the order was determined, its main scene of action transferred to the West, and that career begun which made the Teutonic Order the most remarkable of the weapon-bearing monks of Europe. Herman Von

Salza — a keen, crafty man, of great political astuteness and ambition — had determined to win separate territory for the order, and the dignity of Prince of the Empire for the grand master.

Nothing therefore could be more timely for his plans than the invitation from the Prince of Mazovia, who in 1225 sent envoys to Herman; especially since the order had just been deprived in Transylvania of lands given to support it while warding off heathen Kumanians.

The envoys offered the Teutonic master Culm and some adjoining lands for the order, in return for curbing the Prussians. Herman resolved to accept, should the Emperor prove friendly to the offer. He hastened to Frederick at Rimini, explained the whole question, received a grant in which Konrad's endowment was confirmed; besides the order was given all the land it could conquer and make subject to the Emperor alone. The grand master's next care was to obtain papal approval.

Two envoys from Herman were sent to Poland, where they obtained, as the chronicles of the order relate, a written title to Culm and the neighboring land as well as to all Prussia which they could conquer. Near Torun (Thorn) a wooden fortress was built, called in German Fogelsang (Bird-song). This fortress was the first residence of the knights, who later on had so much power and such influence in the history of Poland.

Only two years later did Herman send his knights to Culm. One of the first acts was to purchase for various considerations, from the Bishop of Plotsk and from Christian, the Bishop of Prussia, their rights over the lands granted them in Culm. The labor of conversion began, and soon the grand master prevailed on the Pope to proclaim throughout Europe a crusade against Prussia.

From Poland alone came twenty thousand men, and many more from other parts of Europe. When the knights had made a firm beginning of work, their design of independence was revealed. They wished to be rid of even a show of submission to the Prince of Mazovia. They raised the question by trying to incorporate the remaining Brothers of Dobjin, and thus acquire the grant

given them by Konrad. They had disputes also with Bishop Christian and the Bishop of Plotsk. In 1234 the Bishop of Modena was sent as papal legate to settle the disputes. The legate decided, to the satisfaction of the bishops, that of all lands won from the Pagans two thirds were to be retained by the knights and one third given to the bishops, the church administration being under the order in its own two thirds. For the Prince of Mazovia nothing was left, though he asserted sovereign rights in Culm and Prussia, and would not permit the order to acquire the grant given the Brothers of Dobjin by incorporating the remaining members of that body.

The Teutonic Order would not recognize the sovereignty of the Polish prince, and insisted on incorporating the Brothers of Dobjin. The order, knowing that Konrad would yield only under constraint, placed its possessions at the feet of the Pope, made them the property of the Holy See. This action found success; the Pope declared Culm and all the acquisitions of the order the property of Saint Peter, which the church for a yearly tax then gave in feudal tenure to the Teutonic Knights, who therefore could not recognize in those regions the sovereignty of any secular prince. In August, 1234, the Pope informed Konrad in a special bull of the position of the order, and enjoined on him to aid it with all means in his power. The Polish prince could do nothing; he could not even prevent the incorporation of the majority of the remaining Brothers of Dobjin, and of the lands and property given for their use he was able to save nothing but the castle of Dobjin.

Konrad now found himself in a very awkward position; he had introduced of his own will a foreign and hostile power which had all Western Europe and the Holy See to support it, which had unbounded means of discrediting the Poles and putting them in the wrong before the world; and these means the order never failed to use. In half a century after their coming the knights, by the aid of volunteers and contributions from all Europe, had converted Prussia, and considered Poland and the adjoining parts of Lithuania as sure conquests to be made

at their own leisure and at the expense of all Western Christendom.

The first Polish territory acquired was Pomerania. The career of the knights was easy and successful till the union of Poland and Lithuania in 1386. In 1410, at the battle called by the names both of Grünwald and Tannenberg, the power of the order was broken. Some years later Pomerania was returned to Poland, and the order was allowed to remain in East Prussia in the position of a vassal to the Commonwealth. In this reduced state the knights lived for a time, tried to gain allies, but could not; the most they did — and that was the best for the German cause — was to induce Albert, a member of the Franconian branch of the Hohenzollerns, to become grand master. He began to reorganize the order, and tried to shake off allegiance to Poland; but finding no aid in the Empire or elsewhere, he acted on Luther's advice to introduce Protestantism and convert Prussia into a secular and hereditary duchy. This he did in 1525. Poland, with a simplicity quite equal to that of Konrad, who called in the order at first, permitted the change. The military monks married, and were converted into hereditary nobles. Albert became Duke of Prussia, and took the oath of allegiance to Poland. Later the Hohenzollerns of Brandenburg inherited the duchy, became feudatories of Poland as well as electors at home. This was the position during the war between Sweden and Poland described in *The Deluge*. Frederick William, known as the Great Elector, was ruling at that time in Brandenburg and Prussia. He acted with great adroitness and success; paying no attention to his oath as vassal, he took the part of one side, and then of the other when he saw fit. He fought on the Swedish side in the three days' battle around Warsaw in which Yan Kazimir was defeated. This service was to be rewarded by the independence of Prussia.

Hardly had the scale turned in favor of Poland when the Great Elector assisted Yan Kazimir against Sweden; and in the treaty of Wehlau (1657) Poland relinquished its rights over Prussia, which thus became sovereign and

independent in Europe. This most important change was confirmed three years later at the peace of Oliva.

Frederick, son of the Great Elector, was crowned "King in Prussia" at Königsberg in 1701. The Elector of Brandenburg became king in that territory in which he had no suzerain.

At the first division of Poland, Royal Prussia of *The Deluge,* the territory lying between the Vistula and Brandenburg, went to the new kingdom; and Brandenburg, Pomerania, and Prussia became continuous territory.

The early success of the Teutonic Knights was so great that in the third half century of their rule on the Baltic their power overshadowed Poland, which was thus seriously threatened. Toward the end of the fourteenth century, however (1386), the Poles escaped imminent danger by their union with Lithuania and Russia. Through this most important connection they rose at once from a position of peril to one of safety and power.

This union, brought about through the marriage of the Polish princess Yadviga to Yagyello, Grand Prince of Lithuania, and by exceedingly adroit management on the part of the Polish nobles and clergy, opened to the Poles immense regions of country and the way to vast wealth. Before the union their whole land was composed of Great and Little Poland, with Mazovia; after the union two thirds of the best lands of pre-Tartar Russia formed part of the Commonwealth.

Since Poland managed to place and maintain itself at the head of affairs, though this roused at all times opposition of varying violence in the other two parts of the Commonwealth, the social ideals and political structure of Poland prevailed in Lithuania and Russia, so far as the upper classes were concerned. In Lithuania, by the terms of the union, all were obliged to become Catholic; in different parts of Russia, which was Orthodox, the people were undisturbed in their religion at first; but after a time the majority of the nobles became Catholic in religion, and Poles in language, name, manners, and ideas. To these was added a large immigration of Polish nobles

seeking advancement and wealth. All Russia found itself after a time under control of an upper class which was out of all sympathy with the great mass and majority of the people.

During the Yagyellon dynasty, which lasted from 1386 to 1572, the religious question was not so prominent for any save nobles; but ownership of their own land and their own labor was gradually slipping away from the people. During the reign of Sigismund III. (1587–1632), religion was pushed to the foreground, the United Church was brought into Russia; and land and religion, which raise the two greatest problems in a State, the material and the spiritual, were the main objects of thought throughout Russia.

Under Vladislav in 1648 the storm burst forth in Southern Russia. There was a popular uprising, the most wide-spread and stubborn in history, during which the Poles lost many battles and gained one great victory, that of Berestechko; the Southern Russians turned to the North, and selected the Tsar Alexai Mihailovich as sovereign.

Jan. 8, 1654, there was a great meeting in Pereyaslav, at which Bogdan Hmelnitski, hetman of the Zaporojian army and head of all Southern Russia, after he had consulted with the Cossacks, took his place in the centre of the circle, and in presence of the army, the people, and Buturlin, the envoy of Alexai Mihailovich, said: —

"Gentlemen, Colonels, Essauls, Commanders of hundreds, the whole Zaporojian army, and all Orthodox Christians,— You know how the Lord delivered us from the hands of our enemies who persecuted the Church of God and were envenomed against all Christians of our Eastern Orthodoxy. We have lived six years without a sovereign, in endless battles against our persecutors and enemies who desire to root out the church of God, so that the Russian name may not be heard in our land. This position has grown unendurable, and we cannot live longer without a sovereign. Therefore we have assembled a council before the whole people, so that you with us may choose from four sovereigns that one whom you

wish. The first is the Sovereign of Turkey, who has invited us under his authority many times through his envoys; the second is the Khan of the Crimea; the third the King of Poland, who, if we wish, may receive us into former favor; the fourth is the Orthodox sovereign, the Tsar and Grand Prince Alexai Mihailovich, the sole ruler of all Russia, whom we have been imploring six years with unceasing petitions. Choose whom you like. The Sovereign of Turkey is a Mussulman; you all know how our brethren, the Greeks, Orthodox Christians, suffer, and what persecution they endure from godless men. A Mussulman also is the Khan of the Crimea, whom we took into friendship of necessity, by reason of the unendurable woes which we passed through. Of persecutions from Polish lords it is needless to speak; you know yourselves that they esteemed a Jew and a dog more than a Christian, our brother. But the great Orthodox sovereign of the East is of one faith with us, one confession of the Greek rite; we are one spiritual body with the Orthodoxy of Great Russia, having Jesus Christ for our head. This great sovereign, this Christian Tsar, taking pity on the suffering of our Orthodox church in Little Russia, giving ear to our six years' entreating, has inclined his heart to us graciously, and was pleased to send with his favor dignitaries from near his person. If we love him earnestly, we shall not find a better refuge than his lofty hand. If any man is not agreed with us, let him go whither he pleases; the road is free — "

Here the whole people shouted: "We choose to be under the Orthodox sovereign; better to die in our Orthodox faith than to go to a hater of Christ, to a Pagan!"

Then the Pereyaslav colonel, Teterya, passed around in the circle, and asked in every direction: "Are all thus agreed?"

"All with one spirit," was the answer.

The hetman now said: "May the Lord our God strengthen us under the strong hand of the Tsar."

The people shouted back in one voice: "God confirm us! God give us strength to be one for the ages!"

The hetman, the army, and the representatives of

Southern Russia took the oath of allegiance to the Tsar. The result of this action was a war between the Commonwealth on one side, and Northern and Southern Russia on the other. The Commonwealth being thus occupied on the east, Sweden decided to attack on the west.

The war between Russia and the Commonwealth lasted thirteen years, and ended with a truce of thirteen years more, made at Andrusovo. By this agreement the city and province of Smolensk went to Russia, and all the left bank of the Dnieper, while Kieff was to be occupied by Poland after two years. This truce became a treaty during the reign of Sobyeski. Kieff remained with the Russians, and peace was unbroken till the second half of the following century, when all Russia west of the Dnieper was restored to the East in nearly the same limits which it had before the Tartar invasion; excepting the territory included in Galicia, and known as Red Russia.— *From The Deluge by* SIENKIEWICZ.

CURTIS, GEORGE TICKNOR, an American jurist; born at Watertown, Mass., November 28, 1812; died at New York, March 28, 1894. He was graduated from Harvard in 1832, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. He commenced the practice of his profession at Northfield, Mass., but soon removed to Boston, where he remained until 1862, when he took up his residence at New York. While residing in Boston, he held for a time the office of United States Commissioner; acting in that capacity, in 1851, he ordered the return to his master of Thomas Sims, who was claimed as a fugitive slave. For this official act he was bitterly censured by the opponents of slavery.

Mr. Curtis published many strictly professional

works, several of which are held in high esteem. Besides these he issued a *Life of Daniel Webster* (1855–58); *Last Years of Daniel Webster* (1878); *Memoirs of His Father* (1879); and *The Life of James Buchanan* (1883). His most important work is *The History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States* (1855–58). He also published *Creation or Evolution* (1889).

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The history of this Constitution is not like the history of monarchy, in which some things are obsolete, while some are of present importance The Constitution of the United States is a living code for the perpetuation of a system of free government, which the people of each succeeding generation must administer for themselves. Every line of it is as operative and binding to-day as it was when the Government was first set in motion by its provisions; and no part of it can fall into neglect or decay while that Government continues to exist.

The Constitution of the United States was the means by which republican liberty was saved from the consequences of impending anarchy; it secured that liberty to posterity, and it left it to depend on their fidelity to the Union. It is morally certain that the formation of some General Government, stronger and more efficient than any which existed since the independence of the States had been declared, had become necessary to the continued existence of the Confederacy. It is equally certain that, without the preservation of the Union, a condition of things must at once have ensued out of which wars between the various provinces of America must have grown. The alternatives, therefore, that presented themselves to the generation by whom the Constitution was established, were either to devise a system of Republican Government that would answer the great purposes of a lasting union, or to resort to something in the nature of Monarchy. With the latter, the institutions of the States must have

been sooner or later crushed; — for they must either have crumbled away in the new combinations and fearful convulsions that would have preceded the establishment of such a power, or they must have fallen speedily after its triumph had been settled. With the former alternative, the preservation of the States, and of all the needful institutions which marked their separate existence, though a difficult, was yet a possible result.

To this preservation of the separate States we owe that power of minute local administration which is so prominent and important a feature of our American liberty. To this we are indebted for those principles of self-government which place their own interests in the hands of the people of every distinct community, and which enable them, by means of their own laws, to defend their own particular institutions against encroachments from without.

Finally, the Constitution of the United States made the people of these several provinces one Nation, and gave them a standing among the nations of the world. Let any man compare the condition of this country at the peace of 1783, and during the four years which followed that event, with its present position, and he will see that he must look to some other cause than its merely natural and material resources to account for the proud elevation which it has now reached. . . . Looking back to the period which is removed from him only by the span of one mortal life, and looking around and before him, he will see that among the causes of our unequalled growth stands prominent and decisive, far over all other human agencies, the great code of civil government which the fathers of our republic wrought out from the very perils by which they were surrounded.

It is for the purpose of tracing the history of the period in which these perils were encountered and overcome that I have written this work. But in doing it I have sought to write as an American. For it is, I trust, impossible to study the history of the Constitution which has made us what we are, by making us one nation, without feeling how unworthy of the dignity of History — would be any

attempt to claim more than their just share of merit and renown for names or places endeared to us by local feeling or traditionary attachment. Historical writing that is not just, that is not impartial, that is not fearless — looking beyond the interests of neighborhood, the claims of party, or the solicitations of pride — is worse than useless to mankind.— *Preface to History of the Constitution.*

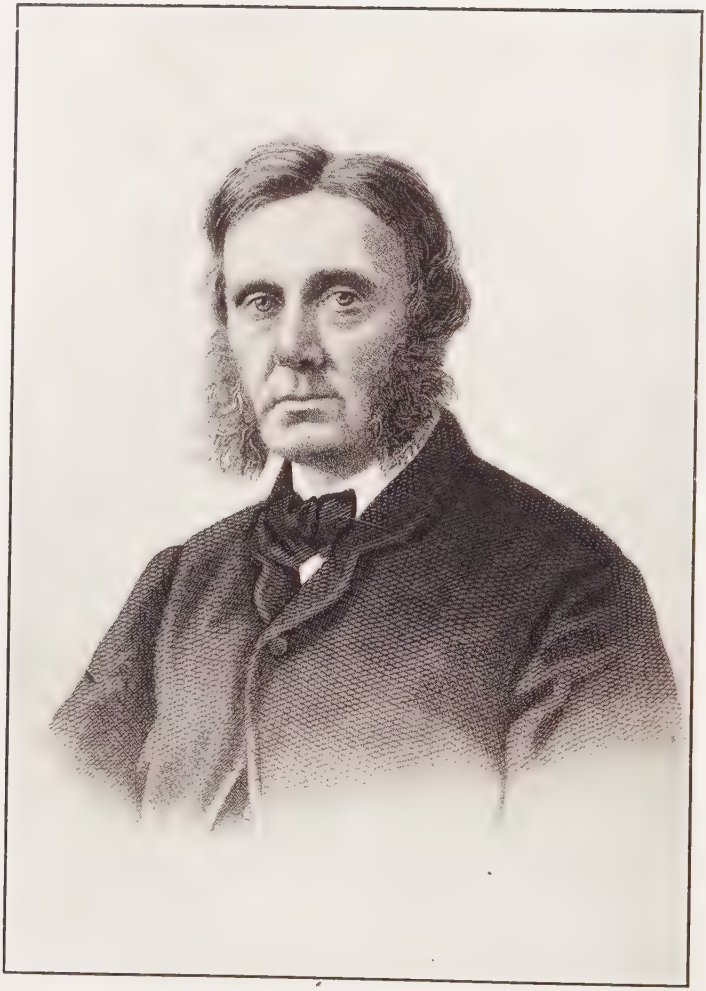
ATTITUDE IN WHICH MR. BUCHANAN LEFT THE GOVERNMENT.

During the time of the formation of the Provisional Confederacy of the Cotton States not only was Congress in session, and not only did it neglect to do anything to strengthen the hands of the Executive, but if the President had, without the authority of law, issued a call for volunteers, it would not have been responded to. It is true that some Northern Legislatures passed resolutions tendering men and money to the United States. But how could such offers have been accepted and acted upon by the Executive without the authority of law? How could a regiment, or an army of regiments, have been marched by the President into Georgia or Mississippi, to prevent the adoption of a secession ordinance? . . . War upon a State or a People must have a legal basis, if those who wage it are to be entitled to the privileges and immunities of soldiers. On the other hand, to enforce the laws of the United States against the obstructions put in the way of their execution by individuals or unlawful combinations was not to make war. But for this purpose Mr. Buchanan could not obtain from Congress the necessary means. . . . It required all the excitement which followed the bombardment of Fort Sumter, all the monstrous uprising of the North produced by that event to secure a response to President Lincoln's irregular call for 75,000 men, in April, 1861.

But it was in the power of President Buchanan to hold the Border States back from the secession movement until his successor could take the reins of Government; and this duty he successfully performed. Notwithstanding the failure of Congress to second his efforts to preserve the

Union unbroken by anything but the secession of South Carolina; notwithstanding the failure of the Peace Convention to propose anything that Congress would accept, Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Kentucky — and even Tennessee and Missouri — had not seceded or taken any steps to secede on the 4th of March, 1861. The same conservative sentiment which still animated the best portion of the people of those States kept them from the vortex of secession. They did not yet regard the election of Mr. Lincoln, by a purely sectional vote of the non-slaveholding States, as a sufficient cause for breaking up the Union. They still looked to his administration for measures that would prevent a civil war; still looked to the Federal Government for redress of all the grievances of which any of the States could complain. So that when Mr. Buchanan laid down, and Mr. Lincoln took up the powers of the Executive, the problem which remained for the latter, and which Mr. Buchanan left for him in the best attitude that it could be made to assume, was how to keep those Border States from joining the Southern Confederacy, as they had been kept from it hitherto.

This was largely — almost exclusively — a matter for the Executive, unless, indeed, he should think it best to call the new Congress — then legally existing — together immediately, and insist on its doing what the preceding Congress had neglected. This course was not at once adopted, and consequently everything depended upon the dealing of the Executive with the Confederate Commissioners, who were then in Washington, respecting the evacuation of Fort Sumter. Mr. Buchanan had in no way trammelled his successor by negotiations with those Commissioners. He had, in fact, declined all intercourse with them; and it was entirely optional with Mr. Lincoln to do the same thing; as it was entirely open to him to determine whether he would or would not order the evacuation of that fort, and to shape his measures accordingly. Thus far an attack upon Major Anderson's position had been prevented by the efforts of Virginia, and by the prudent course pursued by Mr. Buchanan. It was to be expected that the Southern Commissioners would be



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

most persistent in their demands. But by no act, or word, or omission of the outgoing President, had his successor been placed under any obligation to yield to those demands, or even to consider them. . . . Mr. Lincoln, therefore, assumed the Government without a single admission, by his predecessor, of the right of secession, or any claim founded upon it; without any obligation, other than the duty of preventing civil war, to hold even an informal negotiation with the Confederate Commissioners; with thirteen millions of people in the Border States still in the Union, and not likely to leave it unless blood should be shed.— *Life of Buchanan, Vol. II., Chap. xxv.*

CURTIS, George William, an American journalist, orator, and essayist; born at Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824; died at New Brighton, N. Y., August 31, 1892. His father removed to New York in 1839, and placed his son as clerk in a mercantile house. In 1842, he went with an elder brother to Brook Farm, Roxbury, Mass., where they remained a year and a half, after which the brothers went upon a farm at Concord, Mass., where they took part in ordinary agricultural labor for another year and a half, and then, for one season, cultivated a small piece of land for themselves.

In 1846, Mr. Curtis, then being twenty-two years old, started upon a foreign tour. About three years were passed in Italy and Germany, when he set out for the East, going up the Nile as far as the Cataracts; then visited Syria, the entire absence being about four years. The impressions of this Eastern journey were given in two works, *Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1850),

and *The Howadji in Syria* (1852). Shortly after his return from the East, he joined the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune;* among his contributions were a series of graceful letters from various watering-places, which were subsequently issued in a volume entitled *Lotus-Eating.* Upon the establishment of *Putnam's Monthly,* in 1852, Mr. Curtis became one of its editors and a frequent contributor. Afterward the proprietorship of the Magazine fell into the hands of a company, in which Mr. Curtis was a partner, though not taking part in the business management. This company became insolvent in 1857; and Mr. Curtis lost his whole moderate fortune. Moreover, a near kinsman had put a considerable sum of money into the concern, as a "special partner," but owing to some technical error, he was legally liable as a "general partner" for the large indebtedness of the company. Mr. Curtis held himself morally responsible for the reimbursement of this; and set himself at work to earn the money by his pen and as a public lecturer. It was not until 1873 — fully sixteen years — that this task was fully accomplished. Many of the contributions of Mr. Curtis to *Putnam's Monthly* have been published in volumes, under the titles, *The Potiphar Papers* (1853) and *Prue and I* (1856). Soon after the failure of *Putnam's Monthly,* Mr. Curtis formed a special connection with the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, which continued until the time of his death. In 1858 he began the publication in *Harper's Magazine* of the series of papers entitled "The Editor's Easy Chair," which appeared monthly until his death. *Harper's Weekly* was established in 1857; and he was a regular contributor from an early period. For it he

wrote (1858–59) *Trumps,* his only regular novel. *Harper's Bazar* was established in 1867 and to it Mr. Curtis furnished weekly a series of papers entitled *Manners Upon the Road,* which were continued until 1873, when, having accomplished his self-imposed task of paying off the old indebtedness, he retired from the general lecturing field.

Harper's Weekly began to assume a political aspect early in the Civil War. Of this journal Mr. Curtis became editor-in-chief, about 1875. Though taking an active part in politics he never held any strictly public office, other than that of Chairman of the Civil Service Commission (1871–73). In 1864 he became one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. At the Presidential election of 1884, Mr. Curtis was one of the Republicans who refused to accept the nomination of Mr. Blaine.

The "Easy Chair," papers — numbering more than three hundred — were published in 1890; and his *Washington Irving* in 1891.

THE DRAGOMAN.

The Dragoman is of four species: The *Maltese,* or the able knave; the *Greek,* or the cunning knave; the *Syrian,* or the active knave; and the *Egyptian,* or the stupid knave. They wear, generally, the Eastern costume. But the Greeks often sport bad hats and coats, and call themselves Christians. They are the most ignorant, vain, incapable, and unsatisfactory class of men that the wandering Howadji meets. They travel constantly the same route, yet have no eyes to see nor ears to hear. If on the Nile, they smoke and sleep in the boat. If on the desert, they smoke and sleep on the camel. If in Syria, they smoke and sleep, if they can, on the horse. It is their own comfort, their own convenience and profit, which they constantly pursue. The Howadji is a bag of

treasure thrown by a kind fate upon their shores; and they are the wreckers who squeeze, tear, and pull him — top, bottom, and sideways — to bleed him of his burden.

They should be able to give you every information about your boat, and what is necessary, and what useless. Much talk you do indeed get, and assurance that everything will be accurately arranged; but you are fairly afloat upon the Nile before you discover how lost upon the dragoman have been all his previous voyages. With miserable weakness they seek to smooth the moment, and perpetually baffle your plans by telling you, not the truth, but what they suppose you wish the truth to be. Nothing is ever more than an hour or two distant. They involve you in absurd arrangements because "it is the custom," and he is a hardy Howadji who struggles against the *vis inertiæ* of ignorant incapacity and miserable cheating through the whole tour.

Active intelligence on the Howadji's part is very disgusting to them. If he scrutinizes his expenses, if he pretends to know his own will or way — much more to have it executed — the end of things clearly approaches to the dragomatic mind. The small knaveries of cheating in the price of everything purchased, and in the amount of *buck-sheesh,* or gratuity, on all occasions, are not to be seriously heeded, because they are universal. The real evils are the taking you out of your way for their own comfort; the favoring of a poor resting-place or hotel, because they are well paid there; and the universally unreliable information that they afford. Were they good servants, it were some consolation; but a servile Eastern cannot satisfy the Western idea of good service. Perhaps it was a bad year for dragomen, as it was for potatoes. But such was the result of universal testimony.— *Nile Notes of a Howadji.*

JERUSALEM.

Within the walls, Jerusalem is among the most picturesque of cities. It is very small. You can walk quite round it in less than half an hour. There are only some 17,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly half are Jews. The

material of the city is a cheerful stone, and so massively are the lofty blind house-walls laid, that in pacing the more solitary streets, you seem to be threading the mazes of a huge fortress. Often the houses extend over the street, which winds under them in dark archways; and where there are no over-hanging buildings, there are often supports of masonry thrown across from house to house. There are no windows upon the street, except a few picturesque projecting lattices.

Jerusalem is an utter ruin. The houses so fair in seeming, are often all crumbled away upon the interior. The arches are shattered, and vines and flowers wave and bloom down all the vistas. The streets are never straight for fifty rods; but climb and wind with broken steps, and the bold buildings thrust out buttressed corners, graced with luxuriant growths, and arched with niches for statue and fountain. It is a mass of "beautiful bits," as artists say. And you will see no fairer sight in the world than the groups of brilliantly draped Orientals emerging into the sun, from the vine-fringed darkness of the arched doorways. . . .

The Mosque of Omar occupies the site of Solomon's Temple — about an eighth of the era of the whole city. It is the most beautiful object in Jerusalem, and the most graceful building in the East. It is not massive nor magnificent; but the dome — bulbous, like all Oriental domes — is so aërial and elegant that the eye lingers to see it float away, or dissolve in the ardent noon. . . . The beautiful building stands within a spacious inclosure of green lawn and arcades. Olive, orange, and cypress-trees grow around the court, which, in good sooth, is a "little heaven below" for the Muslim, who lie dreaming in the soft shade, from morning to night. It is a foretaste of Paradise, in kind — excepting the Houries: for, although the mosques are not forbidden to women, Mohammed said it would be better for them to have prayers read by eunuchs in their own apartments.

In the picturesque gloom and brightness of the city, the mosque is a dream of heaven also even to the Unbelievers. There are many entrances; and, as you saunter

under the dark archways of the streets, and look suddenly up a long dim arcade upon the side, you perceive, closing the vista, the sunny green of the mosque grounds, and feel the warm air stealing outward from its silence, and see the men and women and children praying under the trees. Or, at sunset, groups of reverend Muslim pass down the narrow street, returning from prayer, looking like those Jewish doctors who, in the old pictures, haunt the temple on this very site. It is an "amiable tabernacle" that you behold. You feel how kindly, how cognate to the affections of piety, are the silence and freedom of this temple — its unaffected sobriety; the sunny spaces upon marble terraces, and the rich gloom of orange darkness in which the young children play, and the fountains sing: so that no place on earth is so lovely to those children, or so much desired.

The beautiful mosque is the centre of picturesque and poetic interest in this city, and we were pleasantly lodged not far from it. At night the moonlight slept along the still, steep *Via Dolorosa,* which we saw from our window, and the Mount of Olives rose dark against the east. At morning the song of birds, mingling with the muezzin's cry, awakened us: and Jerusalem lay so silent in the Syrian day that Mariana in the Moated Grange was not awakened to more slumberous stillness.

We step into the street, half wondering if there is any population there. Blear-eyed, melancholy spectres swarm along the narrow ways, trailing filthy garments, but with intense scorn of the clean Unbelievers. Lepers sit by the sunny walls, and your soul cries: "Unclean! unclean!" while you loosen your purse-strings. Pilgrims of all kinds and faiths pass, wondering, and the trade of Jerusalem is in religious relics. In this metropolis of three religions — Islam, Christianity, and Judaism — only the first and last have each a single external feature that is beautiful in remembrance: The Mosque of Omar, and the Wailing at the Stones of the Temple. The Christianity peculiar to Jerusalem is unmitigatedly repulsive.— *The Howadji in Syria.*

THE POTIPHARS IN PARIS.

The other evening we went to the ball at the Tuileries, and oh! it was splendid. There were one Duke, and three Marquises, and a great many Counts presented to me. They all said, "It's charming this evening;" and I said, "Very charming indeed." Wasn't it nice?

But you should have seen Mrs. Potiphar when the Emperor Napoleon III. spoke to her. You know what a great man he is, and what a benefactor to his country; and how pure and noble and upright his private character and career have been; and how, as Kurz Pacha says, he is radiant with royalty, and honors everybody to whom he speaks. Well, Mrs. P. was presented, and sank almost to the ground in her reverence. But she actually trembled with delight when the Emperor said, "Madame, I remember with the greatest pleasure the beautiful city of New York."

I am sure the Empress Eugénie would have been jealous, could she have heard the tone in which it was said. Wasn't it affable in such a great monarch toward a mere republican? I wonder how people can slander him so, and tell such stories about him. I never saw a nicer man; only he looks so sleepy. I suppose the cares of State oppress him, poor man! But one thing you may be sure of: if people at home laugh at the Emperor and condemn him, just find out *if they have ever been invited to the Tuileries.* If not, you will understand the reason of their hatred. Mrs. Potiphar says to the Americans here that she can't hear the Emperor spoken against, for they are on the best of terms. . . .

I think Mr. Potiphar is rather disconsolate. He whistles and looks out of the window down into the garden of the Tuileries, where the children play under the trees; and as he looks he stops whistling, and gazes, sometimes for half an hour. And whenever he goes out afterward, he is sure to buy something for Freddy. When the shopkeeper asks where it shall be sent, Mr. P. says, in a loud, slow voice, "Hotel Mureece, Katteryvang-sanktrorsyaim."— It is astonishing, as Kurz Pacha said, that

we are not more respected abroad. "Foreigners will never know what you really are," said he to Mr. P., "until they come to you. Your going to them has failed."— *The Potiphar Papers.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

This memorial night is not a tribute to official service, to literary genius, to scientific distinction; it is homage to personal character. It is the solemn public declaration that a life of transcendent purity of purpose, blended with commanding powers, devoted with absolute unselfishness, and with amazing results, to the welfare of the country and of humanity, is, in the American republic, an example so inspiring, a partriotism so lofty, and a public service so beneficent, that, in contemplating them, discordant opinions, differing judgments, and the sharp sting of controversial speech, vanish like frost in a flood of sunshine. It is not the Samuel Adams who was impatient of Washington, and who doubted the Constitution, but the Samuel Adams of Faneuil Hall, of the Committee of Correspondence, of Concord and Lexington — Samuel Adams the father of the Revolution, whom Massachusetts and America remember and revere. . . .

But his judgment, always profoundly sincere, was it not profoundly sometimes mistaken? No nobler friend breathed upon this Continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his. But before the war he demanded peaceful disunion: yet it was the Union in arms that saved Liberty. During the war he would have superseded Lincoln: but it was Lincoln who freed the slaves. He pleaded for Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule, and while every generous heart followed with sympathy the pathos and the power of his appeal, the just-minded recoiled from the sharp arraignment of the truest friends in England that Ireland ever had. I know it all; but I know also, and history will remember, that the slave Union which he denounced is dissolved; that it was the heart and conscience of the nation, exalted by his moral appeal of agitation, as well as by the enthusiasm of patriotic

war, which held up the hands of Lincoln, and upon which Lincoln leaned in emancipating the slaves; and that only by indignant and aggressive appeals like his has the heart of England ever opened to Irish wrong.

No man, I say, can take a pre-eminent and effective part in contentions that shake nations, or in the discussion of great national policies, of foreign relations, of domestic economy and finance, without keen reproach and fierce misconception. "But death," says Bacon, "bringeth good fame." Then, if moral integrity remain unsoiled, the purpose pure, blameless the life, and patriotism as shining as the sun, conflicting views and differing counsels disappear, and, firmly fixed upon character and actual achievement, good fame rests secure. Eighty years ago, in this city of Boston, how unsparing was the denunciation of John Adams for betraying and ruining his party, for his dogmatism, his vanity, and ambition, for his exasperating impracticability; — he, the Colossus of the Revolution! — And Thomas Jefferson: I may truly say what the historian says of the Saracen mothers and Richard Cœur de Lion, that the mothers of Boston hushed their children with fear of the political devil incarnate of Virginia. But when the drapery of mourning shrouded the columns and overhung the arches of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster did not remember that sometimes John Adams was imprudent, and Thomas Jefferson sometimes unwise. He remembered only that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were two of the greatest of American patriots; and their fellow-citizens of every party bowed their heads and said Amen!

I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American Patriot; and no American life — no, not one — offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the

American flag the flag of hope for mankind.— *Eulogy, in the Tremont Temple, Boston, April 18, 1884.*

Mr. Curtis published verse only at intervals. His longest poem, *A Rime of Rhode Island,* was pronounced at a meeting of the Sons of Rhode Island, held in New York, May 29, 1863, that being the anniversary of the settlement at Providence of Roger Williams in 1636, and also of the ratification by Rhode Island of the Constitution of the United States, in 1790. The following are the closing stanzas of this poem:

THE SUMMER OF 1863.

At last, at last, each glowing star
  In that pure field of heavenly blue,
On every people shining far,
  Burns to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred,
  Justice, the seal of peace long scorned,
O perfect peace! too long deferred,
  At last, at last, your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned: but many an hour
  Of storm and cloud, of doubts and tears,
Across the eternal sky must lower,
  Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noontide glow:
  For us the strife and toil shall be;
But welcome toil, for now we know,
  Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last! O Stars and Stripes!
  Touched in your birth by Freedom's flame,
Your purifying lightning wipes
  Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America!
  Sad Europe, listen to our call!
Up to your manhood, Africa!
  That glorious flag floats over all!

And when the hour seems dark with doom,
  Our sacred banner, lifted higher,
Shall flash away the gathering gloom
  With unextinguishable fire.

Pure as its white the future see!
Fixed as its Stars the faith shall be,
  That nerves our hands to do or die.
  Bright as its red is now the sky!
—*A Rime of Rhode Island*

EBB AND FLOW.

I walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be.

The waves that plunged along the shore,
Said only—"Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach—
Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;

But changed was the imperial strain:
It murmured—"Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom—
That sound I heard not in my room:

But suddenly a sound, that stirred
Within my very breast I heard:—

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:

But like the waves along the shore,
It said—"Dream on!" and "Dream no more!"

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A bird sang sweet and strong
  In the top of the highest tree:
He sang—"I pour out my soul in song
  For the Summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
  Another bird sang—"I pour
My soul on the solemn solitude
  For the Springs that return no more."

CURTIS, WILLIAM ELEROY, an American journalist and traveler; born at Akron, Ohio, November 5, 1850. He was educated at Western Reserve College, and in 1872 joined the staff of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. In 1887 he became Washington correspondent of the Chicago *News*, but resigned in 1890 to become director of the Bureau of the American Republics. In 1884 Mr. Curtis was made Secretary of the South American Commission by President Arthur; and in the following year was appointed commissioner, by President Cleveland, to fill a vacancy. He was the author of the act of Congress authorizing the International American Conference, and was selected by Secretary Blaine as the chief of the staff of that organization. When the conference decided upon the establishment of the Bureau of the American Republics at Washington, he was appointed director. In July, 1890 he was invited to take charge of the Latin-American department of the World's Columbian Exposition.

Between 1895 and 1901 he traveled extensively and in 1902-3 made a trip around the world, writing a daily letter to the Chicago *Record-Herald*. His published works include *Children of the Sun* (1882); *Capitals of Spanish America* (1888); *The Land of the Nihilist* (1888); *Japan Sketches* (1890); *Venezuela* (1891); *The Yankees of the East* (1896); *Today in France and Germany* (1897); *Between the Andes and the Ocean* (1900); *The True Abraham Lincoln* (1903); *Denmark, Norway and Sweden* (1903); and *The Turks and the Lost Provinces* (1904).

THE LINCOLN-SHIELDS DUEL.

Among the most conspicuous Democratic politicians in Illinois at that time was James Shields, an impulsive Irishman of diminutive stature who was afterwards a general in two wars and a member of the United States Senate from two States. His ardent admiration for the ladies and his personal eccentricities exposed him to ridicule, about which he was very sensitive, and when he found himself the subject of a satirical letter and doggerel poem in a Springfield newspaper he became enraged, called upon the editor, and demanded the name of the author. The satires happened to have been the joint composition of Miss Todd and Julia Jayne, one of her girl friends, who afterwards became the wife of Lyman Trumbull. In his dilemma the editor asked the advice of Mr. Lincoln, who replied,—

"Tell Shields that I wrote them."

Whereupon he received a challenge which was promptly accepted. According to the code, Lincoln, being the party challenged, was entitled to the choice of weapons, and, as he did not believe in duelling, he tried to compel Shields to withdraw his challenge by proposing the most absurd conditions, which, however, Shields accepted without appearing to perceive the purpose of his antagonist. Lincoln was a very tall man with unusually long arms.

Shields was very short,— so short that his head did not reach to Lincoln's shoulder,— yet the conditions were that they should go down to an island in the Mississippi River and fight with broadswords across a plank set up on edge, and whichever of the contestants retreated three feet back of the plank lost the battle.

The parties actually went across the country,— a journey of three days on horseback,— the plank was set on edge, and the battle was about to begin when mutual friends intervened and put an end to the nonsense. One of the spectators described the scene in most graphic language; how the two antagonists were seated on logs while their seconds arranged the plank. "Lincoln's face was grave and serious," he said, "although he must have been shaking with suppressed amusement. Presently he reached over and picked up one of the swords, which he drew from its scabbard. Then he felt along the edge of the weapon with his thumb like a barber feels of the edge of his razor, raised himself to his full height, stretched out his long arm, and clipped off a twig above his head with the sword. There wasn't another man of us who could have reached anywhere near that twig, and the absurdity of that long-reaching fellow fighting with cavalry sabres with Shields, who could walk under his arm, came pretty near making me howl with laughter. After Lincoln had cut off the twig, he returned the sword solemnly to the scabbard and sat down again on the log."

Upon the return of the duelling party to Springfield, several conflicting explanations were made by friends, the supporters of Lincoln making the affair as ridiculous as possible, while the defenders of Shields endeavored to turn it to his credit. It was Lincoln's last personal quarrel.— *The True Abraham Lincoln.* (Copyright, 1902, by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The tone of moderation, tenderness, and good-will which breathed through his inaugural speech made a profound impression in his favor, while his voice rang out

over the acres of people before him with surprising distinctness, and was heard in the remotest parts of the audience.

No inaugural address before or since has been awaited with so much anxiety and interest. It was expected that in this, his first official utterance, the new President would outline the policy of his administration and determine whether the country should have war or peace. Thousands of men were eager for an intimation of what he intended to say, and an accurate forecast was worth millions of dollars to the stock market; but not a word nor a thought leaked out. The document was written with Lincoln's own hand upon the backs of envelopes and other scraps of paper from time to time as ideas suggested themselves and he determined what to say, and finally, as the time of his departure from Springfield approached, he put them together in a little bare room in a business block over the store of his brother-in-law, where he was accustomed to retire when he wanted to be alone or had to do writing of importance. Only two persons knew of this retreat.

When the manuscript was finished it was intrusted to William H. Bailhache, editor of the *Illinois State Journal,* who put it in type himself, assisted by a veteran compositor, also an old friend of Lincoln. After taking a dozen proof-slips, the type was distributed. Judge David Davis and one or two other friends read it in Springfield. Orville H. Browning read it on the journey to Washington, and upon the morning of his arrival at the capital, a copy was handed to Mr. Seward, who spent an entire Sunday revising it. His amendments and suggestions were almost as voluminous as the original document. Lincoln adopted either in whole or in part nearly all of them, except where they affected the style or changed the policy indicated.

The most important changes made were to modify the declaration of his intentions to recover and hold the fortifications and property which had been seized by the secessionists and to speak of the exercise of power in that direction with some ambiguity and a hint at for-

bearance.— *The True Abraham Lincoln.* (Copyright, 1902, by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

CURTIUS, Ernst, a German archæologist and historian; born at Lübeck, September 2, 1814; died at Berlin, July 12, 1896. He received his early education in the schools of his native city, studied at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and in 1837 went to Greece to prosecute his archæological studies. At the end of three years he returned to Germany, and after graduating at Halle, was appointed tutor to the Crown Prince of Germany. In 1850 he became a professor in the University of Berlin, and in 1856 was called to Göttingen to take the chair of classical philology and archæology there. This position he resigned in 1865 for a professorship at Berlin. He was at the same time made permanent Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. In 1874 he was sent by the German Government to Greece to obtain permission for making the excavations begun at Olympia in the following year. The principal works of Curtius are: *The Acropolis of Athens* (1844); *Peloponnesus* (1851–52); *Die Ionier vor der Ionischen Wanderung* (1855); *History of Greece* (1857–67); *Attic Studies* (1863–64); and *History and Topography of Asia Minor* (1872).

THE PLATÆANS BREAK THROUGH THE INVESTMENT.

Hereupon Archidamus, who, like an ancient Spartan, had only with great repugnance consented to build a wall and employ siege-machines, was obliged to relinquish finally the idea of overcoming the little band of

Platæan citizens by force; he was obliged to adopt the tedious method of surrounding the entire city with a wall, so as to wear it out by famine. The precipitous situation of the city made this task extremely difficult of accomplishment. But no labor was deemed excessive; for the conflict had become more desperate as it proceeded; and the Thebans exerted themselves in every way to prevent the work from coming to a standstill. A double wall was now built round the entire city, with a trench facing both toward the latter and toward the outer side of the walls, which, at regular intervals, were furnished with turrets; the passage between the walls, sixteen feet in breadth, was covered, and formed, as it were, a large guard-house surrounding the hostile city. Toward the middle of September the immense work was finished; it was possible to dismiss the majority of the troops; the watch on the wall was divided between Peloponnesian and Theban soldiers, each body having its appointed place; and a band of 300 was kept in reserve for unforseen cases.

For one whole year the Platæans had held out in their prison, cut off from all intercourse, without hope of relief, surrounded by foes athirst for their blood. Provisions began to fall short. Accordingly, the bravest among the besieged determined to hazard an attempt to break the blockade. After they had furnished themselves with scaling-ladders of the height of the enemy's walls, they took advantage of a rough and stormy December night, when the sentinels might be supposed to have retired into the towers which served them as sentry boxes. Two hundred and twenty men left the city; they were lightly armed, and shod only on the left foot, so as to have a firmer support in the case of a fight; the right foot was bare, in order to facilitate the march through the mud. Each man holding himself at a moderate distance from his neighbor, in order to avoid any clash of arms, they cross the trench, climb the wall, man after man reaching up his shield to his predecessor; the sentries in the nearest towers on the right and left are put to death; everything proceeds successfully and without noise; the Platæans are

masters of a piece of the wall surmounted by two towers, which they occupy; and most of them have mounted the wall. Suddenly the fall of a tile from the top gives the alarm to the garrison. Seven Platæans begin to retrace their steps, thinking everything is lost. But while the enemy remains wholly in doubt as to what is taking place, and no man dares to quit his post, one after another of the brave band descends from the outer wall; and at last even those who had kept watch in the towers quit their post, and succeed in reaching the outer trench. This they find full of water, and overlaid with a thin coating of ice. Hence arises a delay in crossing, and before all have passed over, they see troops with torches approaching; — it is the reserve of 300, which comes up to them at the trench. But the torches, by dazzling the eyes of the pursuers, hinder their movements, and are of assistance in the struggle to the Platæans. A single archer is taken prisoner. The others make good their escape, and take the road to Thebes, presuming that the pursuit will be made on the road to Attica. On reaching Erythræ, and not before, they turn to the right into the mountains, and in the morning arrive at Athens, at the same hour in which their comrades are sending heralds to the besieging force, to ask for the bodies of their brethren, all of whom they deemed lost. Never have bravery and determined skill met with a more glorious reward. Even those remaining behind were gainers, having now a chance of holding out longer with their provisions.— *History of Greece.*

THE YOUTHFUL PERICLES.

Nature had richly endowed him and eminently adapted him for endurance in mental and physical exertions; he was as vivacious, active, and full of ideas as Themistocles; but his whole character was from the time of his youth incomparably more collected and better regulated. The feature which distinguished his mind before all others was an unwearying desire of culture; nor was anyone more vitally affected than the youthful Pericles by the longing after a new and fuller knowledge which char-

acterized his times. Thus it came to pass that he in no instance rested satisfied with what had been handed down from former times, and that while the people timidly and suspiciously refused to admit the Ionic culture, he welcomed the new light with joyous admiration.

He studied music under Pythoclides, a Pythagorean from Ceos, and then under Damon the flute-player, a man of most influential personality and a most inventive mind, who in a yet higher degree than Pythoclides availed himself of musical instruction to pass from metres and rhythms to the characters of men and their treatment, to ethical and political teaching — in other words, a Sophist of the best class. Thus, at a time of life when other Athenian youths were wont to conclude their studies, Pericles was really beginning his: he eagerly sought to hold intercourse with the most eminent artists and philosophers, and became the most zealous auditor of Zeno and Anaxagoras, and in his later years also of Protagoras. But Pericles learned not only for the sake of learning; he had no intention, like Anaxagoras, of forgetting the world and mankind in the midst of his studies; the task of his life was not to solve rising doubts and contradictions in the domain of pure thought. Pericles always kept the commonwealth in view, and in public acts he sought the reconciliation of the opposing forces with which he had become acquainted. For as he felt himself elevated and fortified by means of the culture acquired by him, so he recognized in it a power which ought to be employed for the good of the state. Even as a philosopher he remained a statesman; and the whole ambition of his fiery character was directed toward ruling his fellow-citizens and guiding the state by the resources of mental superiority offered by his philosophy.

Pericles's bearing was sufficient to show that his principles of action rested on a totally different basis from that of the ordinary civilization of the times. The features of his countenance announced that he was habitually occupied with lofty thoughts; an involuntary feeling of awe was inspired by the solemn seriousness pervading his whole manner, and by the immovable firmness and

decisiveness of his personality. Among his friends the philosophers he had learned to despise a multitude of those petty interests which more than anything else move the ordinary world, and to cast off a series of prejudices; and had thus gained both in freedom of soul and in power over other men. When, on the occasion of an eclipse, all the sailors were seized with fear, he held his cloak before the eyes of a steersman, asking him why he was more frightened when a remoter and larger object hid the light of the sun from him. Internally the most vivacious of men, he was externally calm, cold, and unchanging, without at the same time giving offence by severity or roughness of manner. The fulness of his superiority manifested itself in speech. For in the school of Zeno he had accustomed himself to look at the same things from different points of view, and to surprise his opponents by raising unexpected objections. To exercise in dialectics he owed the versatility of his reasoning powers and his power of speech, to which no man was able to oppose a weapon of equal force. His eloquence was the ripe fruit of a thorough philosophical culture, the direct expression of a mind superior to the multitude; hence, he was able, better than any other man, to terrify, to encourage, to persuade; striking similies, from whose binding force none could escape, were at his service, and he was finally rendered irresistible by the calm confidence with which he spoke. — *History of Greece*

CUVIER, Georges Chretien Leopold Dagobert, a French naturalist; born at Montbelliard August 23, 1769; died at Paris, May 23, 1832. He was christened Léopold-Chrétien-Frédéric-Dagobert; but afterward assumed the name of Georges, which had been borne by a deceased elder brother. He entered the Gymnasium at the

age of ten; and was originally destined for the Church, but at a very early age he manifested a strong predilection for Natural History. In 1784 he was sent by the Duke of Würtemberg to the academy at Stuttgart; in 1788 he became private tutor in the family of Count d'Hericy, retaining the position for six years, during which he prosecuted his researches in Natural History with great zeal, and under very favorable circumstances. In 1795 he was invited to Paris by several of the most eminent French savants, and was appointed Professor in the Central School of the Panthéon. From the first, Cuvier took the foremost position in science, and was honored by all the successive rulers of France, from Napoleon to Louis Philippe. In 1819 he was made a baron by Louis XVIII. In 1832 he was created a Peer of France by Louis Philippe, and his appointment as President of the entire Council of State only waited the royal signature, when Cuvier died after a brief illness. Cuvier was accompanied to Paris by his younger brother, FRÉDÉRIC CUVIER, who acquired a high reputation as a naturalist and educational director. He died in 1838, his last words being, "Let my son place upon my tomb this inscription: Frederic Cuvier, brother of Georges Cuvier."

A history of Cuvier's labors in the domain of Natural History would be the history of that science for the first third of the present century. He formed a system of classification based on the invariable characters of anatomical structure, instead of mere external resemblances. With him comparative anatomy and zoölogy went hand in hand, and from their united facts he deduced the laws of a new science — that of fossil ani-

mal life. With him a bone, or even a portion of one, was sufficient for the restoration of a fossil animal which he had never seen, simply from the principle of the unchangeable relations of organs. His great work, *The Animal Kingdom,* was published in 1817. His last important work, *The Natural History of Fishes,* undertaken with the collaboration of Valenciennes, was designed to form some forty volumes. Eight volumes appeared (1828–31) before the death of Cuvier, the remainder being written by his coadjutor. In 1812 appeared his work, *Researches upon Fossil Bones* (4 vols. 4to; second edition 1817, third edition 1825), to which was prefixed an introductory essay upon *The Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe,* in which are embodied the great principles of his entire system.

CORRELATIONS IN ANIMAL STRUCTURE.

Every organized individual forms an entire system of its own, all the parts of which mutually correspond, and concur to produce a certain definite purpose, by reciprocal reaction, or by combining toward the same end. Hence none of these separate parts can change their forms without a corresponding change on the other parts of the same animal, and consequently each of these parts, taken separately, indicates all the other parts to which it has belonged. Thus, if the viscera of an animal are so organized as only to be fitted for the digestion of recent flesh, it is also requisite that jaws should be so constructed as to fit them for devouring prey; the claws must be constructed for seizing and tearing it to pieces; the teeth for cutting and dividing its flesh; the entire system of the limbs, or organs of motion, for pursuing and overtaking it; and the organs of sense, for discovering it a distance. Nature also must have endowed the brain of the animal with instincts sufficient for concealing itself, and for laying plans to catch its necessary victims.

Such are the universal conditions that are indispensable in the structure of carnivorous animals; and every individual of that description must necessarily possess them combined together, as the species could not otherwise subsist. Under this general rule, however, there are several particular modifications, depending upon the size, the manners, and the haunts of the prey for which each species of carnivorous animal is destined or fitted by nature; and from each of these particular modifications there result certain differences in the more minute conformations of particular parts — all, however, conformable to the general principles of structure already mentioned. Hence it follows that in every one of their parts we discover distinct indications, not only of the classes and orders of the animals, but also of their genera, and even of their species.

In order that the jaw may be well adapted for laying hold of objects, it is necessary that its condyle should have a certain form; that the resistance, the moving power, and the fulcrum should have a certain relative position with respect to each other; and that the temporal muscles should be of a certain size. The hollow or depression, too, in which these muscles are lodged, must have a certain depth; and the zygomatic arch under which they pass must not only have a certain degree of convexity, but it must be sufficiently strong to support the action of the masseter. To enable the animal to carry off its prey when seized, a corresponding force is requisite in the muscles which elevate the head; and this necessarily gives rise to a determinate form of the vetebræ to which these muscles are attached, and of the occiput into which they are inserted.

In order that the teeth of a carnivorous animal may be able to cut the flesh, they require to be sharp — more or less so in proportion to the greater or less quantity of flesh that they have to cut. It is requisite that their roots should be solid and strong, in proportion to the quantity and size of the bones which they have to break in pieces. The whole of these circumstances must necessarily in-

fluence the development and form of all the parts which contribute to move the jaws.

To enable the claws of a carnivorous animal to seize its prey, a considerable degree of mobility is necessary in their paws and toes, and a considerable strength in the claws themselves. From these circumstances there necessarily result certain determinate forms in all the bones of their paws, and in the distribution of the muscles and tendons by which they are moved. The forearm must possess a certain facility of moving in various directions, and consequently requires certain determinate forms in the bones of which it is composed. As the bones of the fore-arm are articulated with the arm-bone or humerus, no change can take place in the form or structure of the former without producing correspondent changes in the form of the latter. The shoulder-blade, also, or scapula, requires a correspondent degree of strength in all animals destined for catching prey, by which likewise it must necessarily have on appropriate form. The play and action of all these parts require certain proportions in the muscles which set them in motion; and the impression formed by these muscles must still farther determine the forms of all these bones.

After these observations, it will be easily seen that similar conclusions may be drawn with respect to the hinder limbs of carnivorous animals, which require particular conformations to fit them for rapidity of motion in general; and that similar considerations must influence the forms and connections of the vetebræ and other bones constituting the trunk of the body, to fit them for flexibility and readiness of motion in all directions. The bones, also, of the nose, of the orbit, and of the ears, require certain forms and structures to fit them for giving perfection to the senses of smell, sight, and hearing so necessary to animals of prey.

In short, the shape and structure of the teeth regulate the forms of the condyle, of the shoulder-blade, and of the claws, in the same manner as the equation of a curve regulates all its other properties; and, as in regard to any particular curve, all its properties may be ascer-

tained by assuming each separate property as the foundation of a particular equation, in the same manner, a claw, a shoulder-blade, a condyle, a leg or arm bone, or any other bone separately considered, enables us to discover the description of teeth to which they have belonged; and so also, reciprocally, we may determine the forms of the other bones from the teeth. Thus, commencing our investigation by a careful survey of any one bone by iself, a person who is sufficiently master of the laws of organic structure may, as it were, reconstruct the whole animal to which that bone had belonged.

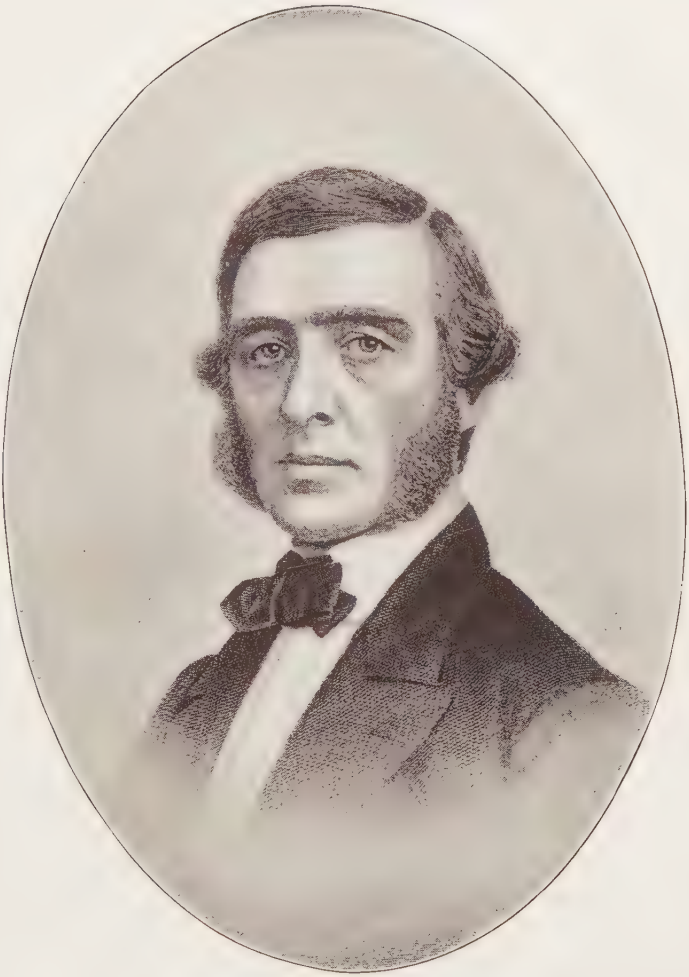
The principle is sufficiently evident in its general acceptation not to require any more minute demonstration; but when it comes to be applied in practice, there are a great number of cases in which our theoretical knowledge of these relations of forms is not sufficient to guide us, unless assisted by observation and experience.

For example, we are well aware that all hoofed animals must necessarily be herbivorous, because they are possessed of no sufficient means of seizing upon prey. It is also evident, having no other use for their fore-legs than to support their bodies, that they have no occasion for a shoulder so vigorously organized as that of carnivorous animals; owing to which they have no clavicles, or acromion process, and their shoulder-blades are proportionally narrow. Having also no occasion to turn their fore-arms, their radius is joined by an ossification to the ulna, or is at least articulated by ginglymus with the humerus. Their food, being entirely herbaceous, requires teeth with flat surfaces, on purpose to bruise the seeds and plants on which they feed. For this purpose, also, these surfaces require to be unequal, and are consequently composed of alternate perpendicular layers of hard enamel and softer bone. Teeth of this structure necessarily require horizontal motions, to enable them to triturate or grind down the herbaceous food; and, accordingly, the condyles of the jaw could not be formed into such confined points as in the carnivorous animals, but must have a flattened form, correspondent to sockets in the temporal bones, which are also more or less flat for

their reception. The hollows, likewise, of the temporal bones, having smaller muscles to contain, are narrower, and not so deep, etc. . . .

Hence any one who observes merely the print of a cloven hoof may conclude that it has been left by a ruminant animal, and regard the conclusion as equally certain with any other in physics or in morals. Consequently, this single foot-mark clearly indicates to the observer the forms of the teeth, of the jaws, of the vertebræ, of all the leg-bones, thighs, shoulders, and of the trunk of the body of the animal which left the mark. Observation alone, independent entirely of general principles of philosophy, is sufficient to show that there certainly are secret reasons for all these relations of which I have been speaking.—*Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe.*

CUYLER, THEODORE LEDYARD, an American clergyman; born at Aurora, N. Y., January 10, 1822. He was graduated from Princeton in 1843; studied theology there; became pastor of a Presbyterian church in Burlington, N. J., afterward of a Dutch Reformed Church in New York, and subsequently pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. He is the author of the following works: *Stray Arrows* (1851); *Cedar Christian* (1864); *The Empty Crib* (1868); *Heart Life* (1871); *Thought Hives* (1872); *Pointed Papers for the Christian Life* (1879); *Buoying the Channel* and *From the Nile to Norway and Homeward* (1881); *God's Light on Dark Clouds* (1882); *Wayside Springs from the Fountain of Life* (1883); *Stirring the Eagle's Nest* (1890); *Beulah Land* (1895); *Recollections of a Long*



Theo Sedyard Cuyler

Life (1900); *A Model Christian* (1903); and *Our Christmas-Tides* (1904).

ELOQUENCE IN THE PULPIT.

And where should we look for the highest realizations of true eloquence but in the pulpit? Where is there less excuse for tameness, for affectation, for heartlessness, for stupidity? Where can the strongest intellect find fuller play? For the embassador of truth has not only the loftiest of themes, but his text-book is the most perfect of models. In it may be found everything that is most sublime in imagery, most melting in pathos, most irresistible in argument. The minister of Christ need not betake himself to the drama of Greece, the forum of Rome, or to the mystic retreats of German philosophy; he need not study Chatham in the Senate chamber, or Erskine at the bar. He may ever be nurturing his soul amid those pages where John Milton fed, before those eyes which had "failed with long watching for liberty and law" beheld the gorgeous visions of Paradise. He may be ever amid the scenes which inspired Bunyan to his matchless dream, and taught Jeremy Taylor his hearse-like melodies. The harp of Israel's minstrel is ever in his ear; before his eye moves the magnificent panorama of the Apocalypse. He need but open his soul to that "oldest choral melody," the book of Job; if it used to inspire Charles James Fox for the Parliament House, why not himself for the pulpit? Paul is ever at his elbow to teach him trenchant argument; John, to teach persuasion; and a heart of steel must he have who is not moved to pathos in the chamber of heartstricken David, or under the olive-trees of Gethsemane.

The Bible is the best of melodies, too, for it is always true to life. It reaches up to the loftiest, down to the lowliest, affairs of existence. The same Divine pencil that portrayed the scenic splendors of the Revelation and the awful tragedy of Golgotha condescends to etch for us a Hebrew mother bending over her cradle of rushes, a village maiden bringing home the gleanings of the bar-

ley-field, and a penitent woman weeping on the Saviour's feet. What God has ennobled who shall dare to call common? What true orator of nature will fear to introduce into the pulpit a homely scene or a home-spun character; a fireside incident or a death-bed agony; the familiar episodes of the field and the shop, the school-room and the nursery? He does not lower the dignity of the pulpit: he rather imparts to it the higher dignity of human nature.— *Thought Hives.*

CYPRIAN, SAINT (THASCIUS CÆCILIUS CYPRIANUS), an African martyr, one of the Fathers of the Christian Church; born at Carthage about 200; died there September 14, 258 A.D. He was of a noble family, and previous to his conversion to Christianity (about 246) had acquired a great repute as a "rhetorician," or, as we should say, a legal advocate. Upon becoming a Christian, he gave up his large fortune to the poor, and devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures, writing two treatises on *Contempt of the World* and on *The Vanity of Idols.* Having been raised to the priesthood, he was induced, against his desire, to take upon himself the Bishopric of Carthage, then one of the most important sees in the still-persecuted Church. Controversies raged within and without the Church, in all of which Cyprian bore a prominent part. At last, in 257, the Emperor Valerius issued his edict for the legal prosecution of the Christians. Cyprian was summoned to appear before the Proconsul, and offer sacrifice to the gods. He refused to comply, and was sentenced to death for contumacy. The *Works* of Cyprian have been several times re-

printed. The standard edition is that of Paris (1726), which contains a *Life of Cyprian,* by the Benedictine, Dom Moran. Among the Lives of Cyprian are those of *Gervaise* (1717), *Rottberg* (1831), *Poole* (1840), *Böhringer* (1842), and *Colombet* (1843).

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

The Lord saith unto Peter, "I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." To him again, after His resurrection, He says, "Feed my sheep." Upon him, being one, He builds His Church; and though He gives to all the Apostles an equal power, and says, "As My Father sent Me, even so send I you; receive ye the Holy Ghost, whosesoever sins ye remit, they shall be remitted to him, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they shall be retained;"—yet, in order to manifest unity, He has, by his own authority, so placed the source of the same unity as to begin from one. Certainly the other Apostles also were what Peter was, endued with an equal fellowship both of honor and power; but a commencement is made from unity, that the Church may be set before us as one; which one Church, in the Song of Songs, doth the Holy Spirit design and name in the Persons of our Lord: "My dove, My spotless one, is but one; she the only one of her mother, elect of her that bare her."

He who holds not this unity of the Church, does he think that he holds the faith? He who strives against and resists the Church, is he assured that he is in the Church? For the blessed Apostle Paul teaches this same thing, and manifests the sacrament of unity, thus speaking: "There is One Body and One Spirit, even as ye are called in One Hope of your calling; One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism, One God." This unity firmly should we hold and maintain, especially we Bishops, presiding in the

Church, in order that we may approve the Episcopate itself to be one and undivided. Let no one deceive the Brotherhood by falsehood; no one corrupt the truth of our faith by a faithless treachery. The Episcopate is one; it is a whole, in which each enjoys full possession. The Church is likewise one, though she be spread abroad, and multiplies with the increase of her progeny: even as the sun has rays many, yet one light; and the tree boughs many, yet its strength is one, seated in the deep-lodged root; and as when many streams flow down from one source, though a multiplicity of waters seem to be diffused from the bountifulness of the overflowing abundance, unity is preserved in the source itself. Part a ray of the sun from its orb, and its unity forbids this division of light: break a branch from a tree, once broken, it can bud no more; cut the stream from its fountain, the remnant will be dried up. Thus the Church, flooded with the light of the Lord, puts forth her rays through the whole world with yet one light, which is spread upon all places; while its unity of body is not infringed. She stretches forth her branches over the universal earth, in the riches of plenty, and pours abroad her bountiful and onward streams; yet is there one head, one source, one Mother, abundant in the results of her fruitfulness.

It is of her womb that we are born; our nourishing is from her milk, our quickening from her breath. The spouse of Christ cannot become adulterate, she is undefiled and chaste; owning but one home, and guarding with virtuous modesty the sanctity of one chamber. She it is who keeps us for God, and appoints unto the kingdom the sons she has borne. Whosoever parts company with the Church, and joins himself to an adulteress, is estranged from the promises of the Church. He who leaves the Church of Christ attains not to Christ's rewards. He is an alien, an outcast, an enemy. He can no longer have God for a Father who has not the Church for a Mother. If any man was able to escape, who remained without the ark of Noah, then will that man escape who is out of doors beyond the Church. The Lord warns us, and says, "He who is not with Me is against Me, and he who gathereth

not with Me scattereth." He who breaks the peace and concord of Christ sets himself against Christ. He who gathers elsewhere but in the Church scatters the Church of Christ. The Lord saith, "I and the Father are one;" and again, of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost it is written, "And these three are one;" and does any one think that oneness, thus proceeding from the Divine immutability, and cohering in heavenly sacraments, admits of being sundered in the Church, and split by the divorce of antagonist wills? He who holds not this unity holds not the law of God, holds not the faith of Father and Son, holds not the truth unto salvation.

This sacrament of unity, this bond of concord inseparably cohering, is signified in the place in the Gospel where the coat of our Lord Jesus Christ is in nowise parted or cut, but is received a whole garment by them who cast lots who should rather wear it, and is possessed as an inviolate and individual robe. The Divine Scripture thus speaks, "But for the coat, because it was not sewed, but woven from the top throughout, they said one to another, Let us not rend it, but cast lots whose it shall be." It has with it a unity descending from above, as coming, that is, from heaven and from the Father; which it was not for the receiver and owner in anywise to sunder, but which he received, once for all and individually, as one unbroken whole. He cannot own Christ's garment who splits and divides Christ's Church. On the other hand, when, on Solomon's death, his kingdom and people were split in parts, Ahijah, the prophet, meeting Jeroboam in the field, rent his garment into twelve pieces, saying, "Take thee ten pieces; for thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee; and two tribes shall be to him, for My servant David's sake, and for Jerusalem, the city which I have chosen, to place My Name there." When the twelve tribes of Israel were torn asunder the Prophet Ahijah rent his garment. But because Christ's people cannot be rent, His coat, woven and conjoined throughout, was not divided by those it fell to. Individual, conjoined, co-entwined, it shows the coherent concord of our people who

put on Christ. In the sacrament and sign of His garment, He has declared the unity of His Church.

Who, then, is the criminal and traitor, who is so inflamed by the madness of discord as to think aught can rend, or to venture on rending God's unity, the Lord's garment, Christ's Church? He himself warns us in His Gospel, and teaches, saying, "And there shall be one flock, and one Shepherd." And do any think that there can in one place be either many shepherds, or many flocks? The Apostle Paul likewise, intimating the same unity, solemnly exhorts, "I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms among you; but that ye be joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." And again he says, "Forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Think you that any can stand and live, who withdraws from the Church, and forms himself a new home and a different dwelling? Whereas, it was said to Rahab, in whom was prefigured the Church, "Thy father, and thy mother, and thy brother, and all the house of thy father, thou shalt gather unto thee into thine house; and it shall come to pass whosoever shall go abroad beyond the door of thine house, his blood shall be on his own head." And likewise the sacrament of the Passover doth require just this in the law of Exodus, that the lamb which is slain for a figure of Christ should be eaten in one house. God speaks and says, "In one house shall ye eat it; ye shall not send the flesh abroad from the house. "The Flesh of Christ, and the Holy Thing of the Lord, cannot be sent abroad; and believers have not any dwelling but the Church only. This dwelling, this hostelry of unanimity, the Holy Spirit designs and betokens in the Psalms, thus saying, "God, Who maketh men to dwell with one mind in one house." In the house of God, in the Church of Christ, men dwell with one mind, in concord and singleness enduring. . . .

Let no one think that they can be good men who leave the Church. Wind does not take the wheat, nor do storms overthrow the tree that has a solid root to rest on. It is

the light straw that the tempest tosses; it is the trees emptied of their strength that the blow of the whirlwind strikes down. These the Apostle John curses and smites, saying, "They went forth from us, but they were not of us, for if they had been of us surely they would have remained with us." Thus is it that heresies both often have been caused and still continue; while the perverted mind is estranged from peace, and unity is lost amongst faithless discord. Nevertheless, the Lord permits and suffers these things to be, preserving the power of choice to individual free-will, in order that, while the discrimination of truth is a test of our own hearts and minds, the perfect faith of them that are approved may shine forth in the manifest light. The Holy Spirit admonishes us by the Apostle, and says, "It is needful also that heresies should be, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." Thus are the faithful approved, thus the false detected; thus even here, before the day of judgment, the souls of the righteous and unrighteous are divided, the chaff separated from the wheat.— *Treatise V.; on the Unity of the Church.*

D

DA COSTA, Izaak, a Dutch poet and theologian; born at Amsterdam, January 14, 1798; died at Leyden, April 28, 1860. He was of Hebrew descent, but became a Christian at the age of twenty-four. Previously to this he had taken the degree of Doctor of Law at Leyden, and had also given evidence of high poetic genius. He was an intimate friend of Bilderdijk, whose poetical works he edited. He took a deep interest in the missions for the Jews, and toward the close of his life was a director of a seminary at Amsterdam set on foot by the Free Church of Scotland. He wrote largely upon theological topics; but his reputation rests mainly upon his poems. After the death of Bilderdijk (1831), Da Costa was recognized as the foremost poet of the Netherlands. In his poetical, as well as his religious and political, views he was greatly influenced by Bilderdijk. He was a member of nearly all the learned societies of the Netherlands. His principal works are: a translation of the *Prometheus* of Œschylus (1820); *Alphonsus I.*, a tragedy (1821); *Poëzij* (1821–22); the hymn, *God met ons* (1826); *Feestlieden* (1828); *Vijf-en-twintig Jahren* (1840); *Hagar* (1852); *De Slag van Nieupoort*

(1858), and *De Menschen de Dichter.* A collection of his Poems, in three volumes, appeared in 1861–62.

THE SABBATH.

On the seventh day reposing, lo! The great Creator stood —
Saw the glorious work accomplished — saw that it was good: —
Heaven, Earth, Man, and Beast have being; Day and Night their courses run.—
First Creation — infant Manhood — earliest Sabbath: — It is done!

On the seventh day reposing, Jesus filled His sainted tomb,
From His spirit's toil retreating while he broke man's fatal doom.
'Twas a new Creation bursting, brighter than the primal one.
'Tis Fulfilment — Reconcilement; 'tis Redemption: — It is done!

AN INVOCATION.

When Homer fills his fierce war-trump of glory,
And wakes his mighty lyre's harmonious word,
Whose soul but thrills enraptured at the story
As thrilled old Ilium's ruins, when they heard?

Mæonian swan! That shakes the soul, when loudly
Rushing — or melts the heart in strains sublime;
Strong as the heart of Hector, lifted proudly,
Sweet as his widow's tears, in watching-time!

Though still thy strains song's glorious crown inherit,
Though age to age kneel slowly at thy shrine,
Yet (O, forgive me, venerable spirit!)
Thou leav'st a void within this heart of mine.

My country is the land of sunbeams; Heaven
  Gave me no cradle in the lukewarm West;
The glory of Libyan sands, by hot winds driven,
  Is like the thirst of song within my breast.

What is this fray to me — these battle-noises
  Of Mortals led by weak Divinities?
I must hear higher notes and holier voices,
  Not the mere clods of beauteous things like these.

What are these perished vanities ideal
  Of thee — old Grecian bard, and following throng?
Heaven, heaven, must wake the rapturous and the real —
  The sanctified, the sacred soul of song.

Can they do this, the famed Hellenic teachers;
  Or Northern bards? — O, no! 'tis not for them;
'Tis for the inspired, the God- anointed preachers —
  The holy prophets of Jerusalem.

O privileged race! sprung forth from chosen fathers —
  The son of Jesse and his fragrant name!
Within my veins thy holy life-blood gathers,
  And tracks the sacred source from whence it came.

Angelic Monarch's Son; the great Proclaimer,
  The great Interpreter of God's decree!
Herald, at once of wrath, and the Redeemer!
  Announcing hopes — announcing agony!

The seraphs sing their "Holy, holy, holy!"
  Greeting the Godhead on his awful throne;
And Earth repeats Heaven's song — though far and riven!
  Poured, 'midst the brightness of the dazzling One.'

By safety-girded angels. Hallowed singers!
  Yours is the Spirit's spiritual melody: —
Touch now the sacred lyre with mortal fingers,
  Aspirers! Earth is gazing tremblingly.

My heart springs up; its earthly bonds would sever,
  Upon the pulses of that hymn to mount;
My lips are damp with the pale blights of fever,
  And my hot blood grows stagnant at its fount.

My Father! give me breath, and thought, and power;
  My heart shall heave with your pure, hallowed word!
Hear! if ye hear, the loud-voiced psalm shall shower,
  From East to West, its vibrating accords.

Inspire! if ye inspire, the glad Earth reeling
  With rapture, shall God's glory echo round;
And God-deniers, low in ashes kneeling,
  Blend their subjected voices in the sound.

O, if my tongue can sing the Lord of ages,
  The Ruler, the Almighty, King of kings;
He who the flaming seraphim engages,
  His watchers — while he makes the clouds his wings!

Spread, spread your pinions — spread your loftiest pinions —
  Spirit of song, for me — for me! — in vain
To the low wretchedness of Earth's dominions
  I seek your heavenly, upward course to rein!

Wake, lyre! break forth, ye strings! let rapture's current
  Soar, swell, surprise, gush, glow! — thou heart be riven!
Pour, pour, thy impassioned, overflowing torrent!
  The hymns are hymns of heaven.

—*Introduction to Hymn on Providence.*

DAHN, Julius Sophus Felix, a German poet, novelist and historian; born at Hamburg, February 9, 1834. His father and mother were the noted actors Friedrich and Constance Dahn of Munich. He was educated at the Gymnasium and the University of Munich; and at the age of twenty-eight he was appointed professor of jurisprudence at Würtzburg. He distinguished himself as a volunteer in the war of 1870–71. He removed to Königsberg in 1872; and in 1888 he accepted a vocation to the University of Breslau. The life of Professor Dahn presents few stirring incidents; outside of his army experience, which was short, it has been that of a scholar, a writer, and an educator. Among his contributions to public law are *Das Kriegsrecht* (1870); *Handelsrechtliche Vorträge* (1875); *Deutsches Rechtsbuch* (1877); and *Deutsches Privatrecht* (1878). Of his historical works the chief are, *The Germanic Kings,* 6 vols. (1861–72); *Procopius of Cesarea* (1865); West *Gothic Studies* (1874); *Lombard Studies* (1876); *Reasons in Law* (1879); *Early History of the Germanic and Romance Peoples* (1881–90); *German History* (1883–89). His versatility is as remarkable as his erudition is profound; he has written a series of popular historical romances, including *Ein Kampf um Rom* (1876); *Odhins Trost* (1880); and *Die Kreutzefahrer* (1885); of which the former is one of the most powerful of German novels. As a poet, he has produced a number of ballads which take high rank; among these are *Twelve Ballads* (1875); *Ballads and Songs* (1878). Other noted works are, *Kleine Romane aus der Volkerwanderung; bis zum Tode getreu;*

Weltuntergang, and several novels on subjects from Northern and Scandinavian history. Of his *Erinnerungen* (Reminiscences), a work of several volumes, the first three of which were published at Leipsic in 1893, *The Dial* says:

"The charm of these volumes lies in their frankness, their invincible sprightliness: and the society into which they lead us; their effect is helped, rather than hindered, by the free and discursive treatment. Throughout there is an idyllic touch of natural and artistic beauty, and a high idealism with which we whirling Americans find it sometimes good to come into contact. Nowhere do we remember to have seen truer or more lasting friendships recorded. These books are welcome and of permanent value, not only for the near view they give of poet, novelist, jurist, and dramatist, but because we recognize in Dahn — from his enthusiastic absorption in his chosen theme, and from his heroic studies in this special field — the typical exponent of Germanics, in the widest sense of the term."

A PROFESSOR'S TRIALS.

An individual who is a university professor can carry on any sort of secondary avocation without losing caste or forfeiting his reputation among ministers or periwigged colleagues as a blameless craftsman. He can ride, fish, hunt, play croquet and lawn tennis, go travelling for no scientific purpose, play chess and skate till stars and (long before!) thoughts begin to pale; can paint in oil and water-colors, and in the open air, play on instruments to driving his fellow-men deaf; can fritter away every evening till midnight in society endowed with intellect — or money! — especially he can be a politician to the death, passing term after term away from his uni-

versity in Parliament or in the lower or (rarely) upper chamber of his own State; he can adorn all voters' meetings with his orations, write political leaders daily, carry on political journals, sit for hours in the City Council, or, as a father of the church, maintain its existence or (as far as such a thing can be imagined) reform it. All this, though it takes inconceivably more time, is permitted, and is in some degree helpful to a career.

But woe to him who has Imagination, and gives it out in verses! From that very hour he is looked at, with shrugging of the shoulders, as one who has fallen from his dignity. Let him be never so beloved and stimulating as a teacher, let him have published more and better scientific work than his colleagues, judges, and censors who have not been contaminated with Imagination; 'tis of no avail, the poet, even though he be undoubtedly gifted, has lost his birthright, and even if he have complete success, such gross violation of propriety is to be "looked at with censure."

Ah, how many of these Patriarchs of the Faculty would be benefited by a single grain of Imagination! Without a certain amount of it nothing can be produced or given form, even in science.— *From Erinnerungen; translation of* PROFESSOR HATFIELD, *of Northwestern University.*

DALIN, OLOF VON, a Swedish poet and historian; born in Vinberga, Halland, August 29, 1708; died at Drottningholm, August 12, 1763. His mother's father was Dr. Ansén, to whom Queen Christina offered, while in exile, a cardinal's hat if he would join the Romish Church. He was also related to Rydelius, the Bishop of Lund, under whose instruction Dalin was placed. Rydelius soon perceived the extraordinary genius of Dalin, and assisted him in every

possible way. During the time he was studying at Lund he had visited Stockholm, and in 1726 he went there to enter one of the public offices. His intelligence and skill gained for him rapid preferment, aided by the patronage of Baron Ralamb. Here at the age of twenty-four he commenced his literary career by the publication of a weekly journal, *Argus*. This publication was something entirely new in Sweden, and was modelled after the *Spectator* of Addison. For two years he issued this brilliant paper, at the end of which time he thought of giving it up, but was forced to continue by the demands of the public. The fact that Dalin was the writer of *Argus* did not become known until 1736, and when the secret was revealed his reputation became wonderful. He then published *Tankar om Kritiker* (Thoughts about Critics), inspired by Pope's *Essay on Criticism,* the first "really æsthetic book" published in Sweden. With a view to enlarging his knowledge, he then made a tour of Germany and France. On his return the changes which had taken place in the political life of his own country brought forth his celebrated satirical allegories, *The Story of the Horse,* for which he took for his model Swift's *Tale of a Tub,* and *April Work,* which became exceedingly popular. After these successes he set to work on the greatest of his writings, his epic of *Svenska Friheten* (Swedish Liberty). This work evidences in a remarkable degree the finished elegance of his style. It is written in Alexandrines of "far greater smoothness and vigor than had previously been attempted." For this work he took for his model Thomson's *Liberty.* When the new Royal Swedish Theatre was opened he introduced a new school of

drama by his *Brynhilda, or the Unfortunate Love,* a tragedy after the style of Crébillon the elder. His comedy of *The Envious Man,* introducing the manner of Holberg, is of particular interest. As a prose writer he is chiefly remembered for his *History of the Swedish Kingdom.*

In verse, as well as in prose, Dalin takes a higher place than any other writer in Sweden since Stjernhjelm. Gosse says of him: "His songs, his satires, his occasional pieces, without displaying any real originality, show Dalin's tact and skill as a workman with the pen. He stole from England and France, but with the plagiarism of a man of genius; and his multifarious labors raised Sweden to a level with the other literary countries of Europe. They formed a basis on which more national and more scrupulous writers could build their various structures."

Professor Horn, approving the remark of another critic that Dalin's genius possessed more suppleness than strength, and that he was rather an elegant imitator than a creative poet, says that his chief merit consists in skilful treatment of the form, combined with a delicate and striking wit; but that his poems never made the impression of having sprung from high aspiration. "He is at his best when he departs most widely from that very tendency to the absolute supremacy of which he contributed so much, and when he either gives loose rein to his native, sound, and somewhat satirical wit, or when, as in the case of many of his songs, he adopts the simple style of the popular ballad."

ADAM AND EVE'S FAMILY REUNION.

It came to pass, some time ago, that our father Adam and our mother Eve, having come up from their graves, and being at their estate at Tielkestad, sent proclamations throughout the land of a great gathering to which all their dearly beloved children should immediately repair, male and female, either personally or by proxy properly assigned, so that the great parents of the race might look upon and comfort themselves in their descendants of the North, and might see how each one had made progress in learning and in the improvement of his talent; and so that they might counsel each one to be an honor to the parents of them all. Here, then, coming together a great concourse of the people, each one comes forward to kiss the hand of grandpa and grandma. Bending and bowing, each vied with each, with might and main, with inward mind and outward sense, to give the parents of all a pleasure. Nor was it any light matter, you may believe, five thousand years after their death, to show them satisfying signs of proper advancement, and to make them think, "Ah, what a son hast thou, Adam!" "Ah, what a daughter, Eve!" Adam, indeed, looking back to the honorable first-begetting of them, and expecting only the due progress of nature, with force or addition, was verily amazed, and did not know the half of his own children. "Whence," said he, "are these? — for except there be a new creation, in which neither God nor myself hath part, they are not mine." Eve, rather vain of the great number of them was taken aback at these words, "which," said she, "might reflect on me if it were not known that we were alone in the world as husband and wife." "Web of my woof, I admit," said he, "but so disguised are they in their efforts to please us that they lose charms a spontaneous and unrestrained conduct might easily have given them. But ah, no! for I see that these and all other disorders of theirs is the inheritance of our own fall."— *From the Argus.*

DAMPIER, William, an English navigator and adventurer; born at East Coker, Somerset, in June, 1652; died at London, in March, 1715. He went to sea at an early age, served in the war against the Dutch, and afterward became overseer of a plantation in Jamaica. After awhile he spent three years with a party of longwood-cutters on the bay of Campeachy, and wrote an account of his observations in that region. In 1679 he crossed the Isthmus of Darien with a party of buccaneers, who captured numerous Spanish vessels and pillaged several towns on the Peruvian coast. In 1684 he sailed from Virginia with an expedition which cruised along the coast of Chile, Peru, and the western coast of Mexico, making numerous depredations upon the Spaniards. Afterward he embarked for the East Indies, touching at the great island now known as Australia. He arrived in England in 1691, and not long afterward published his *Voyage Round the World.* In 1699, having been put in command of a sloop-of-war, he was sent on a voyage of discovery to the South Sea. He explored the west and northwest shores of Australia and the coasts of several neighboring islands, and gave his name to a small archipelago, and to the strait between Papua and what was then called New Britain. After innumerable adventures he finally made his way back to England in 1701. Two years afterward, being about to set out on a new expedition, he published a brief narrative of that voyage, intimating that at a future time he should publish a more extended account. To this narrative he prefixed a characteristic preface,

a portion of which is here given, as originally written by him:

DAMPIER ON HIS OWN VOYAGES.

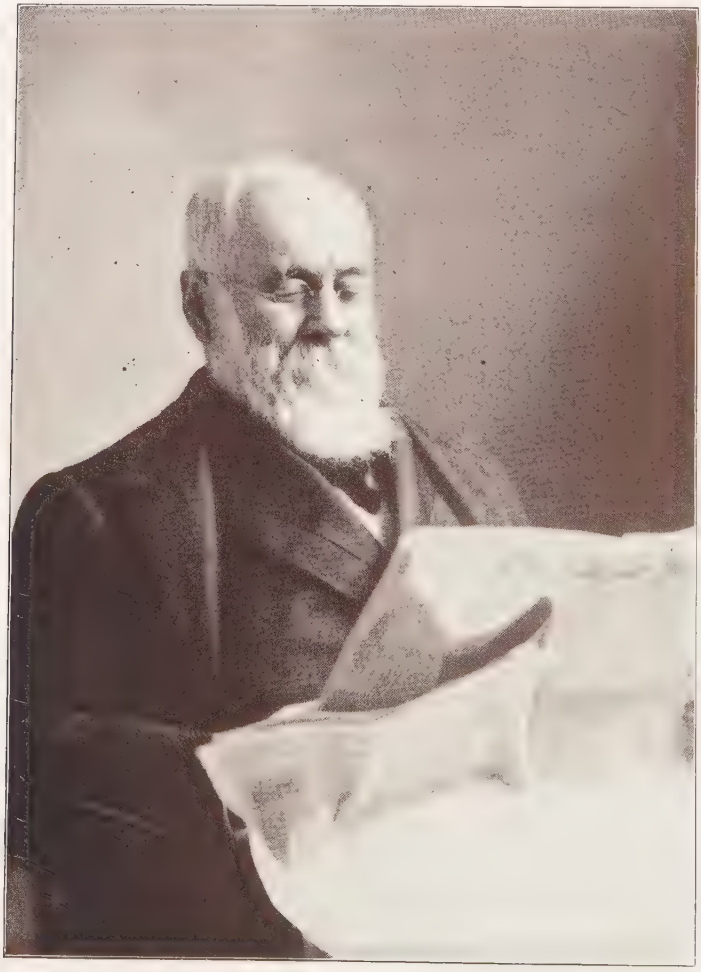
It has almost always been the fate of those who have made new Discoveries to be disesteemed and slightly spoken of by such as either have had no true Relish and Value for the Things themselves that are discovered, or have had some Prejudice against the Persons by whom the discoveries are made. It would be in vain therefore and unreasonable in me to expect to escape the Censure of all, or to hope for better Treatment than far Worthier Persons have met with before me. But this Satisfaction I am sure of having, that the Things themselves in the discovery of which I have been employed are most worthy of our Diligentest Search and Inquiry; being the various and wonderful Works of God in different Parts of the World: And however unfit a Person I may be in other respects to have undertaken this task, yet at least I have given a faithful Account, and I have found some Things undiscovered by any before, and which may at least be some Assistance and Directions to better qualified Persons who shall come after me.

It has been Objected against me by some that my Accounts and Descriptions of Things are dry and jejune, not filled with variety of Pleasant Matter, to divert and gratify the Curious Reader. How far this is true I must leave to the World to judge. But if I have been exactly and strictly careful to give only True Relations and Descriptions of Things (as I am sure I have); and if my Descriptions be such as may be of use not only to myself (which I have already in good measure experienced) but also to others in future Voyages; desirous of a Plain and Just Account of the true Nature and State of Things described than of a Polite and Rhetorical Narrative; I hope all the Defects of my Stile will meet with an easy and ready Pardon. . . .

I know there are some who are apt to slight my Account and Descriptions of Things, as if it was an easie

Matter and of little or no Difficulty to do all that I have done, to visit little more than the Coasts of unknown Countries, and make short and imperfect Observations of things only near the Shore. But whoever is experienced in these Matters, or considers Things impartially, will be of a very different Opinion. And only one who is sensible how backward and refractory the Seamen are apt to be in long Voyages when they know not whither they are going, how ignorant they are of the Nature of the Winds and the shifting Seasons of the Monsoons; and how little even the Officers themselves generally are skilled in the variation of the Needle and the Use of the Azimuth Compass; besides the Hazard of all outward Accidents in strange and unknown Seas: Anyone, I say, who is sensible of these Difficulties, will be much more pleased at the Discoveries and Observations I have been able to make than displeased that I did not make more. . . .

In 1708–11 he accompanied Woodes Rogers as pilot in a voyage round the world. During this expedition the town of Guayaquil was captured, Dampier having the command of the artillery. His works have been several times republished, and abstracts of them are to be found in many collections of Voyages and Travels. He confined himself mainly to describing the various countries, the coasts of which he visited, their inhabitants, natural history, and productions. His nautical observations evince much professional knowledge, and his knowledge of natural history, though not strictly scientific, is accurate, and his descriptions are of unusual value. Though he passed through numerous stirring adventures, he describes these only briefly, and in a modest and unaffected manner. Thus of the conclusion of his last recorded voyage he merely says — and these are the last known of his writings — though he lived several years longer:



C. A. DANA.

CLOSE OF THE VOYAGE TO NEW HOLLAND.

On May 18, 1700, in our return, we arrived again at Tymor. June 21, we past by part of the Island Java. July 4, we anchored in Batavia-Road; and I went ashore, visited the Dutch General, and desired the Privilege of buying Provisions that I wanted: which was granted me. In this road we lay till the 17th of October following, when having fitted the Ship, recruited my Self with Provisions, filled all my water, and the Season of the Year for returning toward Europe being come, I set sail from Batavia, and on the 19th of December made the Cape of Good Hope; whence departing Jan. 11, we made the Island of Santa Helena on the 21st; and February the 21st, the Island of Ascension; near to which my Ship, having sprung a Leak which could not be stopped, foundered at Sea; with much difficulty we got ashore, where we liv'd on Goats and Turtle; and on the 26th of February, found, to our great Comfort, on the S. E. side of a high Mountain about half a mile from its top, a Spring of fresh Water. I returned to England in the Canterbury East India Ship. For which wonderful Deliverance from so many and great Dangers, I think my self bound to return continual Thanks to Almighty God; whose Divine Providence if it shall please to bring me safe again to my native Country from my present intended voyage; I hope to publish a particular Account of all the material Things I observed in the several Places which I have now but barely mentioned.

DANA, CHARLES ANDERSON, an American journalist; born at Hinsdale, N. H., August 8, 1819; died at Dosoris, near Glen Cove, N. Y., October 17, 1897. He spent two years at Harvard College, after which he became a member of the Brook

Farm Community. This enterprise having proved unsuccessful, Mr. Dana, in conjunction with George Ripley, John S. Dwight, and others, established *The Harbinger,* a weekly journal devoted to social reform and general literature. In 1847 he went upon the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune,* being for several years, down to 1861, the managing editor. From 1862 to 1865 he was Assistant Secretary of War. In 1866 he took charge of the Chicago *Republican.* In 1868 he, with others, purchased the New York *Sun,* a small daily newspaper, which under the charge of Mr. Dana acquired a large circulation and a wide influence. In politics *The Sun* professed to be independent of party; but for the first few years its tendencies were decidedly with the Republican Party, afterward quite as decidedly with the Democratic Party. After the adoption of the Chicago platform in 1896 *The Sun* initiated the general movement among Democratic newspapers by coming out strongly against the platform and candidates.

Mr. Dana, in conjunction with his *Tribune* associate, George Ripley, edited Appleton's *American Cyclopædia* (1855–63) and also a thoroughly revised edition (1873–77). He prepared *The Household Book of Poetry,* the first edition of which appeared in 1858; and numerous other editions, with considerable additions subsequently. All the verse which we have from Mr. Dana was written during early manhood.

Of Mr. Dana's permanent contributions to literature little need be said. It is to his influence on the editorial tone of the American press that he owes his conspicuous position in journalism. Possessed of a vigorous individuality, he has been selected as a model by

numerous aspiring newspaper writers, and imitated, perhaps unconsciously, by many of established reputation; so that *The Sun* not only "shines for all," but many lesser orbs in the firmament of journalism owe at least a portion of their brilliancy to its reflected light. His scholarly satire awakens keen appreciation in the learned, and his powerful invective calls forth the admiration of friend and foe. He commands the entire gamut of English, from the stilted phrases of the Elizabethans to the terse slang of the *fin de siècle* street gamin. The classic scholar will meet as many old friends while traveling with Dana as will the ward politician, though each, perhaps, will recognize only those of his own class. When ordinary vehicles of communication fail he will resurrect some obsolete expression of forgotten lore and juggle with it till it becomes a familiar figure of speech. Though having access to the literary treasures of centuries, he has seen fit to introduce into the vernacular words and expressions to suit the passing hour, and we are indebted to him for the common use of more than one effective word.

VIA SACRA.

Slowly along the crowded street I go,
  Marking with reverent look each passer's face,
  Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace
That primal soul whereof he is the show.
  For here still move, by many eyes unseen,
The blessed gods that erst Olympus kept;
  Through every guise these lofty forms serene
Declare the all-holding Life hath never slept;
  But know each thrill that in man's heart hath been,
And every tear that his sad eyes have wept;
  Alas for us! the heavenly visitants —

We greet them still as most unwelcome guests,
  Answering their smile with hateful looks askance,
Their sacred speech with foolish, bitter jests:
  But oh! what is it to imperial Jove
  That this poor world refuses all his love?

TO R. B.

Beloved friend! they say that thou art dead,
  Nor shall our asking eyes behold thee more,
Save in the company of the fair and dread,
  Along the radiant and immortal shore,
  Whither thy face was turned for evermore,
Thou wert a pilgrim toward the True and Real,
  Never forgetful of that infinite goal;
  Salient, electrical, thy weariless soul,
To every faintest vision always leal,
Ever midst those phantoms made its world ideal.
  And so thou hast a most perennial fame,
Though from the earth thy name should perish quite:
  When the dear sun sinks golden whence he came,
The gloom, else cheerless, hath not lost his light;
  So in our lives impulses born of thine,
  Like fireside stars across the night shall shine.

MANFULNESS.

Dear, noble soul, wisely thy lot thou bearest;
  For, like a god toiling in earthly slavery,
  Fronting thy sad fate with a joyous bravery,
Each darker day a sunnier mien thou wearest.
  No grief can touch thy sweet and spiritual smile;
No pain is keen enough that it has power
  Over thy childlike love, that all the while
Upon this cold earth builds its heavenly bower;
  And thus with thee bright angels make their dwelling,
Bringing thee stores of strength where no man knoweth;
  The ocean-stream from God's heart ever swelling,
That forth through each least thing in Nature goeth,
  In thee, oh, truest Hero, deeper floweth: —
  With joy I bathe, and many souls beside
  Feel a new life in the celestial tide.

GREAT SCHOOLS OR WEAK COLLEGES.

We are sorry that the well-known Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn has sought a college charter from the Regents of the University at Albany. A great school is thus to be turned into a weak college. The country needs all the great schools it has, and more too. It does not need a single additional college of the weakly type, if, indeed, it needs any new colleges at all.

Similar transmutations have been tried before, and with very little success. An institution that prospers as an academy at which boys may obtain a first-rate educational preparation for life, or for a university course, as their parents see fit, blossoms out into a college, with the power of conferring baccalaureate degrees and doing everything else that a real college may do. In four years it develops freshman, sophomore, junior and senior classes, and in the progress of time it may graduate ten or twenty men a year. But all this has been accomplished at an inordinate expense. The institution that was financially thriving as a great school becomes pecuniarily pressed as a weak college, and loses its reputation in the former capacity without gaining anything by the change.

The reason is that the proportionate cost of maintaining the requisite corps of instructors for a college is vastly greater than for a school. If this increased cost can be met by the income from an endowment fund, well and good; but in the absence of such a fund the undertaking is hazardous.

In order to give a new impetus to the Adelphi Academy, Mr. Timothy M. Woodruff, the Brooklyn Park Commissioner, recently consented to accept the Presidency of its Board of Trustees. Mr. Woodruff is a candidate, we believe, for the Republican nomination for the office of Lieutenant-Governor. He is a young man of ambition. He does not care to be associated with any failure. We give him a friendly word of advice. He may maintain the Adelphi Academy as a great school, but he can never

make it of any account as a college without a generous endowment.

In these days money is of considerable importance to the advancement of learning.—*From The Sun.*

SPASMS.

The last six years in our history have witnessed two upheavals in national politics so colossal and violent as to be revolutionary. They seemed like doings of the typical hot-heads of the tropics, people subject to emotional crazes, rather than of Americans accustomed to act with cool and deliberate calculation for the future.

In 1890, two years after the election of Benjamin Harrison, the country went Democratic with a startling whoop. The House of Representatives was changed from a Republican body to a Democratic body, wherein the Democrats numbered 233 and the Republicans only 88. This was followed by the election of Cleveland as President in 1892 by an electoral vote of 276 to 145, and another Democratic House of Representatives with a majority of 96. So many States, Republican from that party's beginning, turned to Democrats, that when the Republican Party was loudly pronounced dead, a vast number of people believed it. Even Democrats looked dubiously at the vehemence of the sentiment that caused a change so extreme. It indicated some temporary and unreasoning excitement, instead of substantial conviction that would endure and could be counted on to give steadiness to the administration of the Government.

The year 1890 showed how true was this surmise, and again now the new spirit of violent impulse had taken possession of the public mind. The national Democratic majority was thrown out as violently as it had been put in four years before, a Republican majority of 140 in the House of Representatives replacing the preceding majority of 96. It was another case of passionate somersault.

They promise to keep us on the same rack by nominating the Republican type of cast-iron sensationalism, the Hon. William McKinley, of Ohio, who more than any

other personal agency, made a Democratic Congress and Cleveland; and so the rage and disappointment that have followed Clevelandism indicate that Cleveland has as good as made McKinley. The McKinleyites threaten the country again with an extravagant reversal of policy, and a prolongation of the era of emotional disturbance that must be dissipated before our public affairs can be restored to the control of traditional calmness and good sense.

Is the unnatural spree not yet over? Is the dance still on? — *From The Sun, April 2, 1896.*

A POPULISTIC PLATFORM.

The agony is over. The Democratic Party, assembled regularly in National Convention, pledges itself to revive the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and to accomplish the imposition of an income tax. The Democracy of Jefferson, from which have been drawn invariably the ideas which have given political stability and republican enthusiasm to this country, has passed into the control of Jefferson's diametric opposite, the Socialist, or Communist, or as he is known here, the Populist.

The process which culminated yesterday at Chicago has been going on for much longer than the last ten years, in which it has been manifest to all.

Since the war, while the Democratic Party was being built up again in the North, the South, where lay the Democracy's main strength, made no sign of desire for a new departure. It accepted willingly as its candidate that pure disciple of the Democratic faith, Samuel J. Tilden of New York and Winfield Scott Hancock of Pennsylvania, pretending to nothing but party orthodoxy, and Grover Cleveland, an unknown quantity, but, like Tilden, coming from the conservative State of New York. But the seeds of socialistic revolution were in the South all the time, and, by a singular fatality, the first man to obtain possession of the President's office in the Democratic name, both weakened Democratic sentiment and fanned populism's destructive flame. A political freak, of alien instincts, without conception of party government, and aiming at personal government only, he destroyed the

idea of party coherency and allegiance to tradition, headed and inspired, in the mad crusade of 1892 against capital's "iron heel" and against the rich as robbers of the poor, the greatest socialistic demonstration yet recorded, made by his financial blundering and falsifying, the national monetary standard hateful in the eyes of every waverer, and actually proposed the Populistic income tax now openly made a plank in the Democratic platform. Southern poverty, engendered by the war, and the common discontent, stirred up to recklessness by the agitation of the past twelve years, have at last blazed into demand for debased coinage and a tax on wealth, and have carried the National Democratic Convention!

The Chicago platform cannot be accepted. The United States was made Democratic, and it must remain so.

Free-silver coinage would be national dishonor and a monumental anachronism. Silver has had its day as a money standard. The commerce of civilization, which has used as a medium of exchange pretty much everything from the shells to the higher metals, has progressed beyond silver. It has adapted itself to gold, and to gold it will stick until it finds something still more convenient. The silver campaign is based on delusions which have no justification, and on statements which are not so. It cannot prevail, and every sincere believer in fair and in business honor as the foundation of commercial prosperity, must put aside all other purposes and unite for its defeat.

In the different States the State candidates for the mortified and disheartened members of the Democracy to follow are yet to be determined. In them, and especially in New York, where David Bennett Hill has struggled for his party against overwhelming odds, the nucleus of Democratic regeneration must be found. But from now until the night of election day in November, 1896, the Presidential candidate of every Democrat who favors honest money and who still hopes to crush the enemies of the fundamental principles he was bred in, should be, without hesitation, evasion, or sop to prejudice, William McKinley.— *From The Sun, July 10, 1896.*

TO SIMPLIFY SPOLIATION.

It is business for the Senators of a tariff-for-revenue-only party to be japping and jawing day after day about how much protection shall be given to tannic acid and boracic acid and other crutches of life.

If these McKinley converts care so much for protection, why don't they take the McKinley tariff, treat it to a horizontal reduction of two per cent. and so avoid wrangling? Mr. Mills and the rest of the free traders will vote for a McKinley bill, but there must be a slight discount for cant. One per cent., or even half of one per cent., would do just as well, we dare say, as two per cent. Their point is that culmination ceases to culminate, and atrocity loses its atrociousness, in a tariff bill prepared by Democrats, or at least a collection of howling, high spoliators roughly classified as Democrats.

These spoliators have dressed themselves up in Mr. McKinley's old clothes; but they must satisfy their hair trigger consciences by having a button snipped off here and a seam let out there. So easy it is to make a McKinley suit into a Cuckoo uniform.—*From The Sun.*

CAN GAS ADDICKS BE LOCALIZED?

We wish to direct the attention of the Hon. Gas Addicks of Nowhere to a certain paper, instrument, or document, called the Constitution of the United States. The Hon. Gas Addicks wants to be elected a Senator in Congress from Delaware. The Constitution, the makers of which did not foresee the ambitions and the geographical elasticity of the Man from Nowhere, prescribes that "No person shall be a Senator who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of the State for which he shall be chosen."

Is the Hon. Gas Addicks an inhabitant of Delaware, within the meaning of the Constitution? Among the various places that he has honored with his evasive presence is Boston. We are informed that he is a member of certain clubs in that town, and that when

he was proposed for membership in those clubs he declared, and was required to declare, that he was a citizen of Massachusetts. Is this information correct? Is the Hon. Gas Addicks a citizen of Massachusetts and not a citizen of Delaware? Has he a right to aspire to be the successor of Mr. G. F. Hoar or Mr. Cabot Lodge, and has he selected Delaware merely as an immediately more promising field of political investment?

Our information as to the Massachusetts settlement of Mr. Addicks comes from a good authority, but, with all respect to its source, we must decline to put any great amount of trust in it. It is likely enough that he is not a citizen of Delaware. It is equally likely that he is not a citizen of Massachusetts. He seems to be a person of vagrant residence and shifting locality, a tramp candidate. He has designs on Delaware, but he may have designs on Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, and way stations, if his Delaware speculation fails.

It would be interesting to know to what State the Hon. Gas Addicks conceives himself to belong. It is probable that his willingness will be nillied. Daniel Pratt never got into the Senate, and yet Daniel Pratt was almost as much of a traveler as the Hon. Gas Addicks of Nowhere. — *The Sun, Nov. 26, 1894.*

DANA, JAMES DWIGHT, an American naturalist; born at Utica, N. Y., February 12, 1813; died at New Haven, Conn., April 14, 1895. After his graduation from Yale College in 1833, he was appointed teacher of mathematics to the midshipmen of the United States Navy, and sailed to the Mediterranean. On his return in 1835, he became assistant to Professor Silliman at Yale. Three years later he accompanied the Wilkes Exploring Expedition as geolo-

gist and mineralogist, and afterward prepared for publication the reports of that expedition. In 1846 he became one of the editors of the *American Journal of Science and Arts,* and in 1855 succeeded Professor Silliman in the chair of Chemistry and Zoölogy at Yale He published a work on *Mineralogy* (1837); *Zoöphytes* (1846); *Geology of the Pacific* (1849); *Crustacea* (1852–54); *Coral Reefs and Islands* (1853); *Science and the Bible* (1856–57); *Manual of Geology* (1862); *A Text Book of Geology* (1864); *Coral and Coral Islands* (1872); *The Geological Story Briefly Told* (1875); *Characteristics of Volcanoes* (1890); *On the Four Rocks of the New Haven Region* (1891).

AN ATOLL.

The atoll, a quiet scene of grove and lake, is admirably set off by the contrasting ocean. Its placid beauty rises to grandeur when the storm rages, and the waves foam and roar about the outer reefs; for the child of the sea still rests quietly, in unheeding and dreamy content. This coral-made land is firm, because, as has been already explained, it is literally *sea-born,* it having been built out of sea-products, by the aid of the working ocean. And so with the groves: they were planted by the waves; and hence the species are those that can defy the encroaching waters, and meet the various conditions in which they are placed. The plants, therefore, take firm hold of the soil, and grow in all their natural strength and beauty.

Only an occasional coral island has a completely encircling grove, and is hence a model atoll. But the many in which a series of green islets surround the lagoon are often but little less attractive, especially when the several islets present varied groupings of palms and other foliage. To give perfection to the coral island landscape there ought to be, here and there, beneath the trees, a pretty cottage or villa, and other marks of taste

and intelligence; and now and then a barge should be seen gliding over the waters. As it is, the inhabitants are swarthy and nearly naked savages, having little about them that is pleasant to contemplate; and their canoes, with a clumsy outrigger to keep them right side up, as well as their thatched huts, are as little in harmony as themselves with nature's grace and loveliness.

Where the islets of a coral reef are heaped up blocks of coral rock, blackened with lichens, and covered with barely enough of trailing plants and shrubs to make the surface green in the distant view, the traveller, on landing, would be greatly disappointed. But still there is enough that is strange and beautiful, both in the life of the land and sea, and in the history and features of the island, to give enjoyment for many a day.

The great obstacle to communication with a majority of atolls, especially the smaller, is the absence of an entrance to the lagoon, and hence of a good landing-place. In that case landing can be effected only on the leeward side, and in good weather; and best when the tide is low. Even then, the sea often rolls in, so heavily, over the jagged margin of the reef, that it is necessary for the boat to take a chance to mount an in-going wave, and ride upon it over the line of breakers, to a stopping-place somewhere on the reef or shore platform. Less easy is the return through the breakers, especially if the sea has risen during the ramble ashore. The boat, in order to get off again, would naturally take one of the narrow channels or inlets indenting the margin of the reef. But, with the waves tumbling in, one after another, roughly lifting and dropping it as they pass, and with barely room between the rocks for the oars to be used, there is a fair chance of its being dashed against the reefs to its destruction, or thrown broadside to the sea and swamped under a cataract of waters.—*Coral and Coral Islands.*

DANA, Richard Henry, an American poet and essayist; born at Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1787; died there February 2, 1879. He entered Harvard College in 1808, but did not complete the course. He then studied law, and was admitted to the Boston bar in 1811. Literature pleased him better than law. He joined the "Anthology Club," the members of which established the *North American Review,* and when, in 1818, Edward Tyrrell Channing became the editor of that publication, Dana was associated with him. His literary criticisms, dissenting in various instances from received opinion, excited attention. When Channing was made Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, Dana withdrew from the *Review,* and in 1821 began the publication of *The Idle Man,* to which he contributed the tales entitled *Tom Thornton; Edward and Mary,* and *Paul Fenton.* Those who read and admired this publication formed too small a class to make it a financial success, and in 1822 it was discontinued. Dana's poems, *The Dying Raven* and *The Husband and Wife's Grave,* appeared in 1825, in *The* New York *Review,* then edited by Mr. Bryant. *The Buccaneer and Other Poems* was published in 1827. In 1823 Mr. Dana published a larger volume containing additional poems and the papers from *The Idle Man,* and in 1850 *Poems and Prose Writings* in two volumes, which contain, besides the poems and articles already published, contributions to several periodicals. In 1839–40 Mr. Dana delivered a course of *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice
And with that boding cry
Along the waves dost fly?
O! rather, Bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us: Thy wail —
What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge —
The Mystery — The Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells —
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore
For gladness and the light
Where birds of summer sing.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

Husband and wife! No converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young day of love,

On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations, its glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be moves you not.
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence. . . .
Dread fellowship! — together, yet alone.
Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind — the Father of all thought —
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb? . . .
And do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies; —
That to the cheek do give its winning glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance —
Are these the body's accidents? no more? —
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it round our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in

From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight:
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step,
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears.
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee:
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony. . . .
Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
What holds it? Dust that, cumbered those I mourn
They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell
In love — their God's and angels'. Mutual love
That bound them here no longer needs a speech
For full communion; nor sensations strong
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each,
By natures new, impart themselves, though silent.
Each quickening sense, each throb of holy love,
Affections sanctified, and the full glow
Of being, which expand and gladden one,
By union all mysterious, thrill and live
In both immortal frames: — Sensation all,
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and thought
Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness
Twofold yet single — this is love, this life!

THE ISLAND.

The Island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastural bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear.
Each motion gentle: all is kindly done —
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

— *The Buccaneer.*

HAUNTED.

Who's sitting on that long, black ledge,
Which makes so far out in the sea,
Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge?
Poor, idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale? A year and little more,
And bravely did he lord it round the shore!

And on the shingles now he sits,
And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands;

Now walks the beach; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth, wet sands;
Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jot, that bounds
The isle; then home from many weary rounds.

They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand?
"I wish, I wish that I might go?
But I would go by land;
And there's no way that I can find — I've tried
All day and night!"— He seaward looked and sighed.

It brought the tear to many an eye,
That, once, his eye had made to quail.
"Lee, go with us; our sloop is nigh;
Come! help us hoist the sail."
He shook.—"You know the spirit-horse I ride!
He'll let me on the sea with none beside!"

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
Oh! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings,
Making it light around them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air; then rush to mimic strife! —
Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life! —

But not to Lee. He sits alone;
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by woe, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye.— O how his worn thoughts crave —
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore;
Scarce seen the running breakers; — list
Their dull and smothered roar!
Lee hearkens to their voice.—"I hear, I hear
You call.— Not yet! — I know my time is near!"

And now the mist seems taking shape
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,
Enormous thing! — There's no escape;
'Tis close upon the coast.
Lee kneels, but cannot pray.— Why mock him so?
The ship has cleared the fog, Lee, see her go!

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a 'plaining song;
Its tones come winding up the heights,
Telling of woe and wrong;
And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

Oh, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
That strains to soothe a little child
The man should dread to hear!
But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace — unstrung
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

I look through tears on Beauty now;
And Beauty's self less radiant looks on me;
Serene, yet touched with sadness, is the brow —
Once bright with joy — I see.

Joy-waking Beauty, why so sad?
Tell where the radiance of the smile is gone,
At which my heart and earth and skies were glad,
That linked us all in one.

It is not on the mountain's breast;
It comes not to me with the dawning day;
Nor looks it from the glories of the west
As slow they pass away.

Nor on those gliding roundlets bright,
That steal their play among the woody shades,
Nor on thine own dear children doth it light —
The flowers along the glades.

And altered to the living mind
(The great high-priestess, with her thought-born race
Who round thine altar aye have stood and shined)
The comforts of thy face!

Why shadowed thus thy forehead fair?
Why on the mind low hangs a mystic gloom?
And spreads away upon the genial air,
Like vapors from the tomb?

Why should ye shine, you lights above?
Why, little flowers, open to the heat?
No more within the heart ye filled with love
The living pulses beat!

Well, Beauty, may you mourning stand!
The fine, beholding eye, whose constant look
Was turned on thee, is dark; and cold the hand
That gave all vision took.

Nay, heart, be still! — Of heavenly birth
Is Beauty sprung: — Look up! behold the place!
There he who reverent traced her steps on earth
Now sees her face to face.

THE PAST.

Not only has the past this life-giving power, by which, through the according action of heart and mind, the being grows up and expands with a just congruity

throughout; it also imparts stability to the character; for the past is fixed: to that is neither change, nor the shadow of turning. We may look back along the shore of that sea, and behold every cliff standing in its original, dark strength; we may hear the solemn moving of its waves, but no plunge of a heavy promontory, tumbling from its base, startles us; what hath been in the soul cannot cease to be. Every secret thought of all the races of men who have been, all forms of the creative mind, put forth in act, still live. Every emotion of the heart that beat away back in time may sleep, but is not dead; it shall wake again. The hands that moulded the images first embodied in the mind may be dust now: the material forms of art may have fallen back into shapeless earth again; castle and fane, pyramid and column, may have come down; but the forms of the *mind*, of which these were but the outward show, still stand there perfect. True, a veil may hang before them for awhile; but when the angel that standeth upon the sea and upon the earth shall utter the voice, "Time shall be no longer," that veil shall be rent from the top to the bottom. O, it seems to me that I can look even now into this temple and its chambers of glorified imagery, and behold these spirits of the past in all their aspects — of mysterious thought, subduing love, passionate endeavor, and lofty aim, and forms beautiful as the angels and noble as the gods! How populous is the past! Yes, not a passion, not a thought, not an image of the minds that have been, has perished: the spiritual cannot die. What mean we by that we call death? It is but the seal of eternity. . . .

It is not in connection with the eternal alone, that the past awakens reverence in us. So long as we suffer our minds to have their natural play, that which existed long before we came into being will call out something of filial respect; the Past will be reverenced as our great ancestor. Nor is this an unmeaning emotion. For whatever has been touches on whatever is; the Present would not be as it is, had the Past been different from what it was. As the peculiar gestures of the father are acted over again in the child, and as on the lip of the little one

is still playing the mother's own smile, though she herself be gone, so the Past, by wonderful communication, infuses something of its own character into whatever follows it. He who has no reverence for the Past is an unnatural son, mocking at age, and forswearing his own father. And should this reverential feeling die out, and the children of this or the coming time make light of it, we may depend upon it, in its stead, passions will break into their social state, which shall rend them like the "two she-bears out of the wood. . . ."

We shall stand in a true relation to the Present and the Future, by standing in a right relation to the Past. For he who has been back into the Past comes down again into the Present, and prepared to travel on into the Future, laden with the experiences of ages gone, and made wise by the observation of principles in their beginnings, their workings, and their remote results. He is able to bring into contact early causes and their distant effects, and, tracing the former through their intricate windings down to the latter, to learn how it was that purposes so often produced their contraries: hope despair and despair hope. He has learned this truth, for the consolation and strengthening of his soul, that, sooner or later, evil recoils upon itself, and that, if indirectness and wrong be not visited upon the father, it will be upon the children; and through his wide view, he is enabled to see how

> "from good still good proceeds,
> Direct or by occasion;"—

a truth, stale indeed, to the apprehension, but realized and let into the life of only a few hearts. He has found out just how short-lived and little worth are expedients and contrivings, and that in the main, even temporary and particular aims are best reached through permanent and general principles; he has, in fine, been let into the true meaning of that "great word," as it has been well termed —"Simplicity."— *The Past and the Present.*

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

The change went on so gradually and secretly, that it was a long time before he was conscious that any was taking place. After breakfast he loitered in the parlor, and his evening passed away in quiet conversation with Esther. The beautiful blending of the thoughtful and gay in her manner and remarks played on him like sun and shade on the earth, beneath a tree; and tranquillizing and gentle emotions were stealing into him unawares.

Nor was it he alone whose heart was touched. Paul was not a man whom a woman could be long with and remain indifferent to. The strength of passion and intellect so distinctly marked in his features, in the movements of the face and his gestures — the deep, rich, mellow tone of his voice, with a certain mysterious seriousness over the whole — excited a restless curiosity to get more into his character; and a woman who is at the trouble of prying into the constitution of a man's heart and mind is in great danger of falling in love with him for her pains. Esther did not make this reflection when she began; and so taken up was she in the pursuit, that she never once thought what it might end in, nor of turning back.

Paul was differently educated from the run of men; his father disliked the modern system, and so Paul's mind was no encyclopædia, nor book of general reference. He read not overvariously, but with much care; and his reading lay back among original thinkers, and those who were almost supernaturally versed in the mysteries of the heart of man. Their clear and direct manner of uttering their thoughts had given a distinctness to his opinions, and a plain way of expressing them; and what he had to say savored of individuality and reflection. He was a man precisely calculated to interest a woman of feeling and good sense, who had grown tired of the elegant and indefinite. He never thought of the material world as formed on purpose to be put into a crucible; nor did he analyze and talk upon it, as if he knew quite as much about it as He who made it. To him it was a grand and

beautiful mystery — in his better moments, a holy one. It was power, and intellect, and love, made visible, calling out the sympathies of his being, and causing him to feel the living Presence throughout the whole. Material became intellectual beauty with him; he was as a part of the great universe, and all he looked upon or thought on, was in some way connected with his own mind and heart. The conversation of such a man (begin where it might), always tending homeward to the bosom, was not likely to pass from a woman like Esther, without leaving some thoughts which would be dear to her to mingle with her own, or without raising emotions which she would love to cherish.

Two minds of a musing cast will have some valued feelings and sentiments, which will soon make an intergrowth and become bound together. Where this happens in reserved minds, it goes on secretly and spreads so widely before it is found out, that, when at last one thought or passion is touched by some little circumstance or word, or look, a sympathizing feeling runs through the whole; and they who had not before intimated or so much as known that they loved, find themselves in full and familiar union, with one heart and one being.— *Paul Felton.*

DANA, Richard Henry, Jr., an American lawyer and author; born at Cambridge, Mass., August 1, 1815; died at Rome, Italy, January 7, 1882. Compelled by an affection of the eyes to suspend his collegiate course at Harvard, he shipped in 1854 as a sailor, on a voyage to California. Of this voyage he gave an account in *Two Years Before the Mast,* published in 1837. In that year he completed his course at Harvard; began the study of law, was

admitted to the bar in 1840, and soon entered upon successful practice. In 1861 he was appointed United States Attorney for Massachusetts, and in conjunction with Mr. Evarts he argued the prize cases before the Supreme Court in regard to the belligerent powers of the Government in time of rebellion. He was one of the United States Counsel for the trial of Jefferson Davis for treason, and in 1867–68 was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. Besides the popular *Two Years Before the Mast,* he published in 1841 *The Seaman's Friend,* and in 1859, *To Cuba and Back.* He also contributed articles to the *North American Review,* and to legal periodicals.

AN ICEBERG.

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, Doctor?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said, who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the sublimity, of the sight. Its great size — for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height — its slow motion as its base rose and sank in the water,

and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear — all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass, was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow.

It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them, and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.—*Two Years Before the Mast.*

FURLING THE MAINSAIL OFF CAPE HORN.

After about eight days of constant easterly gales, the wind hauled occasionally a little to the southward, and blew hard, which, as we were well to the southward, allowed us to brace in a little, and stand on under all sail we could carry. These turns lasted but a short while, and sooner or later it set in again from the old quarter; yet at each time we made something, and were gradually edging along to the eastward. One night, after one of these shifts of the wind, and when all hands had been up a great part of the time, our watch was left on deck,

with the mainsails hanging in the buntlines, ready to be set if necessary. It came on to blow worse and worse, with hail and snow beating like so many furies upon the ship, it being dark and thick as night could make it. The mainsail was blowing and slatting with a noise like thunder, when the captain came on deck and ordered it to be furled. The mate was about to call all hands, when the captain stopped him, and said that the men would be beaten out if they were called up so often; that, as our watch must stay on deck, it might as well be doing that as anything else. Accordingly, we went out upon the yard; and never shall I forget that piece of work.

Our watch had been so reduced by sickness, and by some having been left in California, that, with one man at the wheel, we had only the third mate and three besides myself to go aloft, so that at most we could only attempt to furl one yard-arm at a time. We manned the weather yard-arm, and set to work to make a furl of it. Our lower masts being short, and our yards very square, the sail had a head of nearly fifty feet, and a short leech, made still shorter by the deep reef which was in it, which brought the clew away out on the quarters of the yard, and made a bunt nearly as square as the mizzen royal yard. Besides this difficulty, the yard over which we lay was cased with ice, the gaskets and rope of the foot and leech of the sail as stiff and hard as a piece of leather hose, and the sail itself about as pliable as though it had been made of sheathing copper.

It blew a perfect hurricane, with alternate blasts of snow, hail, and rain. We had to *fist* the sail with bare hands. No one could trust himself to mittens, for if he slipped he was a gone man. All the boats were hoisted in on deck, and there was nothing to be lowered for him. We had need of every finger God had given us. Several times we got the sail upon the yard, but it blew away again before we could secure it. It required men to lie over the yard to pass each turn of the gaskets, and when they were passed it was almost impossible to knot them so that they would hold. Frequently we were obliged

to leave off altogether and take to beating our hands upon the sail to keep them from freezing.

After some time — which seemed forever — we got the weather side stowed after a fashion, and went over to leeward for another trial. This was still worse, for the body of the sail had been blown over to leeward, and as the yard was a-cock-bill by the lying over of the vessel, we had to light it all up to windward. When the yard-arms were furled, the bunt was all adrift again, which made more work for us. We got all secure at last, but we had been nearly an hour and a half upon the yard, and it seemed an age.

It had just struck five bells when we went up, and eight were struck soon after we came down. This may seem slow work; but considering the state of everything, and that we had only five men to a sail with just half as many square yards of canvas in it as the main-sail of the Independence, sixty-gun ship, which musters seven hundred men at her quarters, it is not wonderful that we were no quicker about it. We were glad enough to get on deck, and still more to go below. The oldest sailor in the watch said, as he went down, "I shall never forget that main-yard; it beats all my going a-fishing. Fun is fun, but furling one yard-arm of a course at a time off Cape Horn, is no better than man-killing."—*Two Years Before the Mast.*

UNDER FULL SAIL.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite, dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight very few

even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.

One night, while we were in the tropics, I went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom upon some duty, and having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from the deck, I could look at the ship as at a separate vessel; and there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out, wide and high — the two lower studding sails stretching on each side far beyond the deck; the topmast studding-sails like wings to the topsails; the top-gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and highest of all, the little skysail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas; not even a quiver of the extreme edges of the sail, so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was, had been gazing at the show), half to himself, still looking at the marble sails — "How quietly they do their work!" — *Two Years Before the Mast.*

THE PALM-TREE.

These strange palm-trees everywhere! I cannot yet feel at home among them. Many of the other trees are

like our own, and though tropical in fact, look to the eye as if they might grow as well in New England as here. But the royal palm looks so intensely and exclusively tropical! It cannot grow beyond this narrow belt of the earth's surface. Its long, thin body, so straight and so smooth, swathed from the foot in a tight bandage of gray canvas, leaving only its deep-green neck and over that its crest and plumage of deep-green leaves! It gives no shade, and bears no fruit that is valued by men. And it has no beauty to atone for those wants. Yet it has more than beauty — a strange fascination over the eye and the fancy, that will never allow it to be overlooked or forgotten. The palm-tree seems a kind of *lusus naturæ* to the northern eye — an exotic wherever you meet it. It seems to be conscious of its want of usefulness for food or shade, yet has a dignity of its own, a pride of unmixed blood and royal descent — the hidalgo of the soil.— *To Cuba and Back.*

DANIEL, SAMUEL, an English poet and historian; born at Taunton, 1562; died at Beckington, Somerset, October 14, 1619. He was the son of a music-master; studied for three years at Magdalen College, Oxford, but left without taking his degree, having been appointed tutor to the daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. After the death of Edmund Spenser he became laureate to Queen Elizabeth. In the reign of James I. he was appointed Master of the Queen's Revels, and Groom-of-the-Chamber to her majesty. His principal works are *The Historie of the Civile Warres betweene the Houses of York and Lancaster,* a poem in eight books and a *History of England* from the Norman conquest down to the close of the

reign of Edward III. He also wrote numerous dramatic pieces, short poems, and several treatises in prose. Daniel was a very popular poet in his day, and in later times has been highly lauded by Lamb, Coleridge, and Southey.

RICHARD II. ON THE MORNING BEFORE HIS MURDER.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

"O, happy man," saith he, "that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou sittest at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hearest of others' harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tellest of Kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talkest of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part — envy not all.

"Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more

To see our misery and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, even in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, making life a toil."

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born
Believe my anguish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn.
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

I.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thought so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

II.

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden foil;

Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

IV.

Nor is he moved by all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes —
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appall him not that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

VI.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack me,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes — he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

VII.

A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

X.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge
That women used to do, yet well you know
That wrong is better checked by being contemned
Than being pursued; leaving to Him to avenge

To whom it appertains: Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still will bark:—

XI.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Thus, madam, fares that man that hath prepared
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

XIV.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Oh Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind —
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

XV.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In the inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts —
Out of small means — a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF NATIONS.

Undertaking to collect the principal affairs of this kingdom, I had a desire to have deduced the same from the beginning of the first British kings, as they are registered in their catalogue; but finding no authentical warrant how they came there, I did put off that desire with these considerations: That a lesser part of time, and better known — which was from William I. surnamed the Bastard — was more than enough for my ability; and how it was but our curiosity to search farther back into times past than we might discern, and whereof we could neither have proof nor profit; how the beginnings of all people and states were as uncertain as the heads of great rivers, and could not add to our virtue, and peradventure little to our reputation, to know them, considering how commonly they rise from the springs of poverty, piracy, robbery, and violence. For states, as men, are ever best seen when they are up, and as they are, not as they were. Besides, it seems, God, in His providence, to check our presumptuous inquisition, wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us out from long antiquity, and bounds our searches within the compass of a few ages. We shall find still the same correspondences to hold in the actions of men; virtue and vices the same, though rising and falling, according to the worth or weakness of governors; the causes of the ruins and mutations of states to be alike, and the train of affairs carried by precedent, in a course of succession, under like color.— *History of England.*

DANTE (DURANTE ALIGHIERI), an Italian poet; born at Florence in 1265; died at Ravenna, September 14, 1321. The name Dante, by which he is universally designated, is a contraction of his baptismal name "Durante." The family Alighieri

belonged to the nobles, but not to the highest rank in Florence. Dante was but a child when his father died. Of the manner of his education little is positively known. Biographers say that at one time or another he studied in the Universities of Bologna, Padua, Naples, and even in Paris and Oxford. But wherever he was educated, it is clear that while a youth he had mastered most of the learning of his time. Latin was of course almost vernacular to him; of Greek he knew something; and he had apparently learned a few words of Hebrew and Arabic. As early as the close of his ninth year an incident occurred which had much to do in shaping all his future life. In that year he for the first time saw Beatrice Portinari, a girl of noble family, some months younger than himself. In his *Vita Nuova* he thus describes his first sight of this fair child:

DANTE'S FIRST SIGHT OF BEATRICE.

In that part of the book of my memory, before which little can be read, is found a rubric, which sayeth: "*Incipit Vita Nuova;*" under which rubric I find the words written, which it is my intention to copy into this little book: and if not all of them at least their meaning.

Nine times now, since my birth, had the heaven of light turned almost to the same point in its own gyration, when first appeared before mine eyes the glorious Lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice ["the Blessed"] by many who knew not wherefore she was so called. She had already been in this life so long that in its course the starred heaven had moved toward the region of the East one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that at about the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I near the end of my ninth year saw her. She appeared to me clothed in a most noble color — a modest and becoming crimson, garlanded and

adorned in suchwise as befitted her very youthful age. At that instant, I may truly say that the spirit of life, which dwelleth in the most secret chamber of the heart, began to tremble with such violence that it appeared fearfully in the least pulses, and, trembling, said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominibitur mihi.*

At that instant the intellectual spirit, which dwelleth in the higher chamber to which all the spirits of the senses carry their perceptions, began to marvel greatly, and, speaking especially to the spirit of the sight, said these words: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra.* At that instant the natural spirit, which dwelleth in that part where our nourishment is supplied, began to weep, and, weeping, said these words: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps.*

From that time forward I say that Love lorded it over my soul, which had so suddenly inclined to him; and he began to exercise over me such control and such lordship, through the power which my imagination gave to him, that it behooved me to do completely all his pleasure. He commanded me ofttimes that I should seek to see this youthful angel, so that I in my boyhood often went seeking her, and saw her of such noble and praiseworthy deportment that truly of her might be said that word of the poet Homer, "She seemeth not the daughter of mortal man, but of God." And albeit her image, which stayed constantly with me, gave boldness to Love to hold lordship over me, yet it was of such noble virtue that it never suffered that Love should rule me without the faithful counsel of the Reason in those matters in which it were useful to hear such counsel. And since to dwell upon the passions and actions of such early youth appeareth like telling an idle tale, I will leave them, and, passing over many things which might be drawn from the original where these lie hidden, I will come to those words which are written in my memory under larger paragraphs. — *Vita Nuova; translation of* CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Dante, however, seems to have scarcely known Beatrice as she grew up into womanhood. When about twenty years of age she was married to Simone de' Bardi; and died in 1290 at the age of twenty-five. At about this time, or perhaps a little earlier, Dante wrote the first portion of the *Vita Nuova,* which was not completed until some years later. In this work he narrates, partly in prose and partly in verse, the story of his passion for Beatrice.

A VISION OF BEATRICE.

When so many days had passed that it was exactly nine years since the above-described apparition of this most gentle lady, on the last of these days it came to pass that this most admirable lady appeared before me clothed in purest white, between two gentle ladies who were of greater age, and, passing along a street, turned her eyes toward that place where I stood very timidly; and by her ineffable courtesy, which is now rewarded in the eternal world, saluted me with such virtue that it seemed to me then that I beheld all the bounds of bliss. The hour when her most sweet salutation reached me was exactly the ninth of that day; and since it was the first time that her words came to mine ears, I took in such sweetness that, as it were, intoxicated, I turned away from the crowd; and, betaking myself to the solitude of mine own chamber, I sat myself down to think of this most courteous lady. And thinking of her, a sweet slumber overcame me, in which a marvellous vision appeared to me. . . . Thinking on what had appeared to me, I resolved to make it known to many who were famous poets at that time; and since I had already seen in myself the art of discoursing in rhyme, I resolved to make a sonnet, in which I would salute all the liegemen of Love, and, praying them to give an interpretation of my vision, would write to them that which I had seen in my slumber. And I began then this sonnet:

To every captive soul and gentle heart
  Before whose sight may come the present word,
That they thereof to me their thoughts impart,
  Be greeting in Love's name, who is their Lord.
Now of these hours well-nigh one-third is gone
  What time doth every star appear most bright,
When on a sudden Love before me shone,
  Remembrance of whose nature gives me fright.
Joyful to me seemed Love, and he was keeping
  My heart within his hands, while on his arm
He held my Lady, covered o'er and sleeping.
  Then waking her, he, with his flaming heart,
  Did humbly feed her, fearful of some harm.
  Thereon I saw him thence in tears depart.

—*Vita Nuova, III.; translation of* NORTON.

IN PRAISE OF BEATRICE.

This most gentle lady, of whom there hath been discourse in the preceding words, came into such favor among the people that, when she passed along the way, persons ran to see her, which gave me wonderful delight. And when she was near anyone, such modesty came into his heart that he dared not raise his eyes, or return her salutation. She, crowned and clothed with humility, took her way, displaying no pride in that which she saw and heard. Many said, when she had passed: "This is not a woman; rather, she is one of the most beautiful angels of heaven." And others said: "She is a marvel. Blessed be the Lord who can work thus admirably!" . . . These and more admirable things proceeded from her admirably and with power. Wherefore I, thinking upon this, desiring to resume the style of her praise, resolved to say words in which I would set forth her admirable and excellent influences, to the end that not only those who might actually behold her, but also others, might know of her whatever words could tell. Then I devised this sonnet:

So gentle and so modest doth appear
  My lady when she giveth her salute,

That every tongue becometh, trembling, mute;
Nor do the eyes to look upon her dare.
Although she hears her praises, she doth go
Benignly vested with humility;
And, like a thing come down, she seems to be
From heaven to earth, a miracle to show.
So pleaseth she whoever cometh nigh,
She gives the heart a sweetness through the eyes,
Which none can understand who does not prove;
And from her countenance there seems to move
A spirit sweet and in Love's very guise,
Who to the soul is ever saying, Sigh!

Vita Nuova, XXVI.; translation of NORTON.

THE DEATH OF BEATRICE.

I say that, according to the mode of reckoning in Italy, her most noble soul departed in the first hour of the ninth day of the month; and, according to the reckoning in Syria, she departed in the ninth month of the year; since the first month there is *Tismin,* which with us is October. And according to our reckoning she departed in that year of our indiction — that is, of the Lord — in which the perfect number was completed for the ninth time in the century in which she had been set in this world; and she was of the Christians of the thirteenth century.

One reason why this number was so friendly to her may be this: Since, according to Ptolemy, and according to the Christian truth, there are nine heavens which move; and, according to the common astrological opinion, the said heavens work effects here below according to their conjunctions, this number was her friend, to the end that it might be understood that at her generation all the nine movable heavens were in most perfect conjunction.

This is one reason thereof; but considering more subtilely, and according to the infallible truth, this number was she herself; I mean by similitude, and I intend it thus: The number *three* is the root of *nine,* for, without any other number, multiplied by itself, it maketh nine, as we see plainly that three times three make nine.

Therefore, since there is the factor by itself of nine, and the Author of the miracles by himself is three, namely Father, Son, and Holy Spirit — who are Three and One — this lady was accompanied by the number nine: that is a miracle whose only root is the marvellous Trinity. Perhaps a more subtile reason might be seen therein by a more subtile person: but this is that which I see for it, and which best pleaseth me. — *Vita Nuova, XXX.; translation of* NORTON.

LOOKING FORWARD TO BEATRICE.

After this sonnet, beginning —

Beyond this sphere that widest orbit hath,
Passeth the sigh that issues from my heart;
A new intelligence doth Love impart
In tears to him which leads him on his path —

a wonderful vision appeared to me, in which I saw things which made me resolve to speak no more of this blessed one until I could more worthily treat of her. And to attain to this I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knoweth. So that, if it shall please Him through whom all things live that my life shall be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman. And then may it please Him who is the Lord of Grace that my soul may go to behold the glory of its Lady — namely, of that blessed Beatrice, who in glory looketh upon the face of Him *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus.— Vita Nuova, XLIII.; translation of* NORTON.

In another work, the *Convito* (Banquet), Dante tells how he sought consolation after the death of Beatrice. "My mind," he says, "desirous of health, sought to return to the method by which other disconsolate ones had found consolation, and I set myself to read that little-known book of Boëthius, in which he

consoled himself when a prisoner and in exile. And hearing that Tully had written another work, in which he had given words of consolation to Lælius, I set myself to read that also."— By such means, and others, Dante found consolation after the death of the almost unknown Beatrice. Not much more than a year afterward he married Gemma dei Donati, a noble lady of Florence, who during the next eight or ten years bore to him seven children. In none of the works of Dante is to be found any mention of his wife, from which it has been inferred that his marriage was an unhappy one; but of this there is no direct evidence.

To narrate the public life of Dante would be to give a history of the troublous times in which he lived. All Northern Italy, Florence in particular, was convulsed by the struggles of two rival parties, known as the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, each of which was from time to time split up into smaller factions, sometimes one and sometimes the other getting control of the government in Florence. At length, in 1302 the party to which Dante was then attached was overthrown. Dante, who had been sent on an embassy to the Papal Court at Rome, was, with some others, condemned to perpetual exile and to the payment of a heavy fine, the offence charged against him being that of official malversation. Dante never again saw his native Florence. Fourteen years after, in 1316, the existing government of the city issued a decree permitting the exiles to return upon condition of paying their fines, and submitting to humiliating public penance: thus acknowledging themselves guilty of the crimes with which they had been charged. Dante rejected the proffer with indignant scorn. To a friend he wrote:

DANTE UPON HIS EXILE.

Is this, then, the glorious return of Dante Alighieri to his country after nearly fifteen years of suffering exile? Did an innocence patent to all merit this? This the perpetual sweat and toil of study? Far from a man, the housemate of philosophy be so rash and earthen-hearted a humility as to allow himself to be offered up bound like a schoolboy or a criminal! Far from a man the preacher of justice, to pay those who have done him wrong as for a favor! This is not the way of returning to my country; but if another can be found that shall not derogate from the fame and honor of Dante, that I will enter on with no lagging steps. But if by none such Florence may be entered, by me, then, never! Can I not everywhere behold the sun and the stars? Speculate on sweetest truths under any sky, without giving myself up inglorious, nay ignominious, to the populace and city of Florence? Nor shall I want for bread.

Dante lived nineteen years after his exile from Florence. The accounts of his whereabouts for the greater part of the time are vague and often improbable. There are stories that he went to Paris, visited the University; resided for awhile in the Low Countries, and even crossed the Channel to England, and spent some time at Oxford. But it is certain that the greater portion of these years was passed in Northern Italy. In some districts there is scarcely a village which does not claim the honor of having been the place of his temporary sojourn. At times he appears to have been in a condition of extreme destitution; at times he was under the protection of one noble or another. He himself complains how bitter he found it to "climb the stairs of another." About two years before his death we find him living at Ravenna under the protection of

Guido da Polenta, by whom he was sent on an embassy to the Venetians. He did not succeed in accomplishing the object of this mission, and returned to Ravenna, bearing the seeds of a fatal fever contracted in the miasmatic lagoons.

He was buried under a humble monument erected by his friend Guido Novello. A more imposing tomb was built for him in 1483, which was restored in 1692, and finally rebuilt, as it now stands, in 1780. In 1865 Ravenna, with other cities of Italy, celebrated the six-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante. In making preparations for the celebration a chest containing human bones was found in a cavity near the tomb. A commission appointed for the purpose decided that these were the remains of Dante, which had been hidden in the seventeenth century under an apprehension that they might be stolen by the Florentines, who had often begged that they should be given back to his native city. The bones were reinterred in the tomb, where they now rest.

Besides the *Vita Nuova* and the *Convito,* already mentioned, and the *Divina Commedia,* which remains to be considered, Dante wrote several minor works in Italian and Latin, in verse and prose. The most important of these is the Latin treatise *De Monarchia,* written, probably, between 1310 and 1313. The special aim of this treatise is to show that to the Roman Empire belongs the supremacy of the world, which was given to it directly by God; and that while the Pope is supreme in things spiritual, the Emperor is supreme in things temporal. His argument, here greatly condensed, runs thus:

THE SUPREMACY OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

Christ consented to be born under the reign of Augustus; and he assented to the jurisdiction of the Empire by suffering himself to be crucified under a decree of one of its courts. The atonement could not have been accomplished unless Christ had suffered under sentence of a tribunal having rightful jurisdiction; for otherwise his condemnation would have been an act of usurpation, and not the infliction of a legal penalty. Moreover, since all mankind were represented in the person of Christ, the Court must have been one of rightful jurisdiction over all the human family; and since he was delivered up to Pilate — an officer of Tiberius — it must follow that the jurisdiction of Tiberius was universal.— And again, since it is God who gives the victory in all battles, and since he ultimately gave the victory to the Romans, it is clear that it is his will that the Romans should attain universal dominion; so that the Roman Empire was divinely instituted.

But Dante's great fame rests mainly upon his poem, the *Divina Commedia.* In this poem Dante is in vision conducted through the realms of the Infernal Regions, of Purgatory, and of Paradise: Virgil being his divinely appointed guide through the first two realms, and Beatrice through the third. What may be styled the "Physical Theory" of these realms, as conceived by Dante, is set forth by Dr. John Carlyle in the Introduction to his translation of the *Inferno.* Each book of the *Divina Commedia* is divided into thirty-three Cantos (for the first Canto of the *Inferno* is properly an Introduction to the entire poem), corresponding to the thirty-three years of our Saviour's earthly life. The *Inferno* was probably completed about the year 1314; the *Purgatorio* some three years

later; and the *Paradiso* not long before the death of Dante, in 1321.

There have been many translations of Dante into English. The best translations of the entire *Divina Commedia* are those of Cary (1813), and of Longfellow (1867–70). Cary's translation is in blank verse; Longfellow's is in unrhymed triplets. Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, has made perhaps the best translation of the *Inferno* (cantos I–X. 1843, the remaining Cantos in 1867); in this the triple rhyme, as well as the metre of the original, is exceedingly well represented. The prose translation of the *Inferno* by Dr. John Carlyle is admirably executed and annotated. Translations of separate passages are very numerous.

Dante himself, in a letter to Can Grande della Scala, explains the intention of the *Divina Commedia,* and the method to be employed in its interpretation. It is called a "Comedy," he says, "because it has a fortunate ending." He thus proceeds:

THE IDEA OF THE "DIVINA COMMEDIA."

The literal subject of the whole work is the state of the soul after death, simply considered. But if the work be taken allegorically, the subject is man, as by merit or demerit, through freedom of the will, he renders himself liable to the reward or punishment of justice. It is to be interpreted in a literal, allegorical, moral, and anagogical sense. To make which mode of treatment more clear, it may be applied in the following verses of Scripture: *In exitu Israel de Ægypto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro, facta est Judæa sanctificatio ejus, Israel potestas ejus.* For, if we look only at the literal sense, it signifies the going out of the children of Israel from Egypt in the time of Moses; if at the allegorical, it signifies our redemption through Christ; if at the moral, it signifies the conversion of the soul from the grief and misery of

sin to a state of grace; and if at the anagogical, it signifies the passage of the blessed soul from the bondage of this corruption to the freedom of eternal glory.

DANTE MEETS THE SHADE OF VIRGIL.

While I was rushing downward, there appeared before my eyes one who seemed hoarse from long silence. When I saw him in the great desert, I cried: "Have pity on me, whate'er thou be, whether shade or venerable man!"

He answered me: "Not a man, a man I once was; and my parents were Lombards, and both of Mantua by country. I was born under Julius, though late; and lived at Rome beneath the good Augustus, in the time of the false and lying gods. A Poet I was; and sang of the just son of Anchises, who came from Troy after proud Ilium was burned. But thou, why returnest thou to such disquiet? Why ascendest not the delectable mountain, which is the beginning and the cause of gladness?"

"Art thou then that Virgil, and that fountain which pours abroad so rich a stream of speech?" I answered him with bashful front. "O glory and light of other poets! May the long zeal avail me, and the great love that made me search thy volume. Thou art my master and my author. Thou alone art he from which I took the good style that hath done me honor. See the beast * from which I turned back. Help me from her, thou famous sage; for she makes my veins and pulses tremble."

"Thou must take another road," he answered when he saw me weeping, "if thou desirest to escape from this wild place; because this beast, for which thou criest, lets not men pass her way, but so entangles that she slays them; and has a nature so perverse and vicious that she never satiates her craving appetite; and after feeding she is hungrier than before. The animals to which she weds herself are many; and will yet be more, until the Greyhound comes, that will make her die with pain. He will

* The She-wolf, typical of Avarice, the worship of this world's goods; and of the Court of Rome in particular, "where," as Dante elsewhere says, "Christ is daily bought and sold."

not feed on land and pelf, but on wisdom, and love, and manfulness, and his nation shall be between Feltro and Feltro. He shall be the salvation of that low Italy for which Camilla the virgin, Euryalus and Turnus and Nisus, died of wounds. He shall chase her through every city, till he have put her into Hell again; from which Envy first set her loose. Wherefore I think and discern this for thy best, that thou follow me. And I will be thy guide, and lead thee hence through an eternal place, where thou shalt hear the hopeless shrieks, shalt see the ancient spirits in pain, so that each calls for second death. And thou shalt see those who are contented in the fire [in Purgatory]; for they hope to come, whensoever it be, among the blessed. Then to those [in Paradise] if thou desirest to ascend, there shall be a spirit [Beatrice] worthier than I to guide thee. With her will I leave thee at my parting. For that Emperor who reigns above — because I was rebellious to his law — wills not that I come into his city. In all parts he rules, and there he dwells. There is his city and his high seat. O happy whom he chooses for it!"

And I to him: "Poet, I beseech thee by that God whom thou knowest not, in order that I may escape this ill and worse, lead me where thou now hast said, so that I may see the gate of Saint Peter, and those whom thou makest so sad." Then he moved; and I kept on behind him.— *Inferno, Canto I.; translation of* CARLYLE.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE INFERNO.

"Through me ye pass into the city of woe:
Through me ye pass into eternal pain:
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of Power divine,
Supremest Wisdom and primeval Love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."
Such characters, in color dim, I marked
Over a portal's lofty porch inscribed.

Whereat I thus: "Master, these words import
Hard meaning." He as one prepared, replied:
"Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave;
Here be vile fear relinquished. We are come
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
To misery doomed who intellectual good
Have lost." And when his hand he had stretched forth
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheered,
Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

I then, with error yet encompassed, cried:
"O Master! what is this I hear? what race
Are these who seem so overcome with woe!"

He thus to me: "This miserable fate
Suffer the wretched souls of those who lived
Without praise or blame, with that ill band
Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved,
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth
Not to impair his lustre; nor the depth
Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe
Should glory thence with exultation vain."

I then: "Master, what doth aggrieve them thus,
That they lament so loud?" He straight replied:
"That I will tell thee briefly. These of death
No hope may entertain: and their blind life
So meanly passes, that all other lots
They envy. Fame of them the world has none,
Nor suffers; Mercy and Justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look and pass them by."

And I, who straightaway looked, beheld a flag,
Which, whirling, ran round so rapidly

That it no pause obtained; and following came
Such a long train of Spirits, I should ne'er
Have thought that Death so many had despoiled.
When some of these I recognized, I saw
And knew the shade of him who, to base fear
Yielding, abjured his high estate. Forthwith
I understood for certain, this the tribe
Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
And to His foes. These wretches, who ne'er lived,
Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
By wasps and hornets, which bedewed their cheeks,
With blood, that, mixed with tears, dropped to their feet,
And by disgustful worms were gathered there.
Then looking farther onward I beheld
A throng upon the shore of a great stream:
Whereat I thus: "Sir, grant me now to know
Whom here we view, and whence impelled, they seem
So eager to pass o'er, as I discern
Through the blear light?" He thus to me in few:
"This thou shalt know soon as our steps arrive
Beside the woful tide of Acheron."
Then with eyes downward cast, and filled with shame,
Fearing my words offensive to his ear,
Till we had reached the river, I from speech
Abstained. And lo! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary, white with eld,
Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across,
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who there
Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and leave
These who are dead!" But soon as he beheld
I left them not, "By other way," said he,
"By other haven shalt thou come to shore,
Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat
Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide:
"Charon! thyself torment not: So 'tis willed
Where Will and Power are one. Ask thou no more."
Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks

Of him the boatman o'er the livid lake,
Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames. Meanwhile
Those spirits, faint and naked, color changed,
And gnashed their teeth, soon as the cruel words
They heard. God and their parents they blasphemed,
The human kind, the place, the time, and seed
That did engender them and give them birth.
Then all together, sorely wailing, drew
To the cursed strand that every man must pass
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beckoning, and each that lingers with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
One still another following, till the bough
Strews all its honors on the earth beneath;
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore,
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.
Thus they go over through the umbered wave;
And ever they on the opposing bank
Be landed, on this side another throng
Still gathers. "Son," thus spoke the courteous guide,
"Those who die subject to the wrath of God
All here together come from every clime
And to o'erpass the river are not loth:
For so Heaven's justice goads them on that fear
Is turned into desire. Hence ne'er hath passed
Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,
Now may'st thou know the import of his words."

—*Inferno, Canto III.; translation of* CARY.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

"The land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me; and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again

Remits, seized me with wish to please so strong,
That, as thou seest, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along;
But Caina waits for him our life who ended."
These were the accents uttered by her tongue.
Since first I listened to these souls offended,
I bowed my visage, and so kept it, till
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I unbended,
And recommenced: "Alas! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstacies,
Led these their evil fortunes to fulfil!"
And I turned unto their side mine eyes,
And said: "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise;
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs
By what, and how, thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize."
Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days
In misery: and that thy Teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I wilt do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime — seated nigh —
Of Lancilot; how Love enchained him, too.
We were alone, quite unsuspiciously;
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolored by that reading were;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;
When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
He, who from me can be divided ne'er,
Kissed my mouth — trembling in the act all over.
Accursed was the book, and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf we did uncover."
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thrills
I swooned, as if by death I had been smote;
And fell down, even as a dead body falls.

— *Inferno, Canto V.; translation of* BYRON.

FARINATA AND CAVALCANTA.

"O Tuscan, thou who com'st with gentle speech
Through Hell's hot city, breathing from the earth,
Stop in this place one moment, I beseech.
Thy tongue betrays the country of thy birth;
Of that illustrious land I know thee sprung
Which in my day, perchance, I somewhat vext."
Forth from one vault these sudden accents rung,
So that I, trembling, stood with fear perplext
Then, as I closer to my Master drew,
"Turn back! what dost thou?" he exclaimed in haste;
"See Farinata rises to thy view!
Now may'st behold him upward from the waist!"
Full in his face already I was gazing
While his front lowered and his proud bosom swelled,
As though even there, amid his burial blazing,
The infernal realm in high disdain he held.
My Leader then, with ready hands and bold,
Forced me toward him, among the graves to pace,
Saying, "Thy thoughts in open words unfold."
So by his tomb I stood — beside its base.
Glancing upon me with a scornful air,
"Who were thine ancestors?" he coldly asked.
Willing to answer, I did not forbear
My name or lineage, but the whole unmasked.
Slightly the spirit raised his haughty brows,
And said: "Thy sires to me and mine were aye adverse —
To me, and to the cause I did espouse;
Therefore their legions twice did I disperse."
"What though they banished were? They all returned,
Each time of their expulsion," I replied:
"That is an art thy party never learned."
Hereat arose a shadow at his side,
Uplifted on his knees he seemed to me,
For his face only to his chin was bare:
And round about he stared, as though to see
If other mortal than myself were there,
But when the momentary dream was o'er,

Weeping, he groaned: "If thou this dungeon dim,
Led by thy soaring genius dost explore,
Where is my son? ah, wherefore bringst not him?"
"Not of myself I seek this realm forlorn;
He who waits yonder marshals me my road;
Whom once, perchance, thy Guido had in scorn."
My recognition thus I fully showed;
For in the pangs on that poor sinner wreaked,
And in his question, plain his name I read.
Suddenly starting up — what! what!" he shrieked;
"Say'st thou *He had?* What mean ye? Is he dead?"
Doth heaven's dear light his eyes no longer bless?"
Perceiving how I hesitated, then,
Ere I responded to his wild address,
Backward he shrunk, nor looked he forth again.
— *Inferno, Canto X.; translation of* PARSONS.

THE TORTURES IN MALBOLGE.

Divers lamentings pierced me through and through,
Which with compassion had their arrows barbed,
Whereat mine ears I covered with my hands.
What pain would be, if from the hospitals
Of Valdichiana 'twixt July and September,
And of Maremma and Sardinia
All the diseases in one moat were gathered.
Such was it here, and such a stench came from it
As from putrescent limbs is wont to issue.
We had descended on the farthest bank
From the long crag, upon the left hand still,
And then more vivid was my power of sight
Down toward the bottom, where the ministress
Of the high Lord — Justice infallible —
Punishes forgers which she here records.
I do not think a sadder sight to see
Was in Ægina — the whole people sick
(When was the air so full of pestilence,
The animals, down to the little worm,
All fell; and afterward the ancient people,
According as the poets have affirmed,

Were from the seed of ants restored again),
Than was it to behold through that dark valley
The spirits languishing in divers heaps.
This on the belly, that upon the back,
One on the other lay, and others, crawling,
Shifted themselves along the dismal road.
We step by step went onward without speech.
Gazing upon and listening to the sick
Who had not strength enough to lift their bodies.
I saw two sitting, leaned against each other,
As leans in heating platter against platter,
From head to foot bespotted o'er with scabs;
And never saw I plied a currycomb
By stable-boy for whom his master waits,
Or him who keeps awake unwillingly,
As everyone was plying fast the bite
Of nails upon himself, for the great rage
Of itching which no other succor had.
And the nails downward with them dragged the scab
In fashion as a knife the scales of bream,
Or any other fish that has them largest.
"O thou, that with thy fingers dost dismail thee,"
Began my Leader unto one of them,
"And makest of them pincers now and then,
Tell me if any Latian is with those
Who are herein; so may thy nails suffice thee
To all eternity unto this work."
"Latians are we, whom thou so wasted seest,
Both of us here," one, weeping, made reply;
"But who art thou, that questionest about us?"
And said the Guide: "One am I who descends
Down with this living man from cliff to cliff,
And I intend to show Hell unto him."
Then broken was their mutual support,
And, trembling, each one turned himself to me,
With others who had heard him by rebound.
Wholly to me did the good Master gather,
Saying: "Say unto them whate'er thou wishest"—
And I began, since he would have it so:
"So may your memory not steal away

In the first world from out the minds of men,
But so may it survive 'neath many suns,
Unfold me who ye are, and of what people.
Let not your foul and loathsome punishment
Make you afraid to show yourselves to me."
"I of Arezzo was," one made reply,
"And Albert of Siena had me burned;
But what I died for does not bring me here.
'Tis true I said to him, speaking in jest,
That I could rise by flight into the air,
And he, who had conceit but little wit,
Would have me show to him the art; and only
Because no Dædalus I made him, made me
Be burned by one who held him as his son.
But unto the last Bolgia of the ten
For alchemy, which in the world I practised,
Minos — who cannot err — has me condemned."
And to the Poet said I: "Now was ever
So vain a people as the Sienese?
Not for a certainty the French by far."
Whereat the other leper, who had heard me,
Replied unto my speech: "Taking out Stricca,
Who knew the art of moderate expenses,
And Niccoló, who the luxurious use
Of cloves discovered earliest of all
Within that garden where such seed takes root;
And taking out the band, among whom squandered
Caccia d'Ascian his vineyards and vast woods,
And where his wit the Abbagliato proffered!
But, that thou know who thus doth second thee
Against the Sienese, make sharp thine eye
Toward me, so that my face will answer thee,
And thou shalt see I am Capocchio's shade,
Who metals falsified by alchemy;
Thou must remember, if I will descry thee,
How I a skilful ape of nature was."

— *Inferno, Canto XXIX.; translation of* LONGFELLOW.

DIS OR SATAN.

"The banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth
Toward us; therefore look," so spoke my Guide,
"If thou discern him." As when breathes a cloud
Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night
Fall on our hemisphere, seems viewed from far
A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round;
Such was the fabric then methought I saw.
To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew,
Behind my guide: no covert else was there.
Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain
Record the marvel) where the souls were all
'Whelmed underneath, transparent as through glass,
Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid;
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,
That on the head, a third with face to feet
Arched like a bow. When to the point we came,
Whereat my Guide was pleased that I should see
The creature eminent in beauty once,
He from before me stepped, and made me pause.
"Lo!" he exclaimed, "lo Dis; and lo the place
Where thou hast need to arm thyself with strength."
How frozen and how faint I then became,
Ask me not, reader! for I write it not;
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.
I was not dead or living. Think thyself,
If quick conception work in thee at all,
How I did feel. That Emperor who sways
The realm of sorrow at mid-breast from the ice
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant than the giants are his arms.
Mark now how great that whole must be which suits
With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight!
How passing strange it seemed when I did spy
Upon his head three faces: one in front

Of hue vermilion, the other two with this
Midway each shoulder joined and at the crest;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seemed; the left,
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous, as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretched on the wide sea. No plumes had they,
But were in texture like a bat; and these
He flapped i' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears
Adown three chins distilled with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champed,
Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three
Were in this guise tormented. But far more
Than from that gnawing was the foremost panged
By the fierce rending, whence ofttimes the back
Was stripped of all its skin. "That upper spirit,
Who has worse punishment," so spake my guide,
"Is Judas — he that hath his head within,
And plies the feet without. Of the other two
Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw
Who hangs is Brutus: lo how he doth writhe,
And speaks not. The other Cassius, that appears
So large of limb. But night now reascends;
And it is time for parting. All is seen."

— *Inferno, Canto XXXIV.; translation of* CARY.

APPROACHING THE MOUNTAIN OF PURGATORY.

We still were on the border of the sea,
  Like people who are thinking of their road,
  Who go in heart, and with the body stay,
And lo! as when, upon the approach of morning,
  Through the gross vapors Mars grows fiery red,
  Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me — may I again behold it! —
  A light upon the sea so swiftly coming,
  Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled;

From which when I a little had withdrawn
Mine eyes that I might question my Conductor
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
I knew not what of white, and underneath it,
Little by little, there came forth another.
My Master yet had uttered not a word
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried: "Make haste, make haste to bow the knee.
Behold the Angel of God! fold thou thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See how he scorneth human arguments,
So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"
Then as still nearer and more near us came
The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared,
So that near by the eye could not endure him,
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face,
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
"*In exitu Israel de Ægypto!*"
They chanted all together in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.
The throng, which still remained there, unfamiliar
Seemed with the place, all round about them gazing,
As one who in new matters makes essay.
Then the new people lifted up their faces
Toward us, saying to us: "If ye know,
Show us the way to go unto the mountain."
And answer made Virgilius: "Ye believe,

Perchance, that we have knowledge of this place"
But we are strangers, even as yourselves.
Just now we came, a little while before you,
Another way, which was so rough and steep
That mounting will henceforth seem sport to us."
Even as when collecting grain or tares,
The doves, together at their pasture met,
Quiet nor showing their accustomed pride,
If aught appear of which they are afraid,
Upon a sudden leave their food alone,
Because they are assailed by greater care;
So that fresh company did I behold
The song relinquish, and go toward the hill,
As one who goes, and knows not whitherward;
Nor was our own departure less in haste.
—*Purgatorio, Canto II.; translation of* LONGFELLOW.

A VISION OF THE TRINITY.

O grace unenvying of thy boon! that gavest
Boldness to fix so earnestly my ken
On the Everlasting Splendor, that I looked
While sight was unconsumed; and, in that depth,
Saw in one volume clasped of love, whate'er
The universe unfolds; all properties
Of Substance and of Accident, beheld,
Compounded, yet one individual light
The whole. And of such bond methinks I saw
The universal form; for that whene'er
I do but speak of it, my soul dilates
Beyond her proper self; and till I speak
One moment seems a longer lethargy
Than five-and-twenty ages had appeared
To that emprise that first made Neptune wonder
At Argo's shadow darkening on his flood.
With fixed head, suspensed and motionless,
Wondering I gazed; and admiration still
Was kindled as I gazed. It may not be
That one who looks upon that light can turn
To other object, willingly, his view.

For all the good that will may covet there
Is summoned; and all elsewhere defective found
Complete. My tongue shall utter, now, no more,
E'en what remembrance keeps, than could the babe's
That is yet moistened at his mother's breast.
Not that the semblance of the living Light
Was changed (that ever as at first remained);
But that my vision quickening, in that sole
Appearance still new miracles descried,
And toiled me with the change. In that abyss
Of radiance, clear and lofty, seemed, methought,
Three orbs of triple hue, clipped in one bound.
And from another one reflected seemed,
As rainbow is from rainbow; and the third
Seemed fire, breathed equally from both. O speech!
How feeble and how faint art thou, to give
Conception birth. Yet this to what I saw
Is less than little. O Eternal Light!
Sole in thyself that dwellest; and of thyself
Sole understood, past, present, or to come;
Thou smiledst on that circling, which in Thee
Seemed as reflected splendor, while I mused;
For I therein, methought, in its own hue
Beheld our image painted. Steadfastly
I therefore pored upon the view. As one
Who, versed in geometric lore, would fain
Measure the circle; and, though pondering long
And deeply that beginning which he needs,
Finds not: E'en such was I, intent to scan
The novel wonder, and trace out the form,
How to the circle fitted, and therein
How placed. But the flight was not for my wing;
Had not a flash darted athwart my mind,
And, in the spleen, unfolded what it sought.
Here vigor failed the towering fantasy:
But yet the will rolled onward, like the wheel
In even motion, by the Love impelled
That moves the Sun in heaven and all the Stars.

—*Paradiso, Canto XXXIII.; translation of* CARY.

DARLEY, GEORGE, a British mathematician and poet; born at Dublin in 1785; died at London in 1846. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, went to London in 1825, and became in time connected with literary journals, for which he wrote criticisms upon poetry and the fine arts. He was the author of several popular works on mathematics, among which are *Familiar Astronomy; Popular Algebra; Geometrical Companion;* and *Trigonometry.* His principal poetic works are: *Sylvia, or the May Queen; Ethelstan, a Dramatic Chronicle;* and *Errors of Estasie.*

The London *Athenæum,* in its memoir of Darley, in 1846, said: "That the attention which Mr. Darley's poems commanded has been unequal to their merits, every true lover of poetry to whom they are familiar will feel — for a true lover will allow for an almost bewildering exuberance of fancies, the offspring of self-indulgent loneliness — for occasional singularities of humor and language as natural to one who had 'commerced' so intimately with ancient literature — and for a knowledge of passion and insight into character greater than such experience of life as leads the imaginative creator to prefer what is probable for his subjects and symmetrical in their elaboration. These peculiarities granted, there remain excursiveness of invention, vigor of expression and delicious sweetness of versification — rare in any day — in right of which, the name of George Darley ought to stand high among the poets of his time."

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Here's a bank rich with cowslips and cuckoo buds strown,
To exalt your bright locks, gentle Queen of the May!
Here's a cushion of moss for your delicate shoon,
And a woodbine to weave you a canopy gay.

Here's a garland of red maiden-roses for you;
Such a delicate wreath is for beauty alone;
Here's a golden king-cup, brimming over with dew,
To be kissed by a lip just as sweet as its own.

Here are bracelets of pearl from the fount in the dale,
That the nymph of the wave on your wrists doth bestow;
Here's a lily-wrought scarf your sweet blushes to hide,
Or to lie on that bosom, like snow upon snow.

Here's a myrtle enwreathed with a jessamine band,
To express the fond twining of beauty and youth;
Take the emblem of Love in thy exquisite hand,
And do thou sway the evergreen sceptre of Truth.

Then around you we'll dance, and around you we'll sing,
To soft pipe and tabor we'll foot it away;
And the hills and the dales and the forest shall ring.
While we hail you our lovely young Queen of the May.

THE FAIRIES.

Have you not oft, in the still wind,
Heard sylvan notes of a strange kind,
That rose one moment, and then fell
Swooning away like a far knell?
Listen! — that wave of perfume broke
Into sea-music, as I spoke,
Fainter than that which seems to roar
On the moon's silver-sanded shore
When through the silence of the night

Is heard the ebb and flow of light.
Oh, shut the eye and ope the ear!
Do you not hear — or think you hear —
A wide hush o'er the woodland pass,
Like distant, waving fields of grass? —
Voices! ho! ho! — a band is coming,
Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,
Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen;
And now as if they changed, and rung
Their citterns, small and ribbon-slung,
Over their gallant shoulders hung;
A chant! a chant! that swoons and swells,
Like soft winds jangling meadow-bells;
Now brave, as when in Flora's bower
Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet-flower;
Now thrilling fine, and sharp and clear,
Like Dian's moonbeam dulcimer;
But mixed with whoops and infant laughter
Shouts following one another after,
As on a hearty holiday
When youth is flush and full of May; —
Small shouts, indeed, as wild-bees know,
Both how to hum and halloo, too.

DARMESTETER, James, a French Orientalist; born at Château Salins, Meurthe, March 28, 1849; died at Paris, October 19, 1894. He was of Jewish extraction; his father, Cerf Darmesteter, was a well-known bookbinder. He was educated at Paris; studied law; but left the law for Oriental studies in 1872; and in 1877 he received the degree of Docteur à Lettres, and became assistant professor for Zend at the École des Hautes Études. He succeeded Ernest

Renan as secretary to the Société Asiatique de Paris in 1881; and became Professor of Iranian Languages and Literature at the Collège de France in 1885. He was sent on a philosophical mission to India in 1886; and was elected fellow of the Bombay University in the following year. Among his most noted works are, *Haurvatat et Ameretat Essai sur la Mythologie de l'Avesta* (1875); *Ormazd et Ahriman, Leurs Origines et Leur Histoire* (1877); *The Zend Avesta,* translated (3 vols., 1880, 1883, 1893), in the series of the *Sacred Books of the East; Études Iraniennes* (1883); *Essais Orientaux* (1883); *Chants Populaires des Afghans* (1888–90); *Les Prophètes d' Israël* (1892); and valuable reports on Oriental studies to the Asiatic Society. He was a brother of Arsène Darmesteter, Professor of History of the French Language at the Sorbonne, who died in 1888. In the same year James married Miss Mary A. F. Robinson, author of *An Italian Garden* and *A Book of Songs.*

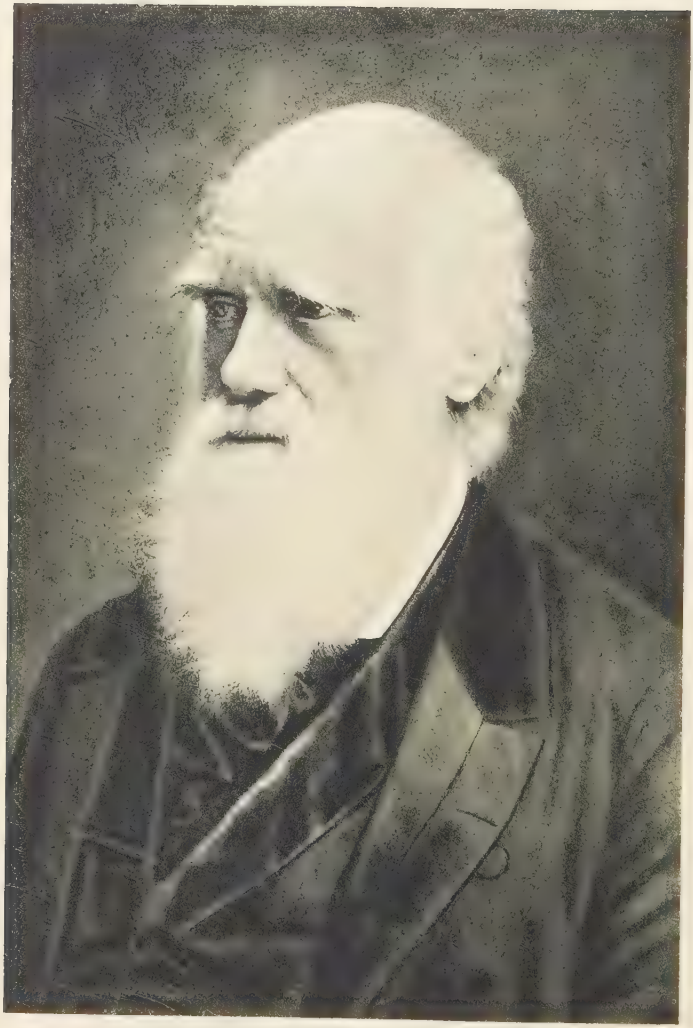
"He was a scholar," says *The Critic,* "of lively imagination, which carried him, however, some times farther than other scholars in the same field were willing to follow; the breadth of his learning was acknowledged on every side; he was characterized, furthermore, by a mental activity and productiveness which were as remarkable as they were indefatigable, and by a brain which was as vigorous and creative as his body was frail and delicate." "In him," says the London *Athenæum,* "was realized the perfect ideal of scholarship."

KALI-GHAT.

Calcutta owed its name to a famous temple of Kali — or Kali-Ghat — situated two or three miles away. And

Kali-Ghat in English speech became Calcutta. Kali, that is to say, "She who is black," is one of the names of the formidable spouse of Siva: Mahadiva, "the Great Goddess," she of a thousand names and a thousand forms, who is adored alternately as the Supreme Mind and the power of creation and destruction; perpetual object of mystic adoration, bloody and obscene. This is how her worship came to be established at Calcutta:

Dakcha had married his daughter Parvati to Siva. But, elevated by Brahma to the rank of chief of the Parajapatis, Dakcha grew arrogant and waxed in pride. He gave a great sacrifice and did not invite Siva. In fact, he was meditating the best way to drop — or at least keep in the background — this most undesirable son-in-law, this ranger of cemeteries, this madman with his collar of skulls, his face smeared with human ashes his cohort of ghosts and "spooks." Meanwhile, Parvati sees all the gods and goddesses going by in their carriages and asks to what party are they all invited. Siva replies, "They are your father's guests. *I* have not been invited." Outraged at the slight on her husband, Parvati goes to the house of festivity, "has it out" with her parent, shakes the dust of his palace off her feet, and, finally, in order to avenge herself upon the corporeal form which she owes to her peccant father, gives up the ghost. Siva, inconsolable for the loss of so good a wife, takes her corpse on his shoulders and wanders up and down the earth, which groans under the weight of his sorrow. Mankind, affrighted, calls on Vishnou for protection. Vishnou rushes to the rescue, flings high in the air his miraculous disc, which cuts the dead body of Parvati into two-and-fifty morsels. The two-and-fifty places where the fragments fell have since become shrines of pilgrimage where the pious faithful have erected temples. That of Kali-Ghat, for instance, was raised on the precise spot hallowed by the second toe of the left foot. — *From Lettre sur l'Inde; translation of the Author's Widow.*



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

From a photograph
Specially engraved for the Hildpath Library.

DARWIN, Charles Robert, an English naturalist; born at Shrewsbury, February 12, 1809; died at Down, Kent, April 19, 1882. He was the son of Robert Waring Darwin, a physician, and grandson of Erasmus Darwin, physician and poet. He received his early education in the grammar-school of Shrewsbury, studied two years at Edinburgh University, and then entered Christ College, Cambridge, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1831. In December of the same year he volunteered to go as a naturalist with Captain Fitzroy of H. M. S. *Beagle,* for a survey of South America and the circumnavigation of the globe. They returned in 1836. Darwin's life was devoted to science. His earliest well-known work is *The Voyage of a Naturalist; a Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the Various Countries Visited by H. M. S. Beagle* (1839). He wrote the introduction and many of the notes to the *Zoölogy of the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle,* published by the government in 1840–43; *The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs* (1843); *Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands* (1844); *Geological Observations on South America* (1846); *Monograph of the Family Cirripedia* (1851–53); *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life* (1859); *Fertilization of Orchids* (1862); *Movement in Climbing Plants* (1865); *Variations of Plants and Animals Under Domestication* (1867), *The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex* (1871); *Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1873); *Insectivorous*

Plants (1875); *The Effects of Cross and Self-fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom* (1876); *Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the Same Species* (1877); *Power of Movement in Plants* (1880); and *The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms, with Observations on Their Habits* (1881).

In the *Origin of Species* Darwin sets forth the theory that the various species of plants and animals were not separately created, but that they are the result of the adaptation of parts to environment, and to the effort to maintain existence and propagate their kind. In this "struggle for existence" the stronger species survive and multiply, the weaker and more imperfect perish, and organic life rises, by almost imperceptible degrees, to higher forms. Thus from one, or, at most, from a few low forms of life, all existing species have been evolved.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

I should promise that I use this term in a large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual, but success in leaving progeny. Two canine animals, in time of dearth, may be truly said to struggle with each other which shall get food and live. But a plant on the edge of a desert is said to struggle for life against the drought, though more properly it should be said to be dependent on the moisture. A plant which annually produces a thousand seeds, of which only one on an average comes to maturity, may be more truly said to struggle with the plants of the same and other kinds which already clothe the ground. The mistletoe is dependent on the apple and a few other trees, but can only in a far-fetched sense be said to struggle

with these trees, for, if too many of these parasites grow on the same tree, it languishes and dies. But several seedling mistletoes, growing close together on the same branch, may more truly be said to struggle with each other. As the mistletoe is disseminated by birds, its existence depends on them; and it may metaphorically be said to struggle with other fruit-bearing plants in tempting the birds to devour and thus disseminate its seeds. In these several senses, which pass into each other, I use for convenience sake the general term of Struggle for Existence.— *Origin of Species.*

NECTAR-BEARING FLOWERS AND NECTAR-FEEDING INSECTS.

It may be worth while to give another and more complex illustration of the action of natural selection. Certain plants excrete sweet juice, apparently for the sake of eliminating something injurious from the sap: this is effected, for instance, by glands at the base of the stipules in some Leguminosæ, and at the backs of the leaves of the common laurel. This juice, though small in quantity, is greedily sought by insects; but their visits do not in any way benefit the plant. Now, let us suppose that the juice or nectar was excreted from the inside of the flowers of a certain number of plants of any species. Insects in seeking the nectar would get dusted with pollen, and would often transport it from one flower to another. The flowers of two distinct individuals of the same species would thus get crossed; and the act of crossing, as can be fully proved, gives rise to vigorous seedlings, which consequently would have the best chance of flourishing and surviving. The plants which produced flowers with the largest glands or nectaries, excreting most nectar, would oftenest be visited by insects, and would be oftenest crossed; and so in the long run would gain the upper hand and form a local variety. The flowers, also, which had their stamens and pistils placed, in relation to the size and habits of the particular insect which visited them, so as to favor, in any degree, the transportal of the pollen would likewise be favored. We might have

taken the case of insects visiting flowers for the sake of collecting pollen, instead of nectar; and as pollen is formed for the sole purpose of fertilization, its destruction appears to be a simple loss to the plant; yet if a little pollen were carried, at first occasionally, and then habitually, by the pollen-devouring insects from flower to flower, and a cross thus effected, although nine-tenths of the pollen were destroyed, it might still be a great gain to the plant to be thus robbed; and the individuals which produced more and more pollen, and had larger anthers, would be selected. When our plant, by the above process long continued, had been rendered highly attractive to insects, they would, unintentionally on their part, regularly carry pollen from flower to flower; and that they do this effectually I could easily show by many striking facts. . . .

Let us now turn to the nectar-feeding insects; we may suppose the plant, of which we have been slowly increasing the nectar by continued selection, to be a common plant; and that certain insects depend in main part on its nectar for food. I could give many facts showing how anxious bees are to save time: for instance, their habit of cutting holes and sucking the nectar at the bases of certain flowers, which, with a very little more trouble, they can enter by the mouth. Bearing such facts in mind, it may be believed that under certain circumstances individual differences in the curvature or length of the proboscis, etc., too slight to be appreciated by us, might profit a bee or other insect, so that certain individuals would be able to obtain their food more quickly than others; and thus the communities to which they belonged would flourish and throw off many swarms inheriting the same peculiarities. The tubes of the corolla of the common red and incarnate clovers *(Trifolium pratense* and *incarnatum)* do not, on a hasty glance, appear to differ in length; yet the hive-bee can easily suck the nectar out of the incarnate clover, but not out of the common red clover, which is visited by humble-bees alone; so that whole fields of the red clover offer in vain an abundant supply of precious nectar to the hive-

bee. That this nectar is much liked by the hive-bee is certain; for I have repeatedly seen, but only in autumn, many hive-bees sucking the flowers through holes bitten in the base of the tube by humble-bees. The difference in the length of the corolla in the two kinds of clover which determines the visits of the hive-bee must be very trifling; for I have been assured that when red clover has been mown the flowers of the second crop are somewhat smaller, and that these are visited by many hive-bees.

I do not know whether this statement is accurate; nor whether another published statement can be trusted; namely, that the Ligurian bee, which is generally considered a mere variety of the common hive-bee, and which freely crosses with it, is able to reach and suck the nectar of the red clover. Thus, in a country where this kind of clover abounded, it might be a great advantage to the hive-bee to have a slightly longer or differently constructed proboscis. On the other hand, as the fertility of this clover absolutely depends on bees visiting the flowers, if humble-bees were to become rare in any country, it might be a great advantage to the plant to have a shorter or more deeply divided corolla, so that the hive-bees should be enabled to suck its flowers. Thus I can understand how a flower and a bee might slowly become, either simultaneously or one after the other, modified and adapted to each other in the most perfect manner, by the continued preservation of all the individuals which presented slight deviations of structure mutually favorable to each other.

I am well aware that this doctrine of natural selection, exemplified in the above imaginary instances, is open to the same objections which were first urged against Sir Charles Lyell's noble views on "the modern changes of the earth, as illustrative of geology;" but we now seldom hear the agencies which we see still at work spoken of as trifling or insignificant, when used in explaining the excavation of the deepest valleys or the formation of long lines of inland cliffs. Natural selection acts only by the preservation and accumulation of small inherited modifications, each profitable to the preserved being; and as

modern geology has almost banished such views as the excavation of a great valley by a single diluvial wave, so will natural selection banish the belief of the continued creation of new organic beings, or of any great and sudden modification in their structure.— *Origin of Species.*

LIMITS OF THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION.

In considering how far the theory of natural selection may be extended — that is, in determining from how many progenitors the inhabitants of the world have descended — we may conclude that at least all the members of the same class have descended from a single ancestor. A number of organic beings are included in the same class because they present, independently of their habits of life, the same fundamental type of structure, and because they graduate into each other. Moreover, members of the same class can in most cases be shown to be closely alike at an early embryonic age. These facts can be explained on the belief of their descent from a common form; therefore, it may be safely admitted that all the members of the same class are descended from one progenitor. But as the members of quite distinct classes have something in common in structure, and much in common in constitution, analogy would lead us one step farther, and to infer as probable that all living creatures are descended from a single prototype.— *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.*

COMPLEX EMOTIONS COMMON TO MAN AND ANIMALS.

Most of the complex emotions are common to the higher animals and ourselves. Everyone has seen how jealous a dog is of his master's affection, if lavished on any other creature; and I observed the same fact with monkeys. This shows that animals not only love, but have desire to be loved. Animals manifestly feel emulation. They love approbation or praise; and the dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits in a high de-

gree self-complacency or pride. There can, I think, be no doubt that a dog feels shame, as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoölogical Gardens I saw a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him: and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own legs till the blood flowed. Dogs show what may be fairly called a sense of humor, as distinct from mere play: if a bit of stick or other such object be thrown to one, he will often carry it away for a short distance; and then, squatting down with it on the ground close before him will wait until his master comes quite close, to take it away. The dog will then seize it and rush away in triumph, repeating the same manœuvre, and evidently enjoying the practical joke.

We will now turn to the more intellectual emotions and faculties, which are very important as forming the basis for the development of the higher mental powers. Animals manifestly enjoy excitement, and suffer from ennui, as may be seen with dogs, and, according to Rengger, with monkeys. All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity. They sometimes suffer from this latter quality, as when the hunter plays antics and thus attracts them; I have witnessed this with deer, and so it is with the wary chamois, and some kinds of wild ducks. Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread which his monkeys exhibited for snakes; but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised at his account that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey-house at the Zoölogical Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of Cercopithecus

were the most alarmed; they dashed about their cages, and uttered sharp signal-cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. A few young monkeys and one old Anubis baboon, alone, took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected around it in a large circle, and, staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous; so that when a wooden ball with which they were familiar as a plaything was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very differently when a dead fish, a mouse, a living turtle, and other new objects were placed in the cages; for, though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled, and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag, with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the larger compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in, and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm has described, for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking a momentary peep into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quietly at the bottom.— *The Descent of Man.*

THE KELP.

There is one marine production which, from its importance, is worthy of a particular history. It is the kelp, or *Macrocystis pyrifera.* This plant grows on every rock from low-water mark to a great depth, both on the outer coast and within the channels. I believe, during the voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle,* not one rock near the surface was discovered which was not buoyed by this floating weed. The good service it thus affords to vessels navigating near this stormy land is evident; and it certainly has saved many a one from being wrecked. I know few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing amidst those great breakers of the Western Ocean, which no mass of

rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. The stem is round, slimy, and smooth, and seldom has a diameter of so much as an inch. A few taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large, loose stones to which, in the inland channels, they grow attached; and yet some of these stones were so heavy that, when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into a boat by one person. The beds of this sea-weed, even when not of great breadth, make excellent natural floating breakwaters. It is quite curious to see, in an exposed harbor, how soon the waves from the open sea, as they travel through the straggling stems, sink in height, and pass into smooth water.

The number of living creatures of all orders whose existence intimately depends on the kelp is wonderful. A great volume might be written describing the inhabitants of one of these beds of sea-weed. Almost all the leaves, excepting those that float on the surface, are so thickly incrusted with corallines as to be of a white color. We find exquisitely delicate structures, some inhabited by simple and hydra-like polypi, others by more organized kinds, and beautiful compound Acidiæ. On the leaves, also, various patelliform shells, Trochi, uncovered molluscs, and some bivalves are attached. Innumerable crustacea frequent every part of the plant. On shaking the great, entangled roots, a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle-fish, crabs of all orders, sea eggs, starfish, beautiful Holuthuriæ, Planariæ, and crawling, nereidous animals of a multitude of forms, all fall out together. Often as I recurred to a branch of the kelp, I never failed to discover animals of new and curious structures. In Chiloe, where the kelp does not thrive very well, the numerous shells, corallines, and crustacea are absent; but there yet remains a few of the Flustraceæ, and some compound Acidiæ; the latter, however, are of different species from those in Terra del Fuego; we here see the fucus possessing a wider range than the animals which use it as an abode. I can only compare these great aquatic forests of the Southern Hemisphere with the terrestrial ones in the inter-tropical regions.

Yet if in any country a forest were destroyed, I do not believe nearly so many species of animals would perish as would here from the destruction of the kelp. Amidst the leaves of this plant many species of fish live which nowhere else could find food or shelter; with their destruction the many cormorants and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish, also; and lastly, the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of this miserable land, would redouble his cannibal feast, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist.— *Journal of Researches Into the Natural History and Geology, etc.*

UTILITARIANISM NOT THE SOLE MOTIVE IN NATURAL SELECTION.

I willingly admit that a great number of male animals — as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles and mammals, and a host of magnificently colored butterflies — have been rendered beautiful for beauty's sake; but this has been effected through sexual selection; that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females, and not for the delight of man. So it is with the music of birds. We only infer from all this that a nearly similar taste for beautiful colors and for musical sounds runs through a large part of the animal kingdom.— *Origin of Species.*

DARWIN, ERASMUS, an English physician and poet; born at Elston, Nottingham, December 12, 1731; died at Derby, April 18, 1802. After several years spent at Exeter School, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he won the Exeter Scholarship. Having completed his medical course at Edinburgh, he married, settled in Lichfield, and established a large practice. On the death of his

wife in 1770, he seems to have begun his botanical and poetical studies. While at Cambridge he had written poetry, one poem on the Death of Prince Frederick, written then, being published more than forty years afterward. In 1792 appeared *The Economy of Vegetation,* being the first part of his *Botanic Garden,* a poem in heroic verse in honor of the Linnæan system of Botany. In the same year Darwin married again, and removed to Derby. His poem was highly popular, and in 1789 he published the second part, entitled *The Loves of the Plants.* A third part appeared in 1792. Darwin next published *Zoönomia, or the Laws of Organic Life* (1794–96), "an endeavor to reduce the facts belonging to animal life into classes, orders, genera, and species; and, by comparing them with each other, to unravel the theory of diseases." *Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening,* was published in 1800. Darwin's last publication was a treatise on *Female Education. The Temple of Nature, or the Origin of Society, a Poem, with Philosophical Notes,* was published after his death.

THE GODDESS OF BOTANY.

"Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of the happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve!
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve!
Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botanic Goddess from thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora, in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold."

Thus spoke the Genius as he stepped along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong;
Down the steep slopes he led, with modest skill,
The willing pathway and the truant rill;
Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground;
Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.

She comes! the goddess! through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansied grounds.
Fair Spring, advancing, calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.

— *The Botanic Garden.*

DEATH OF ELIZA, AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand, one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honor dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm her virgin hands inwove

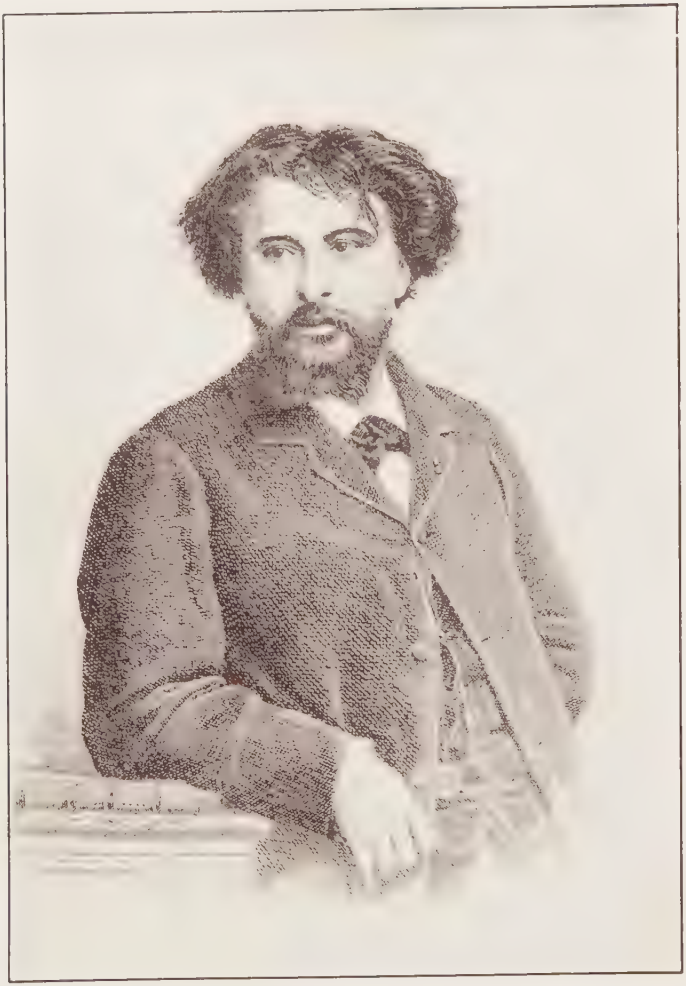
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides —
Some fury winged it, and some demon guides! —
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
"Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"O cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, O wait my love's return!"
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!
"O spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes:
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
"Eliza!" echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds:
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand;"
Poor, weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake —
Why do you weep; — Mamma will soon awake."
"She'll wake no more!" the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, awhile entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild, convulsive start,

And all the father kindled in his heart;
"O heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.
—*The Loves of the Plants.*

THE STARS.

Roll on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time:
Near and more near your beamy cars approach
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!
—*The Loves of the Plants.*

DAUDET, ALPHONSE, a French novelist; born at Nîmes, May 13, 1840; died at Paris, December 16, 1897. He was sent to the lyceum at Lyons, and was early employed as an usher in a school at Alias. In 1857 he went to Paris, taking with him a volume of poetry, *Les Amoureuses*, which was published in 1858, and led to his employment by *Figaro* and other newspapers. From 1861 to 1865, he was private secretary to the Duc de Morny. During this



ALPHONSE DAUDET.

time he published a poem, *La Double Conversion* (1861), and *Le Roman du Chaperon Rouge* (1863), a collection of articles previously contributed to *Figaro*. He also wrote, with M. Ernest Lepine, two successful dramas, *La Dernière Idole*, and *L'Œillet Blanc*. His later pieces, *L'Arlèsienne; Le Sacrifice*, and *Lise Tavernier* (1872), were unsuccessful on the stage, and, disgusted with their fate, Daudet, who had intended to make a comedy of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé*, turned it into a novel. His success was already assured by *Le Petit Chose; Tartarin de Tarascon; Les Femmes d' Artistes; Lettres de Mon Moulin;* and *Jack*, the last-named novel being published in 1873. *Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé* appeared in 1874, and was crowned the next year by the French Academy. It brought its author both fame and money. This novel was followed by *Les Contes Choisis* (1877); *Le Nabab, Mœurs Parisiennes* (1879); *Causeries du Lundi; Robert Helmont; Les Rois en Exil* (1879); *Numa Roumestan* (1880); *L'Evangeliste* (1882); *Sappho* (1884); *Trente Ans de Paris* (1887); *L'Immortel* (1888); *Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres* (1888); *Porte Tarascon* (1890); *La Petit Paroisse* (1895); *Les Mères* (1896); and *La Fedor* (1897).

THE DOLOBELLES.

Lame from her infancy, in consequence of an accident that had in no way lessened the beauty of her refined face, Désirée had acquired, in consequence of her enforced immobility, a certain high-bred pallor, and her industry was of such a nature that the natural beauty of her white hands was uninjured. Her beautiful hair was always carefully arranged; and she passed her days buried in a large arm-chair, before a table that was cov-

ered with fashion-plates and birds of all tints, finding some compensation in the elegance of her employment for the poverty and anxiety of her life. She knew that all these little wings would glitter at Parisian *fêtes,* and, by the fashion in which she would arrange her birds and her beetles, it was easy to divine her thoughts. On her sad and weary days the wings were widely spread, as if eager for a flight, fast and furious enough to bear the little creature far away from this poor abode and petty cares and trials. At other times, when she was happy, she looked radiant, like a very caprice of fashion.

Happy or unhappy, Désirée toiled on with unflagging energy: from sunrise until far into the night the table was piled with work. When daylight was gone, and the bell of the factory sounded its dismissal, Madame Dolobelle lighted her lamp, and, after a light repast, the two resumed their labors.

The indefatigable women had but one aim — one fixed idea in life — and this was the dramatic success of Dolobelle. From the unfortunate day that he had left a provincial theatre, to play comedy in Paris, Dolobelle had expected some manager, cleverer and less ignorant than others, to discover his genius and offer him a position worthy of his talents. Perhaps, in the beginning, Dolobelle might have found some employment in a third-rate theatre, but to such an idea he would not condescend to listen. He preferred, he said, "to wait and to struggle!" And shall we show our readers how he struggled? He passed his mornings in his chamber — often in his bed — rehearsing his former *rôles,* and his wife and daughter shuddered with terror as they heard some tragic speech loudly declaimed. After a late breakfast the actor sallied forth, well brushed and perfumed, and wandered up and down the boulevards until night, his hat a little on one side, and a toothpick between his lips. The matter of costume he regarded as of the highest importance. What manager, he asked, would engage him were he shabbily dressed and unshaven? So his womenkind watched carefully that he lacked nothing, and you may imagine how

many beetles and humming-birds they mounted daily to keep him in this resplendent condition.

But the comedian thought it all right. In his opinion the privations and toil of his wife and daughter were so many sacrifices, not made for him, but laid on the altar of the unknown divinity, the coming manager.

Between the Dolobelle household and the Chèbe there was a certain similarity of position, but it was brighter and gayer with the Dolobelles, for their hopes and faith opened to them a possible future, while the Chèbes knew that for them there could be no amelioration of their lot; then, Madame Chèbe no longer believed in her husband, while her neighbor had never doubted hers. And yet for years and years Dolobelle had interviewed all the dramatists of the great city, had waited on one manager after another, but had never succeeded in obtaining an engagement. A friend had succeeded in procuring his appointment as steward of a fashionable club, where good manners are an essential — and Heaven knows the actor had those; but all such propositions Dolobelle received with an heroic denial. "I have no right to bid farewell to the theatre," said the great man.

From the lips of this poor fellow, whose feet had not trod the boards for many a long year, such words were irresistibly comic; but, after a glance at the pale wife and paler daughter, one lost all desire to smile; and to hear one or the other say, as they twisted the steel wire of their birds, "No, no, M. Dolobelle has no right to relinquish the theatre," was enough to bring tears to one's eyes.

Happy man! idolized in his own home, saluted respectfully by the neighbors when he appeared in the street — for Parisians have an extraordinary predilection for the theatre, and a great regard for anyone, however remotely, connected with it. And yet this great man contentedly went every Saturday evening to a milliner in La Rue Saint-Denis, a huge paper box under his arm, to carry home the work of his wife and daughter. Even in executing this commission his manners and costume were so irreproachable that the young lady whose duty

it was to receive him found it extremely embarrassing to hand him the week's wages so laboriously earned and so small in amount. On these evenings the actor did not dine at home; the ladies never looked for him; his excuse was always ready: he had met an old friend and invited him to dinner. He brought home the remainder of the money, to be sure; and sometimes a bouquet to Désirée, or a little gift to his wife. "A mere nothing," he said, loftily.

Thus you understand how, notwithstanding the industry and the courage of these two women, and the fact that their labors were comparatively lucrative, they were often cramped for money, particularly at certain seasons of the year, when the gay world had left Paris, and their particular branch of industry languished.

Fortunately Risler was near at hand, and always ready to serve his friends. William Risler, the third tenant on that floor, resided there with his younger brother Franz, younger by fifteen years than himself. The two were natives of Switzerland, and their tall, manly forms and fresh complexions seemed to lend some of their own vitality to the dark and dreary house. The elder was designer to the Fromont manufactory, and paid his brother's expenses at college. When William first arrived in Paris, a stranger, and ignorant of the ways of cities, he gladly availed himself of the kind offers of assistance made to him by his new neighbors, Madame Chèbe and the Dolobelles. They gave him advice and recommended their own tradespeople, and altogether were invaluable to him. In a few months they all became one family. . . .

In each one of these three humble homes Sidonie Chèbe was always welcome and equally at ease. At any hour of the day she would rush into the Dolobelles' room, perch herself on the arm of Désirée's chair, and watch the rapid movements of the pale girl's fingers. When tired of this, the child would pounce on some discarded beetle — one which had lost a wing on its long voyage, or a humming-bird whose feathers were hopelessly damaged; such being always preserved for her use. Already

more coquettish than playful, the little girl would arrange them in her clustering curls, while Désirée and her mother smiled to see her standing on tiptoe before the old, tarnished mirror.

When she had studied herself sufficiently, Sidonie, craving more admiration, would gravely go and knock at the Rislers' door. During the day only Franz was there, busy over his books at his table by the window. Sidonie, holding her head very stiffly, lest her tiara should be disarranged, appeared on the threshold. Farewell to study! Everything must be abandoned to do honor to this princess from fairy-land who came, crowned with shining jewels, to pay him a visit. It was droll enough to see this tall, overgrown youth absorbed by this eight-year-old girl, yielding to her caprices and whims; so that later, when he became madly in love with her, no one could fix the date when his passion had begun.— *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.*

ZIZI TRIES TO SPEAK.

One night Désirée awoke in a singular state; but the physician had found her, some hours before, very much better — with her fever all gone. He had not attempt to account for the change, nor did he say that the improvement was more than temporary. "Let us wait," he said, gravely, hoping that it might be one of those singular efforts made by Nature and youth. Had he looked under Désirée's pillow he would have found a letter postmarked "Cairo"— four pages signed by Franz — four pages of confession and explanation. . . .

Had that letter reached Zizi but a few days earlier! Now all its tenderness was like food brought too late to a man dying of hunger: he sees it, smells it, but cannot swallow it. Over and over again the sick girl read this letter. She drew it from the envelope, kissed it lovingly, and even through her closed lids saw its every word, and the color of the stamp. Franz had not forgotten her, and she fell asleep, as if her head had been on his shoulder. Suddenly she awoke, and, as we said before, in a most extraordinary state; she felt all nerves, and yet

as if she held on to life with but the slenderest thread. It was night, and the room in which she lay was in a shadow. The lamp, half turned down, lighted only the scattered work-table, and poor Madame Dolobelle's sleeping face. Désirée's whole past came back to her: forgotten incidents of her childhood; scenes that, at the time, she had not understood; words heard as in a dream — all returned. The child was bewildered, but not terrified. She did not know that, very often, death is heralded by just such excessive excitement of sleeping faculties.

She saw her father through the open door. Her mother lay back in her chair, utterly worn out, and all the traces of years of misery and of toil were visible on her worn face. During the day they were, in a measure, masked by the will and by constant occupation; but sleep brought them out. The deep wrinkles and reddened eyelids, the scanty hair — already white on the temples — were all to be seen, and Désirée saw them all. How she longed for strength and power to kiss away all those wrinkles! Dolobelle offered the strongest possible contrast. With a napkin thrown over his knee, he sat eating his supper, and at the same time reading his newspaper. For the first time in her life Désirée noticed this contrast between her father and mother: her mother in her scanty black dress, thin and haggard; her father, wearing a new coat, hale and hearty; and she understood the difference in their lives and natures. The atmosphere of habit, which weakens the vision of children, had vanished for her; she judged her parents as if she were not their daughter. What would become of her mother when she was gone? Would she patiently toil on, until worn out, and then would her selfish companion, too indolent to work himself, permit her to starve? And yet he was not cruel; he was only absorbed in himself and in his futile ambition. Should she try to arouse him? Should she try to tear away the thick bandage with which her father had for so many years covered his eyes? It was only a loving hand like her own that could attempt such a delicate operation. She alone had the right to say to

him, "Give up these foolish dreams of a theatrical career. Work, through the day, and, if must be, part of the night, too, at some honest trade." Then as if she were bidden to hasten, by some invisible lips, she summoned all her courage, and called him softly:

"Papa, papa!"

At the sound of her voice, the old actor hurried to her side. He had been at the first representation of a new play and had come away enchanted and excited. He entered his daughter's room with a beaming face and a camellia in his button-hole.

"Not asleep yet, Zizi?" And his words were said so lightly that they resounded strangely in that sad and silent room. Désirée made a sign to him to be quiet, and pointed to her sleeping mother.

"Come here; I want to speak to you," she whispered. Her voice trembled, and her widely opened eyes had a strange, far-away look. Somewhat startled, he bent over her, with his camellia in his hand.

"What is it, dear? Do you feel worse?"

Désirée shook her head, but beckoned him to come nearer; she laid her hot hand on his, and whispered that she was ill, and had not long to live. "Then, papa, you will be alone with mamma. Do not tremble — I am not afraid for myself, but I dread lest mamma should not be strong enough to do everything. Look, how pale she is!"

The actor turned, and seemed astonished at the sad face he saw. "She has never been very strong," he said, calmly.

This selfish reply, and, above all, the tone in which it was made, confirmed Désirée in her intention. "What will become of you both when I am not here? Yes, I know, you have great hopes and expectations, but they will never be realized. Dear father, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but it seems to me that, at your age, with your intelligence, you ought to be doing something. M. Risler, I am sure, would ——"

She spoke slowly, choosing her words with care, and waiting a moment after each sentence; but the actor did

not yet grasp her meaning. He listened intently, with a vague consciousness that he was being accused of something; but of what, he had no idea.

"I think," continued Désirée timidly, "that it would be far wiser to relinquish ——"

"What?"

She stopped, astonished at the effect of her words; for tears, real tears, rose to her father's eyes. He understood her now. Of the only two admirers left to him by a cruel fate, one had deserted him! His child no longer believed in him! It was not possible! Before the mute entreaty of his gaze, Désirée's courage fled; besides, her strength was exhausted.

She murmured, "Give up — give up —" her head fell back on her pillow, and she died without having dared to say what she wished him to give up.— *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.*

IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

In the vast theatre enlarged into an ellipse, and outlining a large patch of blue, thousands of faces were pressed close together on the many rows of benches, bright eyes forming luminous points of light which mingled with the varied reflections and brilliancy of festal toilets and picturesque costumes. From thence, as from a huge vat, ascended joyous shouts, ringing voices and trumpets, violinized, as it were, by the intense light of the sun. Though hardly distinct on the lower steps, which were dim and dusty with sand and many breaths, these sounds were accentuated when they were detached, and ascended into the pure air.

Above all rose most distinctly the cry of venders of milk-biscuit, bearing from step to step their baskets draped with white linen, "Li pau ou la, li pau ou la." The venders of fresh water, balancing their green and varnished jugs, made one thirsty when listening to their gulping. "L'aigo es fresco, qua vou beurè?" "The water is fresh, who wishes to drink?" Then, at the very top, children running and playing on the crest of the arena crowned this grand hubbub with sharp sounds

as high as martinets soar in the kingdom of birds. Over all what an admirable play of light, when, the day advancing, the sun turned slowly around the vast amphitheatre as on the disc of a sun-dial, driving back and crowding into the zone of the shadow the people, who left vacant the places most exposed to the strong heat — spaces of reddish slabs separated by dried grasses and blackened by successive conflagrations! At times on the upper tiers a stone, becoming loosened, rolled from tier to tier amid cries of terror and crowding of the people, as if the whole circle were crumbling: then there was a rapid movement on the seats, like the assault of a cliff by the sea in its fury. Thus peopled and animated, the ruins seemed alive again, and lost their appearance of a cicerone's show building. When looking at it one had the sensation given by a strophe of Pindar recited by a modern Athenian. The sky so pure, this sun like molten silver; these Latin intonations preserved here and there, especially in the small places, in the Provençal idiom; the attitudes of some standing in archways with motionless poses, which, in the glimmering air, seemed antique and almost like the work of a sculptor, and were a type of the place, their heads appearing as if struck off on medals; the short, arched nose, the broad, shaven cheeks, and the turned-up chin of Roumestan — all together completed the illusion of a Roman spectacle, even to the lowing Landaise cows, which echoed through vaults from which formerly lions and elephants came forth to combat. Thus when above the circle, empty and covered with sand, the very large, black hole of the *podium,* covered by a skylight, opened, people expected to see wild beasts leap forth instead of the quiet and rural procession of beasts and people crowned at the fair.— *Numa Roumestan.*

THE REVEREND FATHER GAUCHER'S ELIXIR.

"Drink this, my friend, and tell me what you think of it."

And, drop by drop, with the minute care of a lapidary counting his pearls, the Curate of Graveson poured out for me two fingers of a greenish, golden, warm, sparkling, exquisite *liqueur*. It sent a glow of sunshine all through my stomach.

"That's Father Gaucher's elixir, the joy and health of our Provence," said the good man to me, with a triumphant air. "It is made at the Premonstrant Convent, two leagues away from your mill. Isn't it well worth all the *Chartreuse* in the world? And if you knew the amusing story of this elixir — but let me tell you about it."

Then, very naïvely, without any malice prepense, in that presbytery dining-room, so bright and peaceful, with its small stations of our Lord's Passion and its pretty, light curtains starched like surplices, the abbe told me this little story, just a bit skeptical and irreverent, after the fashion of a tale by Erasmus or d'Assoucy.

Twenty years ago, the Premonstrants, or, rather, the White Fathers, as our good people of Provence call them, had fallen into a state of great misery, and if you had seen their house at that time, you would have been sorry for them.

The great wall and the Pacôme Tower were tumbling to pieces. All around the grass-grown cloisters, the slender columns were cracking, the stone saints crumbling away in their niches. There was not a window intact, not a door that would shut. In the courts, in the chapels, the wind from the Rhone blew as on La Camargue, extinguishing the tapers, breaking the window-sashes, and splashing the holy water from the fonts; but, saddest of all, was the belfry of the convent, as silent as an empty dove-cot; and the fathers, for want of money to buy themselves a bell, were obliged to toll for matins with clappers of almond wood.

Poor White Fathers! I can see them still, in their

Corpus Christi procession, marching along mournfully in their patched cloaks — pale, thin, living on lemons and melons, and behind them Monseigneur the Abbe, who came with lowered head, quite ashamed of showing to the light of day his tarnished crosier and his white woolen miter all moth-eaten. The ladies of the fraternity shed tears of pity in the ranks, and the stout banner-bearers sneered to themselves, as they pointed out the poor monks: "Starlings go lean, when they go in a flock." The fact is that the unfortunate White Fathers had begun to ask themselves whether they would not do better to fly out into the world and seek pastures new, each for himself.

Now, one day that this grave question was being debated in the chapter, word came to the Prior, that Brother Gaucher requested to be heard in the council. To understand matters, you must know that this Brother Gaucher was the cattle-keeper of the convent; that is to say, he passed his days in roaming through the cloisters from arcade to arcade, driving before him two sickly cows who browsed on the grass in the cracks of the paving-stones. Brought up to the age of twelve by a crazy old woman of the district of Les Baux, whom people called Aunt Bégon, received later by the monks, the unhappy cattle-keeper had never had a chance to learn anything but how to drive his cattle and recite his Paternoster, and this he said in Provençal, for his head was hard and his mind as sharp as a dagger of lead; but he was a fervent Christian, though a trifle visionary, and quite at ease under his haircloth and self-infliction of the whip of discipline with robust conviction and arms.

When he was seen coming into the chapter-hall, simple and stolid, bowing to the company with one leg way behind the other, Prior, canons, treasurer, everybody began to laugh. This was the effect always produced, whenever this foolish face appeared anywhere with its grizzled goat's beard and its rather wild eyes; so Brother Gaucher was quite unmoved.

"My reverend brethren," said he, in a silly tone, fingering his beads of olive stones, "it has been well said, that

the empty casks are the ones to give out the best sound. Just imagine to yourselves, that by puzzling my poor head, hollow as it is, I believe I have found a way of getting us all out of our difficulty. This is how: You know Aunt Bégon, the good woman who took care of me, when I was a little fellow (May God rest her soul, the wicked old woman! She used to sing some very bad songs in her cups). I may tell you then, reverend fathers, that Aunt Bégon, when alive, knew as much or more about mountain herbs than an old Corsican blackbird. Toward the end of her days, she had even compounded an incomparable elixir, by mixing five or six kinds of simples, that we went out together to collect among the mountains. That is now a good many years ago; but I think that, with the help of St. Augustine and our father Abbe's permission, I might, perhaps — by a long search — hit again upon the composition of that mysterious elixir. Then we shall only have to bottle it and sell it rather dearly, which would make the community get handsomely rich, as has been done by our brothers of La Trappe and the Grand —"

He did not have the time to finish. The Prior rose to fall on his neck. The canons grasped his hands. The treasurer, even more affected than all the others, respectfully kissed the quite fringeless border of his scapular. Then every one returned to his seat to deliberate, and, before the session was over, the chapter decided that the cows should be confided to Brother Thrasybulus, in order that Brother Gaucher might devote himself entirely to the making of his elixir.

How the good brother managed to find once more Aunt Bégon's recipe, what efforts and night watches it cost him, history does not say. Only it is sure that at the end of six months the elixir of the White Fathers was already very popular. In all the Comtat, in all the country around Arles, not a cottage, not a barn, but what had put away in its closet, between bottles of wine and jars of small olives, its little flask of brown earthen-ware sealed with the arms of Provence with a monk in ecstasy on a silver label. Thanks to the success of its elixir, the Premon-

strant Convent grew rich very rapidly. The Pacôme Tower was built up again. The Prior had a new miter, the church some handsomely decorated windows, and, within the fine tracery of the belfry, a whole company of big bells and little bells appeared, one beautiful Easter morn, tinkling and chiming in fine fashion.

As for Brother Gaucher, that poor lay brother whose rustic awkwardness had so much amused the chapter, there was no more question of him in the convent. Henceforth he was only known as the Reverend Father Gaucher, a man of brains and great knowledge, who lived completely isolated from the minor and multiform occupations of the cloister, and shut himself up all day long in his distillery, while thirty monks were beating over the mountain in search of sweet-smelling herbs for him. This distillery, where nobody, not even the Prior, had the right to penetrate, was an old abandoned chapel quite at the end of the canons' garden. The simplicity of the good fathers had made something mysterious and formidable of it; and if by chance a bold, young, and inquisitive monk, clinging to the creeping vines, got up to the rose-window over the door, he tumbled down from there quickly enough, scared by the sight of Father Gaucher, with his necromancer's beard, bending over his fires, hydrometer in hand, and, all around, roseate retorts, gigantic alembics, crystal worms, quite a strange conglomeration flaming weirdly in the reddish light of the stained windows.

At the close of day, when the last bell rung for the Angelus, the door of this place of mystery was opened cautiously, and the reverend father betook himself to the church for evening services. You should have seen what a reception he had in traversing the monastery. The brothers ranged themselves in line for him to pass by. They said: "Hush! he has the secret!" The treasurer followed him, and spoke to him with bowed head. Amid these adulations, the father went on, wiping his forehead, his broad-brimmed hat pushed back like an aureola, looking about him with an air of complacency at the great courts planted with orange trees, at the blue roofs where new vanes were turning, and in the cloisters radiant with

whiteness — between elegant and flower-ornamented columns — the freshly-robed canons marching two by two with serene faces.

"All this they owe to me!" said the reverend father to himself; and every time this thought filled him with a burst of pride.

The poor man was well punished for it. You will see.

Fancy that one evening, during service, he arrived at the church in extraordinary agitation: red, out of breath, his cowl askew, and so confused that, in taking holy water, he dipped his sleeves in way up to his elbow. It was believed at first that his emotion arose from his coming late; but, when he was seen to make low reverences to the organ and the galleries instead of saluting the high altar, to fly across the church like the wind, to wander around the choir for five minutes in search of his stall, then, seated at last, to bow right and left with a sanctimonious smile, a murmur of astonishment ran through the three naves. From breviary to breviary was whispered: "What is the matter with our Father Gaucher? What is the matter with our Father Gaucher?" Twice the impatient Prior let his crosier fall upon the stones to command silence. Away back, at the end of the choir, the Psalms were going on all the time; but the responses were wanting in fervor.

Suddenly, right in the middle of the *Ave Verum,* Father Gaucher threw himself back in his stall and sung out at the top of his voice:

> "In Paris there is a White Father,
> Patatin, patatan, tarabin, taraban," etc., etc.

General consternation! Everybody jumped up. There were cries: "Take him away — he is possessed!" The canons crossed themselves; Monseigneur's crosier was agitated; but Father Gaucher saw nothing, heard nothing; and two stout monks were obliged to drag him out at the little door of the choir, struggling like a madman, and going on as loud as ever with his "patatin" and his "taraban."

Next morning, at break of day, the unhappy man was on his knees in the Prior's oratory and confessing his fault with a torrent of tears. "It's the elixir, Monseigneur, it's the elixir that got the better of me," said he, striking his chest. And to see him so sorry, so repentant, the good Prior was himself quite affected.

"Well, well, Father Gaucher, calm yourself; that will all pass away like the dew in the sunshine. After all, the scandal was not as great as you think. The song was indeed a little — hum! hum! But we must hope that the novices didn't hear it. Now, let us see, tell me just how the thing happened to you. It was from testing the elixir, wasn't it? Your hand must have been rather too heavy. Yes, yes, I understand. It was like Brother Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder — you have been the victim of your invention. And tell me, my good friend, is it very necessary that you should test this terrible elixir on yourself?"

"Unfortunately, yes, Monseigneur, the gauge gives me the strength and the degrees of the alcohol; but, for the finish, for the velvety taste, I can hardly rely on anything but my own tongue."

"Ah! very well; but let me ask you one little thing more. When you thus, from necessity, taste the elixir, do you like the taste of it? Does it give you any pleasure?"

"Alas! yes, Monseigneur," said the unhappy father, turning quite red. "For two evenings past I have found a bouquet, an aroma to it. Surely it must be the demon who played me that vile trick. So I am quite resolved, henceforth, to use only the gauge. So much the worse, if the *liqueur* isn't fine enough, if it doesn't drop as it ought."

"Don't do that," interrupted the Prior quickly. "We must not run the risk of losing our customers. All that you have to do, now you are forewarned, is to be on your guard. Let us see, how much must you have to be sure? Fifteen or twenty drops; isn't that about right? We will call it twenty drops. The devil will be very sharp, if he catches you with twenty drops. Besides, to avoid all acci-

dent, I can dispense you hereafter from coming to church. You may say your evening prayers in the distillery. And now, go in peace, reverend father, and be sure — to count your drops."

Alas! It was in vain for the poor reverend father to count his drops. The demon had gotten hold of him, and would not let him go. The distillery heard some strange prayers.

During the day, all went well. The father was calm enough; he made ready his chafing-dishes, his alembics, sorted out his herbs carefully — provencal herbs, all of them; fine, grayish, serrated, parched with perfume and with sun. But, in the evening, when the simples were infused and the elixir was getting lukewarm in great vessels of reddish copper, the poor man's martyrdom began.

"Seventeen — eighteen — nineteen — twenty!" The drops fell from the pipe into the silver gilt goblet. These twenty the father swallowed at one draught, with hardly any pleasure. It was only the twenty-first that went to the right spot. Oh, that twenty-first drop! Then, to escape temptation, he went and knelt down at the end of the laboratory, and lost himself in his Paternosters. But, from the still warm *liqueur,* there arose a little vapor laden with aroma, which was diffused all around him, and, whether he would or no, drew him back to the vessels. The *liqueur* was of a beautiful golden-green. Bending over it, with dilated nostrils, the father stirred it gently with his pipe, and in the glittering little spangles which were rolled up by the emerald flood, he seemed to see Aunt Bégon's malicious eyes laughing and snapping at him. "Come! one drop more!" And from drop to drop, the unhappy man ended by filling up his goblet to the very brim. Then, with his strength all gone, he dropped into a great easy-chair, and stretching himself out, with eyes half-closed, he tasted of his sin in little sips, saying low to himself, with delicious remorse: "Ah! I am damning myself — I am damning myself!" Most terrible was it that, at the bottom of this diabolical elixir, he found again, by I know not what sorcery, all of Aunt Bégon's wicked

songs: "It's three little gossips that talk of giving a banquet;" or, "Master André's shepherdess is going off to the woods," and always the famous "Patatin, patatan" of the White Fathers.

Imagine his confusion next morning, when the occupants of the neighboring cells said to him, rather maliciously: "Well, well, Father Gaucher, you had grasshoppers in your head when you went to bed last night." Then it was tears, despair and fasting, and hair-cloth, and the whip of discipline. Nothing, however, was of avail against the demon of the elixir; and every evening, at the same hour, his possession began again.

During this time, orders so rained upon the abbey that it was a blessing. They came from Nimes, from Aix, from Avignon, from Marseilles. From day to day, the convent looked more like a factory. There were packing-brothers, labeling-brothers, others for putting on the addresses, others for carting. The service of God certainly lost here and there a few strokes of the bells; but the poor people of the country lost nothing, I can tell you.

Well, one fine Sunday morning, while the treasurer in the full chapter was reading his inventory of the end of the year, and the good canons were listening to him, with bright eyes and smiling lips, suddenly Father Gaucher rushed into the middle of the conference and cried out: "It's over. I will do it no more. Give me back my cows."

"What is the matter, Father Gaucher?" asked the Prior, who rather suspected what the matter was.

"The matter, Monseigneur? It is that I am just preparing for myself a fine eternity of flames and thrusts of the fork. It is that I am drinking — that I am drinking like a wretch."

"But I told you to count your drops."

"Ah! yes, to count my drops; why, it's by goblets I should have to count now. Yes, my reverend brethren, I have got so far. Three bottles of an evening! You will understand that I can't go on in that way. So you may

let anybody you please make the elixir. May God's fire burn me, if I meddle with it any more!"

The chapter no longer laughed.

"But, unhappy man, you will ruin us," cried the treasurer, shaking his great book.

"Do you prefer that I should be damned?"

Then the Prior arose. "My reverend brethren," said he, extending his handsome white hand, whereon glittered the pastoral ring, "there is a way of making this all right. It's only in the evening, is it not, my dear son, that the demon tempts you?"

"Yes, Monsieur the Prior, regularly every evening. So that now, when I see the night drawing near, I have, saving my respect for you, sweats come all over me, as did the chapter's ass when he saw the pack-saddle brought out."

"Well, re-assure yourself. Henceforth, at our services of every evening, we will recite for you, specially, the prayer of St. Augustine, to which plenary indulgence is attached. With that, whatever may happen, you are safe. It is absolution during the sin."

"Oh, thank you very much, Monsieur the Prior." And, without questioning further, Father Gaucher went back to his alembics as light-hearted as a lark.

Well, from that time forth, every evening, at the end of the compline, the officiating priest never failed to say: "Let us pray for our poor Father Gaucher, who is sacrificing his soul to the interests of the community. *Oremus, Domine.*" And while over all these white cowls, prostrate in the shadow of the nave, the prayer ran shuddering, like a puff of north wind over the snow, far off at the end of the convent, from behind the distillery's lighted windows, could be heard Father Gaucher singing with all his might:

"In Paris there is a White Father,
Patatin, patatan, tarabin, taraban.
In Paris there is a White Father,
Who makes the little nuns dance,
Trin, trin, trin, in a garden;
Who makes the —"

Here the good Curate stopped in fright: "Mercy on me! if my parishioners should hear me!"

DAUDET, Ernest Louis Marie, a French historian and novelist; born at Nimes, May 31, 1837. He went to Paris in 1857, and became a writer for Parisian and provincial newspapers. He was engaged to revise the reports of proceedings of the Corps Legislatif. About 1870 he became editor of the *Estafette,* and for two years (1874–76) was editor of the *Journal Officiel.* He is the author of many novels, among them *Thérèse* (1859); *Les Duperies de l' Amour* (1865); *Adventures de Raymond Rocheray; Le Crime de Jean Malory; Jean le Gueux; Marthe Varandes; La Petite Sœur; Le Prince Pogoutzine; La Baronne Amalti; Une Femme du Monde; Un Martyr d' Amour; Le Roman de Delphine; Jourdain Coupetêtes,* and *La Succession Chavanet.* Among his historical and political works are *Les Journaux Religieux et les Journalistes Catholiques* (1860); *La Trahison d' Émilie Ollivier* (1864); *Diplomates et Hommes d'État Contemporains: le Cardinal Consalvi, 1800–1824* (1867); *La Vérité sur la Fusion* (1873); *Le Ministrère de M. de Martignac; Sa Vie Politique et les Dernières Annees de la Restauration* (1875; *La Terreur Blanche* (1878); *Souvenirs de la Présidence du Marèchal Macmahon* (1880); *Histoire des Conspirations Royalistes du Midi sous la Révolution* (1881); *Histoire de la Restauration* (1882); *Histoire*

de l'Emigration (1886); *Les Bourbons et la Russie Pendant la Révolution Française* (1888).

HENRIETTE DE MAIGNELAY.

Hers is not a beauty resulting from regularity of feature, for this is wanting. Lovely as she is, her features, when critically examined, are not of that perfect symmetry so dear to painters and sculptors, and for which so-called beauties, like the Duchess de Maugiron and Madame de Rochebrie are celebrated. The mouth is large; the nose a trifle too strong; the forehead a little too broad; but you never notice these faults. They are lost in the brilliancy and beauty of eyes so clearly blue that they have almost a greenish tint. These eyes are large and full, with tawny lights, and veiled by long, curling, black lashes. Their expression is one of fiery ardor and indomitable will. They transfigure the whole face — revealing an impassioned soul unused to dissimulation and unable to overcome any emotion without betraying it. Rose and vermilion glow on the lips which are perhaps a trifle too full, but beautifully curved, and which open to reveal perfect teeth. Her hair, arranged in a shower of light curls upon her forehead and temples, and then falling heavily, low at the back of the head, is of a warm, reddish, chestnut tint, that contrasts charmingly with the delicate whiteness of her skin. Unconfined by the comb that is scarcely able to restrain the heavy golden waves, it would fall around her to her feet, enveloping her as with a mantle. Her face is radiant with the all-conquering charm of health and a pure, proud youth. Her figure, whose graceful curves were revealed by a perfectly fitting dress, is tall and beautifully developed. All those united charms make Mademoiselle de Maignelay a superior type of physical beauty, perfected and idealized by the light of a noble soul within.— *Henriette.*

AN ANCIENT CHÂTEAU.

The château of Saint-Guénolé lifts its gray walls and massive towers from a wooded promontory that over-

looks the barren shores of the Bay of Audirene and the precipitous cliffs of Penmarch. Nowhere on the coast of Finistère is there a wilder and more dreaded shore than this. The sea, fretted by multitudinous rocks and shoals, is never tranquil. On more peaceful shores he is content to kiss the shingle with his murmuring waves: here he dashes great, frothing breakers against the steep cliffs; and when angered by storms the entire surface of the waters, from Brest to Cherbourg, is lashed into a boiling fury of billow and foam. What bold warrior, what whimsical brain, what daring adventurer, far back in the Middle Ages, chose this spot on which to construct his dwelling? Only a passionate soul, the prey of violent emotions, would pitch his tent on this extremity of the Old World, on the borders of this ocean which is never at rest, and in the midst of this wild, desolate, and convulsed landscape; and unless the necessity of defense caused the erection of this fortress, whose grim and massive architecture seems to have been copied from surrounding objects, it can only be explained as the result of a fierce paroxysm of misanthropy.—*Henriette.*

DAVENANT, Sir William, an English dramatist and poet; born at Oxford, in February, 1606; died at London, April 7, 1668. His father kept the Crown Tavern at Oxford, where Shakespeare was accustomed to stop when journeying between Stratford and London. He took much notice of the boy, of whom it was said that he was the actual father. The report seems to have no credible foundation, although Davenant himself favored it. He was entered at one of the colleges, but left without taking his degree. He became page to the Duchess of Rich-

mond, and afterward to Lord Brooke. He manifested a marked literary talent, and as early as 1623 was known by his masques, which were played at Court by the nobility. Upon the death of Ben Jonson, in 1637, Davenant was made poet laureate. During the civil war he was arrested as a Royalist, but effected his escape to France. He returned to England with some forces for the relief of the king, and in 1643, at the siege of Gloucester, received the honor of knighthood. In 1651 he set sail, with some French artisans, for Virginia, but was captured by a Parliamentary cruiser, and was thrown into prison, where he remained two years; being released, it is said, through the influence of Milton, a kindness which he afterward repaid in kind. After the Restoration Davenant gathered a company of comedians, and became manager of the Court Theatre, for which he wrote several dramatic pieces. Davenant's works, which were published by his widow in 1673, consist of several dramas, the best of which is *The Siege of Rhodes, masques; Gondibert*, an epic poem, and numerous occasional verses. *Gondibert* was highly praised by Waller and Cowley.

DESCRIPTION OF BIRTHA.

To Astragon, Heaven for succession gave
  One only pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her grave.
  And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
  Unless, like poets, for their morning theme;
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
  Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
  With untaught looks, and an unpracticed heart;

Her nets the most prepared could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warmed with hopes, nor e'er allayed with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business filled the hours;
In spring she gathered blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kind Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she unheard, does ripening growth dispense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
The busy household waits no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they, when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers when evening shuts her eyes.
— *Gondibert.*

THE SOLDIER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread, instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expense of grief gains no remorse
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy peace
  Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
  The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft;
  Can I in war delight,
Who, being of my heart bereft,
  Can have no heart to fight?

Thou knowest the sacred laws of old
  Ordained a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
  What he had stolen away.

The payment shall but double be;
  Oh, then, with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me,
  Accompanied by thine.

A SONG.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
  And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
  And to implore your light he sings:
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes!

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
  The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
  Who look for day before his mistress wakes;
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

DAVIDSON, JOHN, a British poet and novelist; born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, April 11, 1857. In 1890 he removed to London, where he adopted a literary career, and became a regular contributor to *The Speaker* and other critical journals. His works include *Perfervid,* a novel (1890); *Fleet Street Eclogues* (1893); *A Random Itinerary* (1894); *Baptist Lake,* a novel (1894) *Ballads and Songs* (1894); *Plays* (1894); *Earl Lavender* (1895); *New Ballads* (1897); *The Last Ballad and Other Poems* (1898); *The Testament of a Man Forbid* (1901); *The Testament of an Empire Builder* (1902); *Selected Poems* (1904).

A BALLAD OF EUTHANASIA.

In magic books she read at night,
And found all things to be
A spectral pageant brought to light
By nameless sorcery.

"Bethink you, now, my daughter dear,"
The King of Norway cried,
"'T is summer, and your twentieth year —
High time you were a bride!

"The sunlight lingers o'er the wold
By night; the stars above
With passion throb like hearts of gold;
The whole world is in love."

The scornful princess laughed and said,
"This love you praise, I hate.
Oh, I shall never, never wed;
For men degenerate.

"The sun grows dim on heaven's brow;
The world's worn blood runs cold;
Time staggers in his dotage now;
Nature is growing old.

"Deluded by the summertime,
Must I with wanton breath
Whisper and sigh? I trow not! — I
Shall be the bride of death."

Fair princes came with gems of price,
And kings from lands afar.
"Jewels!" she said. "I may not wed
Till Death comes with a star."

At midnight when she ceased to read,
She pushed her lattice wide,
And saw the crested rollers lead
The vanguard of the tide.

The mighty host of waters swayed,
Commanded by the moon;
The wind a marching music made;
The surges chimed in tune.

But she with sudden-startled ears
O'erheard a ghostly sound —
Or drums that beat, or trampling feet,
Above or underground.

The mountain-side was girt about
With forests dark and deep.
"What meteor flashes in and out,
Thridding the darksome steep?"

Soon light and sound reached level ground,
And lo, in blackest mail,
Along the shore a warrior
Rode on a war-horse pale!

And from his helm as on he came
A crescent lustre gleamed;
The charger's hoofs were shod with flame:
The wet sand hissed and steamed.

"He leaves me! Nay! he turns this way
From elfin lands afar.
'T is Death!' she said. "He comes to wed
His true love with a star!

"No ring for me, no blushing groom,
No love with all its ills,
No long-drawn life! I am the wife
Of Death, whose first kiss kills."

The rider reached the city wall;
Over the gate he dashed;
Across the roofs the fire-shod hoofs
Like summer lightning flashed.

Before her bower the pale horse pawed
The air, unused to rest;
The sable groom, he whispered, "Come!"
And stooped his shining crest.

She sprang behind him; on her brow
He placed his glowing star.
Back o'er the roofs the fire-shod hoofs
Like lightning flashed afar.

Through hissing sand and shrivelled grass
And flowers singed and dead,
By wood and lea, by stream and sea,
The pale horse panting sped.

At last as they beheld the morn
His sovereignty resume,
Deep in an ancient land forlorn
They reached a marble tomb.

They lighted down and entered in:
  The tears, they brimmed her eyes;
She turned and took a lingering look,
  A last look at the skies;

Then went with Death. Her lambent star
  The sullen darkness lit
In avenues of sombre yews,
  Where ghosts did peer and flit.

But soon the way grew light as day;
  With wonderment and awe,
A golden land, a silver strand,
  And grass-green hills she saw.

In gown and smock good country folk
  In fields and meadows worked;
The salt seas wet the ruddy net
  Where glistering fishes lurked.

The meads were strewn with purple flowers,
  With every flower that blows;
And singing loud o'er cliff and cloud
  The larks, the larks arose!

"The sun is bright on heaven's brow,
  The world's fresh blood runs fleet;
Time is as young as ever now,
  Nature as fresh and sweet,"

Her champion said; then through the wood
  He led her to a bower;
He doffed his sable casque and stood
  A young man in his flower!

"Lo! I am Life, your lover true!"
  He kissed her o'er and o'er.
And still she wist not what to do,
  And still she wondered more.

And they were wed. The swift years sped
Till children's children laughed;
And joy and pain and joy again
Mixed in the cup they quaffed.

Upon their golden wedding day,
He said, "How now, dear wife?"
Then she: "I find the sweetest kind
Of Death is Love and Life."
—*New Ballads* (Copyright, 1897, by JOHN LANE).

DAVIDSON, LUCRETIA MARIA, an American poet; born at Plattsburg, N. Y., September 27, 1808; died there August 27, 1825. A collection of her poems was published four years after her death. This volume was cordially reviewed in the London *Quarterly Review,* by Southey, who says, "In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement. In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of inspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons and friends and parents of the deceased could have formed." A new edition of her poems, with a *Memoir* by Miss Catherine Sedgwick, appeared in 1884; and a more extended collection of her "Remains," in verse and prose, edited by M. Oliver Davidson, was published in 1871.

THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

Oh that the eagle's wing were mine!
I'd soar above the dreary earth.
I'd spread my wings, and rise to join
The immortal fountain of my birth.

For what is Joy? How soon it fades,
The childish vision of an hour!
Though warm and brilliant are its shades,
'Tis but a frail and fleeting flower.

And what is Hope? It is a light
Which leads us on, deluding ever,
Till, lost amid the shades of night,
We sink; and then it flies forever.

And what are Honor, Glory, Fame,
But Death's dark watchwords to the grave?
The victim dies, and lo! his name
Is lost in Life's swift-rolling wave.

And what are all the joys of life,
But vanity, and toil, and woe?
What but a bitter cup of grief,
With dregs of sin and death below?

This world is but the first dark gate
Unfolded to the waking soul;
But Death, unerring, led by Fate,
Shall Heaven's bright portals backward roll.

Then shall this unchained spirit fly
On to the God who gave it life;
Rejoicing, as it soars on high,
Released from danger, doubt, and strife.

There will it pour its anthems forth,
Bending before its Maker's throne —

The great I Am, who gave it birth,
The Almighty God, the dread Unknown.

BACHELORS AT AUCTION.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure that I never saw any poetry sweeter.
It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that, to save their own heart's blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined then to pursue,
So they set the old bachelors up at vendue.
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet on his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.—
The auctioneer then his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man:
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded, "I! I!"
In short, at a high, extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice;
And forty old maidens — some younger, some older —
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

THE FAMILY TIME-PIECE.

Friend of my heart, thou monitor of youth!
Well do I love thee, dearest child of truth;

Though many a lonely hour thy whisperings low
Have made sad chorus to the notes of woe.

Or 'mid the happy hours which joyful flew,
Thou still wert faithful, still unchanged, still true;
Or when the task employed my infant mind,
Oft have I sighed to see thee lag behind;

And watched thy finger, with a youthful glee,
When it had pointed, silently, "Be free!"
Thou wert my mentor through each passing year;
'Mid pain or pleasure, thou wert ever near.

And when the wings of Time unnoticed flew,
I paused, reflected, turned to you:
Paused in my heedless round, to mark thy hand,
Pointing to Conscience, like a magic wand. . . .

Friend of my youth! ere from its mouldering clay
My joyful spirit wings to heaven its way,
Oh, may'st thou watch beside my aching head,
And tell how fast Time flits with feathered tread.

The following, probably the last poem by Lucretia Davidson, was written while confined to her bed during her last illness. It was left unfinished and in the midst of a stanza:

THE FEAR OF MADNESS.

There is something which I dread;
It is a dark, a fearful thing:
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness:
'Tis not the dread of death; 'tis more —
It is the dread of madness.

O! may these throbbing pulses pause,
  Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which, burning, glows
  With all its fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
  A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal
  . . . . .

DAVIDSON, MARGARET MILLER, an American poet; born at Plattsburg, N. Y., March 26, 1823; died at Saratoga, N. Y., in 1838. A collection of her *Poetical Remains,* with a memoir by Washington Irving, was published in 1841. "The further we have proceeded in our task," writes Irving, "the more has the intellectual beauty and seraphic purity of the little being we have attempted to commemorate broken upon us. To use one of her own exquisite expressions, she was 'a spirit of Heaven, fettered by the strong affections of earth.' The example of her sister was incessantly before her; and no better proof can be given of it than the following lines, which breathe the heavenly aspirations of her pure young spirit, in strains to us quite unearthly. We may have read poetry more artifically perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration."

TO MY SISTER LUCRETIA.

My sister! With that thrilling word
  What thoughts unnumbered wildly spring;
What echoes in my heart are stirred,
  While thus I touch the trembling string.

My sister! ere this youthful mind
Could feel the value of thine own;
Ere this infantine heart could bind,
In its deep cell, one look, one tone,

To glide along on memory's stream,
And bring back thrilling thoughts of thee,
Ere I knew aught but childhood's dream,
Thy soul had struggled, and was free.

My sister, with this mortal eye
I ne'er shall see thy form again;
And never shall this mortal ear
Drink in sweetness of thy strain.

Yet fancy wild and glowing love
Revealed thee to my spirit's view,
Enwreathed with graces from above,
And decked in heaven's own fadeless hue. . . .

I cannot weep that thou art fled:
Forever blends my soul with thine;
Each thought, by purer impulse led,
Is soaring on to realms divine. . .

Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay;
For sin too pure, for earth too bright;
And Death, who called thee hence away,
Placed on his brow a gem of light.

A gem, whose brilliant glow is shed
Beyond the ocean's swelling wave,
Which gilds the memory of the dead,
And pours its radiance on the grave. . . .

I know that here thy harp is mute,
And quenched the bright poetic fire;
Yet still I bend my ear, to catch
The hymnings of thy seraph lyre:

O! if this partial converse now
So joyous to my heart can be,
How must the streams of rapture flow
When both are chainless, both are free! . .

Away, away, ecstatic dream!
I must not, dare not, dwell on thee:
My soul, immersed in life's dark stream,
Is far too earthy to be free.

Though heaven's bright portal were unclosed,
And angels wooed me from on high,
Too much I fear my shrinking soul
Would cast on earth its longing eye.

Teach me to fill my place below,
That I may dwell with thee above;
To soothe, like thee, a mother's woe,
And prove, like thine, a sister's love.

Lenore, the longest of Margaret Davidson's poems, containing nearly 2,000 lines, is dedicated "To the Spirit of my Sister Lucretia."

DEDICATION OF LENORE.

O thou, so early lost, so long deplored!
Pure spirit of my Sister, be thou near;
And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,
Bend from the skies, sweet Sister, bend and hear.

For thee I pour this unaffected lay;
To thee these simple numbers all belong:
For though thine earthly form has passed away,
Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Take, then, this feeble tribute! 'tis thine own;
Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings o'er,
Arouse to harmony each buried tone,
And bid its wakened music sleep no more

Long hath thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
Hung o'er thy grave in death's unbroken rest;
But when its last sweet tones were borne away,
One answering echo lingered in my breast.

O thou pure spirit! if thou hoverest near,
Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,
By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

[*Written at the age of twelve.*]

Bend down from thy chariot, O beautiful Spring!
Unfold, like a standard, thy radiant wing,
And beauty and joy in thy rosy path bring!
We long for thy coming, sweet goddess of love!
We watch for thy smile in the pure sky above,
And we sigh for the hour when the wood-birds shall sing,
And nature shall welcome thee, beautiful Spring.
How the lone heart will bound as thy presence draws near,
As if borne from this world to some lovelier sphere;
How the fond soul to meet thee in raptures shall rise,
When thy first blush has tinted the earth and the skies.

Oh, send thy soft breath on the icy-bound stream,
'Twill vanish, 'twill melt, like the forms in a dream;
Released from its chains, like a child in its glee,
It will flow on in its beauty, all sparkling and free;
It will spring on in its joy, like a bird on the wing,
And hail thee with music, O beautiful Spring!
But tread with thy foot on the snow-covered plain,
And verdure and beauty shall smile in thy train.
Only whisper one word with thy seraph-like voice,
And nature to hear the sweet sound shall rejoice.

O Spring! lovely goddess! what form can compare
With thine, so resplendent, so glowing, so fair?

What sunbeam so bright as thine own smiling eye,
At whose glance the dark spirits of Winter do fly?
A garland of roses is twined round thy brow;
Thy cheek like the pale blush of evening doth glow;
A mantle of green o'er thy soft form is spread,
And the zephyr's light wing gently plays round thy head.

Oh, could I but mount on the eagle's dark wing
And rest ever beside thee, Spring, beautiful Spring!
Methinks I behold thee; I hear thy soft voice;
And, in fulness of heart, I rejoice, I rejoice!
But the cold wind is moaning, the drear snow doth fall;
And nought but the shrieking blasts echoes my call.
Oh, heed the frail offering an infant can bring!
Oh, grant my petition, Spring, beautiful Spring!

MORNING.

How calm, how beautiful a scene is this,
When nature, waking from her silent sleep,
Bursts forth in light, and harmony, and joy;
When earth and sky and air are glowing all
With gayety and life: and pensive shades
Of morning loveliness are cast around.
The purple clouds, so streaked with crimson light,
Bespeak the coming of majestic Day;
Mark how the crimson grows more crimson still,
While ever and anon a golden beam
Seems darting out its radiance.
Herald of Day! where is that mighty form
Which clothes you all in splendor, and around
Your colorless, pale forms spreads the bright hues
Of heaven? — He cometh from his gorgeous couch,
And gilds the bosom of the glowing East.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE OLD YEAR, 1837, AND THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW, 1838.

Hark to the house-clock's measured chime,
As it cries to the startled ear,

"A dirge for the soul of departing time,
A requiem for the Year!"

Thou art passing away to the mighty Past,
Where thy countless brethren sleep
Till the great Archangel's trumpet blast
Shall waken land and deep.

Oh, the lovely and beautiful things that lie
On the cold and motionless breast!
Oh, the tears, the rejoicing, the smiles, the sighs,
Departing with thee to their rest! . . .

Thou hast folded thy pinions, thy race is complete,
And fulfilled the Creator's behest;
Then adieu to thee, year of our sorrows and joys,
And peaceful and long be thy rest.

Farewell! for thy truth-written record is full,
And the page weeps for sorrow and crime.
Farewell! for the leaf hath shut down on the past,
And concealed the dark annals of time.

The bell! it hath ceased with its iron tongue
To ring on the startled ear;
The dirge o'er the grave of the lost one is rung;—
All hail to the new-born Year.

All hail to the new-born year!
To the child of hope and fear!

He comes on his car of state,
And weaves our web of fate;
And he opens his robe to receive us all,
And we live or die and we rise or fall,
In the arms of the new-born Year!

Hope! spread thy soaring wings;
Look on the boundless sea,
And trace thy bright and beautiful things
On the veil of the great To Be.

Build palaces broad as the sky,
  And store them with treasures of light;
Let exquisite visions bewilder the eye;
  And illume the darkness of night.

We are gliding fast from the buried Year,
  And the present is no more;
But, Hope, we will borrow thy sparkling gear,
  And shroud the Future o'er.

Our tears and sighs shall sleep
  In the grave of the silent Past;
We will raise up flowers, nor weep
  That the air-hues may not last.

We will dream our dreams of joy:—
  Ah, Fear! why darken the scene?
Why sprinkle that ominous tear
  My beautiful visions between!

Hath not Sorrow swift wings of her own,
  That thou must assist in her flight?
Is not daylight too rapidly gone,
  That thou must urge onward the night?

Ah! leave me to Fancy, to Hope,
  For Grief will too quickly be here;
Ah! leave me to shadow forth figures of light
  In the mystical robe of the Year.

'Tis true they may never assume
  The substance of pleasure — the Real;
But, believe me, our purest of joy
  Consists in the vague — the Ideal.

Then away to the darksome cave,
  With thy sisters — the Sigh and the Tear;
We will drink, in the crystal wave,
  The health of the new-born Year.

DAVIES, Sir John, an English lawyer and poet; born at Tisbury, Wiltshire, in 1569; died December 8, 1626. He studied at Oxford, and afterward entered the Middle Temple, London, to prosecute the study of law, but was in 1598 expelled from the Society in consequence of an affray in which he had become involved. Subsequently he rose to a high position in his profession. In 1603, upon the accession of James I., he was sent to Ireland as Solicitor-General, and received the honor of knighthood. He represented the County of Fermanagh in the Irish Parliament, of which he was chosen Speaker. He afterward sat in the English Parliament; and in 1626 was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, but died suddenly before entering upon the duties of this office. In 1612 he published a work of prose, entitled *A Discourse of the True Reasons Why Ireland Has Never Been Entirely Subdued.* His poems were all written before he had reached middle age. One of these poems, entiled *Orchestra; or, A Poem on Dancing,* contains several happy stanzas; such as the following:

MUSIC AND DANCING.

And thou, sweet Music, Dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the god's and men's sweet pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild, whirling hays,

But in the air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turned a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

THE MOON AND THE TIDES.

For lo, the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand;
For his great, crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast;
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after another flow into the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

Sir John Davies's most important poem is *Nosce Teipsum* (Know Thyself), a poem on the *Soul of Man and the Immortality Thereof,* first published in the author's twenty-ninth year (1599).

ON MYSELF.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within, can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind;
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest thing am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mocked in everything;
And — to conclude — I know myself a Man:
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

ASPIRATIONS FOR IMMORTALITY.

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shows their nature such;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views,

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

DAVIS, Andrew Jackson, an American spiritualist and author; born in Orange County, New York, August 11, 1826. In 1843, while apprenticed to a shoemaker, he developed, as it is claimed, remarkable clairvoyant powers, and while in a state of magnetic trance discoursed fluently upon scientific and philosophical subjects, and gave medical diagnoses and prescriptions. In 1845 he dictated to an amanuensis a book entitled *The Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations,* which by many was held to be "part of a series of systematic impostures;" while, on the other hand, a scholar no less eminent than Prof. George Bush wrote of it: "Taken as a whole, the work is a profound and elaborate discussion of the Philosophy of the Universe; and for grandeur of conception, soundness of principle, clearness of illustration, order of arrangement, and encyclopædical range

of subjects, I know of no work of any single mind that will bear away from it the palm." After awhile Mr. Davis ceased to submit himself to magnetic manipulations, but wrote several works, all of which he averred to have been produced under the influence of invisible spirits. His works comprise more than twenty volumes, the principal of which are: *The Principles of Nature; The Great Harmonia* (4 vols.); *The Penetralia; The Present Age and the Inner Life; The Magic Staff* (an autobiography); *Morning Lectures; Arabula; Tale of a Physician; A Stellar Key to the Summer Land; Memoranda of Persons, Places and Events* (1868); *The Fountain with New Jets of Meaning* (1870); *Mental Diseases and Disorders of the Brain* (1871); *Beyond the Valley,* an autobiography (1885).

THE GENESIS AND DESTINY OF THE UNIVERSE.

The first goings-forth or out-births from the great celestial Centre are essential oceans of matter. These, after due elaboration or gestation, give birth to suns, and become cognizable to the outward senses of man; these suns become centres, or mothers, from which earths are born, with all the elements of matter, and each minutest particle infused with the vivifying, vitalizing spirit of the parent Formator. The Essences of heat or fire, electricity, etherium, magnetism, are all the natural or outward manifestations of the productive energy, the vitalizing Causes of all existences. It pervades all substances, and animates all forms.

The order of progression of solid matter is from the lower to the higher, from the crude to the refined, from the simple to the complicated, from the imperfect to the perfect — but in distinct degrees of congeries. That is, the lower must first be developed, to elaborate the materials and prepare the way for the higher. Thus, after the sun gave birth to the earth — and the same of all the

other planets — by the action of the vitality within the particles of matter, and its constant emanation in the form of heat, light, electricity, etc., first the great Central sphere to the sun and thence to the earth, acting upon the granite, and other rocks, with the atmosphere, the water, and other compound and simple elements, new compounds were formed, possessing the vital principle in sufficient quantities to give definite forms — as crystallization, organization, motion, life, sensation, intelligence: the last being the highest or ultimate attribute of production on our earth, and possessed or reached to perfection only by Man.

A glance at the progress of matter in the production of our earth and its inhabitants will serve as an illustration of the same process and progress of worlds in the vast expanse of the universe that are perpetually and incessantly being brought into existence, and ultimating the grand object of the whole: namely, to develop and perfect individualized, self-conscious, ever-existing, immortal spirits that shall be in the "image and likeness" of the Central Cause, and dwell forever in the Summer Spheres of space. . . .

The ever-present and ever-active principle of vitality and Creative Energy, acting and reacting upon the materials of our globe, started the kingdom of Nature, which have and will ever continue to progress — from the simple to the more complicated vegetable forms; animalculæ, infusoria, radiata, mollusca, vertebrata, and Man as the Ultimate; the lowest and imperfect first and the more complex and perfect after, in regular progression, but in distinct degrees: each new type being dependent upon *all* that preceded it for its existence, but yet distinct and different from its predecessors. . . .

Each type of the endless variety of inorganic and organized substances is but a link in the great chain of cause and effect; and each type or species is so marked and distinct as easily to be distinguished, and each variety and unity of the human species is so indelibly stamped with its own perfected individuality as to be recognized from the myriads of the same species. Thus

fixed, unvarying, and universal laws of the Father govern and regulate all his universe. Throughout all the ramifications of the spiritual, physical, and celestial, eternal unity, order and harmony reign; conception, development, progression, and perfection mark all things, and all point with irresistible force of reason and demonstration to the immortality of the spirit. . . .

All organic forms below man not only produce their own like, but the substance of their material forms mingles with previously formed compounds to produce a new and distinct type superior to itself. But the human type has no superior development, and there is no retrogression in the works of nature. Each new unfolding is superior to the preceding. Man, then, is destined for other and higher Spheres. In these spheres, or new states of existence, man's spirit must present not only an "image and likeness" of Nature and God, but a consciousness of identity and individual Selfhood. Feeling and knowing this, he should so live while in this rudimentary and preparatory state of existence that all his physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual structure, formation, growth, and maturity be fully developed, cultivated, and perfected; so that when the "mortal puts on immortality," and seeks "a home in the heavens," it can expand into a celestial life, without spot or blemish to mar its beauty or impede its progress in bliss and glory eternal.—*A Stellar Key to the Summer Land, Chap. XVIII.*

DAVIS, Henry Winter, an American statesman and orator; born at Annapolis, Md., August 16, 1817; died at Baltimore, Md., December 30, 1865. He was graduated from Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1837, afterward studied law at the University

of Virginia, and entered upon legal practice at Alexandria, Va. In 1850 he removed to Baltimore. In 1855 he was elected to Congress, as a Democrat, and was re-elected for the two following terms. In 1856 he advocated the election of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency, in opposition to Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Frémont. In 1859 he put an end to the protracted contest for the Speakership of the House of Representatives, by voting for Mr. Pennington, the Whig candidate, whereupon the Legislature of Maryland passed a resolution to the effect that he had misrepresented the State, and had forfeited the confidence of the people. When the Civil War broke out, and there was danger that Maryland would join the seceding States, Mr. Davis strenuously opposed this projected measure. In 1862 he was again elected to Congress as a Unionist, and was chosen as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. His earnest advocacy of the emancipation of slaves, and of extending the right of suffrage to the colored race, placed him among the foremost civilians during the war. His latest public efforts, made not long before his death, were directed toward the latter of these objects. Mr. Davis published *The War of Ormuzd and Ahriman in the Nineteenth Century* (1853), and a volume of his *Speeches and Addresses* appeared in 1867.

THE EVILS OF DISUNION.

The repudiation of the Democratic Party is the first condition and best security for peace and safety. It silences the plea of revenge and retaliation. The people of the South owe it to themselves and to their future as completely to discard the Democrats as the people of the North have withdrawn from them their confidence.

But there are Democratic gentlemen who anticipate the success of the argument in driving everybody to the support of Mr. Frémont, and who speculate on the consequences. There are men who go about the country declaiming about the inevitable consequences of the election of Mr. Frémont; and the question is asked whether that simple fact is not sufficient, not merely to justify, but to require a dissolution of the Union. That is a question which I do not regard as even a subject of discussion. It will never be done while men have their reason. It will never be done until some party, bent upon acquiring party power, shall again and again exasperate, beyond the reach of reason, Northern and Southern minds, as my Southern friends have now exasperated the Northern minds. It would be an act of suicide — and sane men do not commit suicide. The act itself is insanity. It will be done — in a tempest of fury and madness which cannot stop to reason. Dissolution means death — the suicide of Liberty without the hope of resurrection; death without the glories of immortality, with no sister to mourn her fate, none to wrap her decently in her winding-sheet, and bear her tenderly to her sepulchre: dead Liberty left to the horrors of corruption, a loathsome thing, with a stake through the body, which men shun, cast out naked on the highway of nations, where the tyrants of the earth, who feared her living, will mock her dead — passing by on the other side, wagging their heads, and thrusting their tongues in their cheeks at her, saying, "Behold her! how she that was fair among nations is fallen! is fallen!" And only the few wise men who loved her, out of every nation, will shed tears over her body to quiet her manes; while we, her children, stumble about the ruined habitation, to find dishonorable graves wherein to hide our shame. . . .

Gentlemen ask, "If Mr. Frémont is elected, how will Maryland go! What will Maryland do?" I do not allow that question to be asked. She knows but one country, and but one Union. Her glory is in it; her rights are bound up in it. Her children shed their blood for it, and they will do it again. Beyond it she knows

nothing. She does not reckon whether there is more advantage in the Union to the North or to the South; she does not calculate its value; nor does she cast up an account of profit and loss on the blood of her children. That is my answer to that question. But, Sir, it is portentous to hear the members of a party contesting for the Presidency menace dissolution and revolution as the penalty they will inflict on the victors for defeating them. People who do not hold the Union worth four years' deprivation of office are scarcely safe depositories of its powers.— *Speech in Congress, August 7, 1856.*

SOME LESSONS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

We have disposed of the doctrine of secession by the bayonet; but that their acute legal suggestion — that although the State has not the right to rebel, yet the citizens are bound to obey it, and it will stand between them and the responsibility incurred in fighting for it against the Nation — may be effectually put down, it must be refuted, as it only can be, by the judgment of death on their leading traitor. I am not bloody-minded, and I think mere personal punishment at the end of a war in which two or three hundred thousand men have been laid in bloody graves has no relation to the ordinary purposes of punishment. If you could punish so as to break and destroy the power of the "aristocracy" which inaugurated the war, it were well. But Congress has refused to pass the law which deprived them of their citizenship; and now the supreme law of the land forbids it, the opportunity is gone, and gone forever. They have suffered, and suffered much, by the confiscation of their slaves. But the mere hanging of men has no power to prevent such a rebellion as this, wherein men have staked hundreds of thousands of lives on the issue, and died glorying in their cause. By hanging them you would be only multiplying the number of martyrs without materially diminishing that of criminals. But they should be stamped with the foul brand of treason — not allowed to glory over their struggle against the Nation;

to remain the heroes of the South, as they are at this day.

When the vanquished rebel can hang his sword over his door, and in after years boast of it to his grandchildren, you have left the seeds of future rebellion, the temptation of immunity for the future; and it is material that those great words of the Constitution, "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land"— shall be understood to mean what they say; to be resisted by no wire-drawn pleas; to be avoided by no plea of States' Rights; to be stripped of authority by no impunity claimed under any obligation to obey the Constitution of the State: so that the man who takes his musket to resist it shall know that *he* commits the crime, and not his State. The judgment of the court will clear him of every delusion on this subject; so that hereafter he will not be troubled by metaphysical arguments on State Rights which are National Wrongs; but he may go to his doom justly, as well as legally.

The kindly advice of our English cousins and our French friends, preaching moderation in the hour of victory, is good; but we cannot but remember that their friends are those who are to suffer. Hopes of foreign aid from those Powers weighed heavily in causing the rebellion, and they naturally have an interest in preventing the extreme penalty of the law from falling on the heads of those they tempted and deserted. We can understand that they have an interest in still keeping open a cleavage in the fast-closing rock of the republic wherein foreign Powers may again force a lever to shake the republic to its foundations. When we feel the need of it, we will ask their advice; but we look alone to *our laws* for the rule of our action, and to the moderation of the people to prevent the stain of useless blood upon our hands. . . .

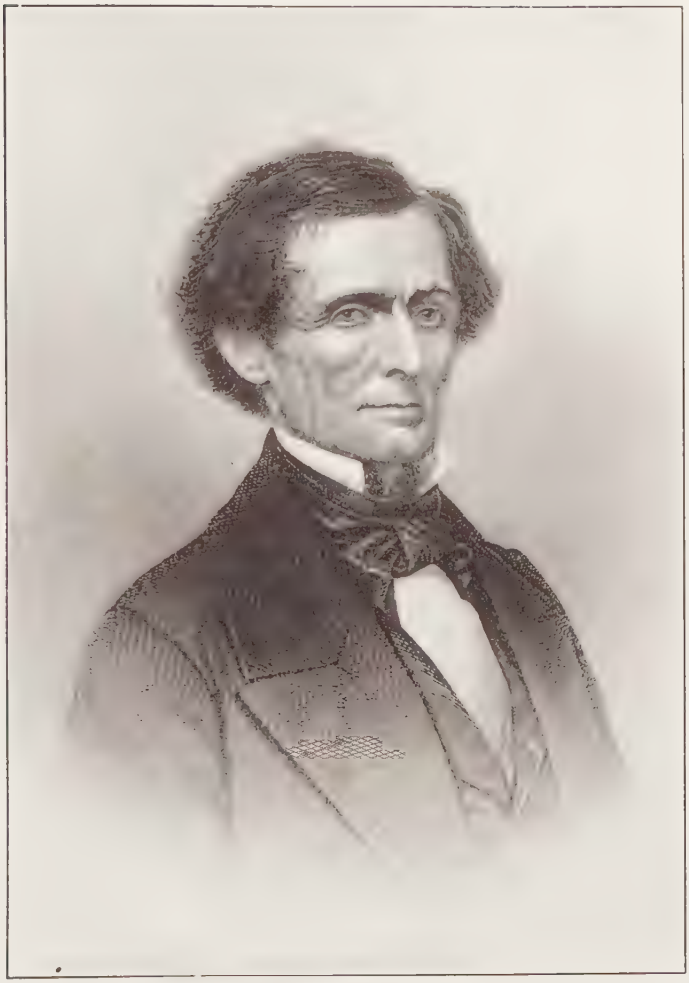
We cannot govern this immense region by military power. That would be to create proconsuls to whom the armies will become devoted, in whom the spirit of ambitious power will grow and become strong, and one

of whom may, like Cæsar, march across the Rubicon, on the insidious pretext of the public good; when America may be as Rome was. Military government in vast regions of territory, over great populations, is inconsistent not only with the principles of our institutions, but with the permanence and integrity of the American Government, and therefore must be excluded from everybody's mind. If you wish a temporary civil government let it be organized *by law;* but we must recognize not only *personal freedom,* but the principles of self-government — the right of the *People* to rule. We want no rebel State Government; we want still less a military government. A rebel government is safer than a military government. We do not want oligarchies of professed Union men who have been so low down out of sight that nobody can divine their relations to the rebellion; or men that treacherously sympathized with the power that was, and now meanly seek to serve the power that is. We want the free government of the loyal men of the South who are on our side; who will draw the sword for us, and will maintain our rights where they are threatened, and are powerful enough to maintain the authority of the State government at home. There is no white population at the South — no great mass of it anywhere — who will conform to these conditions. After you have erased from the list of voters every man you can clearly prove to have been a Secessionist — after you have sifted clear all you can call loyal men — you have men who have sympathized with rebellion, have given it their countenance, if not their active aid, by their arms and their money; can they be relied on in any emergency? The Secessionists of the South are the heroes of the South — toasted, fêted, worshipped. Under a reorganization on the basis of the white population, the South will be more united and powerful than when she drew the sword. . . .

No State Government has ever been organized which ostracized a majority or any great mass of the people. When slavery existed, slaves were merged in the master. But the right of the State to ostracize a great mass of

free negroes has never been recognized. When negroes become free, they become a part of the People of the nation, and to ostracize them is to sanction a principle fatal to American free government. . . . We need the votes of all the colored people. It is numbers, not intelligence, that count at the ballot-box. Let Congress pass an amendment to the Constitution consecrating forever the mass of the people as the basis of the republican government; when this shall have received the assent of three-fourths of those now represented in Congress, let Congress instantly proclaim it as the fundamental law of the land — valid and binding as the Constitution itself, of which they will thus have made it a part; under which they sit; of which no State caprice, no question of political parties, nothing in the future, except the triumph of slavery over free institutions, can ever shake or call in question. Then all the principles of the Declaration of Independence will be executed; this Government will rest on the right of individual liberty, and the right of every man to bear a share in the government of the country whose laws he obeys, and whose bayonet, in the hour of danger, he bears. And the personal freedom which the dark children of the republic have won by our blood and theirs will not be a vain mockery, exposed to violation at the caprice of their masters, enthroned in the Legislature, on the Bench, and in the Executive Chamber, but, secured by the arms they hold, and the ballot they cast, will be Liberty guarded by power.— *Oration at Chicago, July 4, 1865.*

DAVIS, JEFFERSON, an American statesman; born at Abbeville, Christian County, Ky., June 3, 1808; died at New Orleans, December 6, 1889. Shortly after his birth his father removed to Wilkinson County, Miss. The son entered Transylvania College,



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Kentucky, but in 1824 was appointed a cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he was graduated in 1828. He remained in the army until 1835, serving on the frontiers, when, having married the daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterward General and President of the United States, he resigned his commission and became a cotton-planter in Mississippi. In 1844 he was elected a Representative in Congress. The war with Mexico having broken out, Mr. Davis was elected Colonel of the First Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers. Resigning his seat in Congress, he overtook his regiment at New Orleans, and led it to reinforce General Taylor on the Rio Grande. He was actively engaged in the capture of Monterey, in September, 1846, and was severely wounded at the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. In August, 1847, he was appointed by the Governor of Mississippi to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States for the term expiring March 4, 1851, and was thereafter elected for the next Senatorial term of six years. He was made Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs; but in September he accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Mississippi, and resigned his seat in the Senate. He was defeated by a very small majority by Mr. Foote, the "Union" candidate for Governor. He remained in retirement until 1853, when he became Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce. He administered the duties of this position with great ability until the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan in 1857. He was then again elected Senator in Congress for the term ending March 4, 1863, and became the acknowledged leader of the Democratic Party in the Senate.

The State of Mississippi formally seceded from the Union, January 9, 1861, and on the 21st Mr. Davis made his farewell speech in the Senate. In February a Congress, composed of delegates from the States which had already seceded, convened at Montgomery, Ala., and framed a Provisional Government, Mr. Davis being chosen President and Alexander H. Stephens Vice-President. On May 20th, Virginia having entered the Confederacy, the seat of government was transferred to Richmond. A Presidential election was held in November throughout the Confederacy; Mr. Davis was elected President and Mr. Stephens Vice-President for the term of six years. Mr. Davis was inaugurated February 22, 1862. The Confederate Government virtually came to an end by the surrender of the armies commanded by Generals Lee and Johnston in April, 1865. Mr. Davis, however, believed that the contest might still be carried on in the region beyond the Mississippi, and was endeavoring to make his way to that quarter, when he was captured in Northern Georgia, May 10, by a small detachment of Federal cavalry. He was taken to Fortress Monroe, where he was imprisoned for two years, awaiting trial. In May, 1867, he was formally arraigned before a United States Court, sitting at Richmond, upon a charge of high treason. The trial, however, did not take place, and he was released upon bail. In December, 1868, the Government entered a *nolle prosequi*, and Mr. Davis was discharged. For a time he entered upon business pursuits, which, however, he ultimately abandoned.

Mr. Davis delivered numerous elaborate speeches during his Congressional career and while he was

President of the Confederate States. In 1881 he published *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,* in two large volumes, devoted to the advocacy of the principles upon which the Southern Confederacy was based and a justification of his own conduct as its President.

DESIGN OF THE HISTORY.

The object of this work has been, from historical data, to show that the Southern States had rightfully the power to withdraw from a Union into which they had, as sovereign communities, voluntarily entered; that the denial of that right was a violation of the letter and spirit of the compact between the States; and that the war waged by the Federal Government against the seceding States was in disregard of the limitations of the Constitution, and destructive of the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

The incentive to undertake the work was the desire to correct misapprehension created by industriously circulated misrepresentations as to the acts and purposes of the People and the General Government of the Confederate States. By the reiteration of such unappropriate terms as "rebellion" and "treason," and the asservation that the South was levying war against the United States, those ignorant of the nature of the Union, and of the reserved powers of the States, have been led to believe that the Confederate States were in the condition of revolted provinces, and that the United States were forced to arms for the preservation of their existence. To those who know that the Union was formed for specific enumerated purposes, and that the States had never surrendered their sovereignty, it was a palpable absurdity to apply to them, or to their citizens when obeying their mandates, the terms "rebellion" and "treason;" and, further, it is shown that the Confederate States, so far from making war or seeking to destroy the United States, as soon as they had an official organ, strove earnestly, by peaceful negotiation, to equitably adjust all

questions growing out of the separation from their late associates. . . .

Much of the past is irremediable. The best hope for a restoration in the future to the pristine purity and fraternity of the Union rests on the opinions and character of the men who are to succeed this generation. That they may be suited to that blessed work, one whose public course is ended invokes them to draw their creed from the fountains of our political history, rather than from the lower stream — polluted as it has been by self-seeking place-hunters and by sectional strife.— *Preface to The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.*

ORIGINALLY OPPOSED TO SECESSION.

In November, 1860, after the result of the Presidential election was known, the Governor of Mississippi, having issued his proclamation convoking a special session of the Legislature to consider the propriety of calling a convention, invited the Senators and Representatives in Congress to meet him for consultation as to the character of the Message he should send to the Legislature when assembled. While holding, in common with my political associates, that the right of a State to secede was unquestionable, I differed from most of them as to the probability of our being permitted peaceably to exercise the right. The knowledge acquired by the administration of the War Department for four years, and by the chairmanship of the Military Committee of the Senate at two different periods, still longer in combined duration, had shown me the entire lack of preparation for war in the South. The foundries and armories were in the Northern States, and there were stored all the new and improved weapons of war. In the arsenals of the Southern States were to be found only arms of the old and rejected models. The South had no manufactories of powder, and no navy to protect our harbors, no merchant-ships for foreign commerce. It was evident to me, therefore, that, if we should be involved in war, the odds against us would be far greater than what was due merely to our inferiority in population. Believing

that secession would be the precursor of war between the States, I was consequently slower and more reluctant than others, who entertained a different opinion, to resort to that remedy.— *Rise and Fall, Vol. I., p. 57.*

THE ALLEGIANCE OF THE CITIZEN.

The primary, paramount allegiance of the citizen is due to the sovereign only. That sovereign, under our system, is the People — the People of the State to which he belongs — the People who constitute the State Government which he obeys, and which protects him in the enjoyment of his personal rights; the People who alone (as far as he is concerned) ordained and established the Federal Constitution and Federal Government; the People who have reserved to themselves sovereignty — which implies the power to revoke all agencies created by them. The obligation to support the State or Federal Constitution, and the obedience due to either State or Federal Government, are alike derived from and dependent on the allegiance due to this sovereign. If the sovereign abolishes the State Government, and ordains and establishes a new one, the obligation of the allegiance requires him to transfer his allegiance accordingly. If the sovereign withdraws from association with its confederates in the Union, the allegiance of the citizen requires him to follow the sovereign. Any other course is rebellion or treason — words which in the cant of the day have been so grossly misapplied and perverted as to be made worse than unmeaning. His relationship to the Union arose from the membership of the State of which he was a citizen, and ceased whenever his State withdrew from it. He cannot owe obedience — much less allegiance — to an association from which his sovereign has separated, and thereby withdrawn him.

Every officer of both Federal and State Governments is required to take an oath to support the Constitution, a compact the binding force of which is based upon the sovereignty of the States — a sovereignty necessarily carrying with it the principles just stated with regard to allegiance. Every such officer is, therefore, vir-

tually sworn to maintain and support the sovereignty of all the States. Military and naval officers take, in addition, an oath to obey the lawful orders of their superiors. Such an oath has never been understood to be eternal in its obligations. It is dissolved by the death, dismissal, or resignation of the officer who takes it; and such resignation is not a mere optional right, but becomes an imperative duty when continuance in the service comes to be in conflict with the ultimate allegiance due to the sovereignty of the States to which he belongs.—*Rise and Fall, Vol. I., p. 182.*

THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.

On Sunday, the 2d of April, 1865, while I was in St. Paul's Church, General Lee's telegram, announcing his speedy withdrawal from Petersburg, and the consequent necessity for evacuating Richmond, was handed to me. I quietly rose and left the church. . . . I went to my office and assembled the heads of departments and bureaus, as far as they could be found on a day when all the offices were closed, and gave the needful instructions for our removal that night, simultaneously with General Lee's withdrawal from Petersburg. The event was not unforeseen, and some preparation had been made for it; though, as it came sooner than was expected, there was much to be done. My own papers were disposed as usual for convenient reference in the transaction of current affairs, and as soon as the principal officers had left me, the executive papers were arranged for removal. This occupied myself and staff until late in the afternoon.

In view of the diminishing resources of the country on which the Army of Northern Virginia relied for supplies, I had urged the policy of sending families, as far as practicable, to the South and West, and had set the example by requiring my own to go. . . . Being alone in Richmond, the few arrangements needful for my personal wants were soon made after reaching home. Then, leaving all else in charge of the housekeeper, I waited until notified of the time when the train would

depart; then, going to the station, started for Danville, whither I supposed General Lee would proceed with his army. . . .

The design, as previously arranged with General Lee, was that, if he should be compelled to evacuate Petersburg, he would proceed to Danville, make a new defensive line of the Dan and Roanoke Rivers, unite his army with the troops in North Carolina, and make a combined attack upon Sherman. If successful, it was expected that reviving hope would bring reinforcements to the army; and Grant, being then far removed from his base of supplies, and in the midst of a hostile population, it was thought we might return, drive him from the soil of Virginia, and restore to the people a government deriving its authority from their consent. With these hopes and wishes — neither seeking to diminish the magnitude of our disaster, nor to excite illusory expectations — I issued on the 5th the following proclamation, of which, viewed in the light of subsequent events, it may fairly be said it was over-sanguine:

"The General-in-Chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from its occupation by the enemy. It is equally unwise and unworthy of us to allow our energies to falter, and our efforts to become relaxed under reverses, however calamitous they may be.

"For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people, has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise. It is for us, my countrymen, to show by our bearing under reverses how wretched has been the self-deception of those who have believed us less able to endure misfortune with fortitude than to encounter danger with courage.

"We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular

points, our army will be free to move from point to point — to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free.

"Animated by that confidence in your spirit and fortitude which never yet failed me, I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia — noble State, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history, whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war, whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come — that Virginia, with the help of the people, and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory. If, by the stress of numbers we should be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other Border State, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free. Let us, then, not despond, my countrymen, but, relying on God, meet the foe, with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."— *Rise and Fall, Vol. II., p. 667.*

CAPTURE OF MR. DAVIS.

After leaving Washington, Ga., I overtook a commissary and quartermaster's train, having public papers of value in their charge. On the second or third day after leaving Washington I heard that a band of marauders, supposed to be stragglers and deserters from both armies, were in pursuit of my family, whom I had not seen since I left Richmond, but who, I heard, had gone with my private secretary and seven paroled men, who generously offered their services as an escort to the Florida coast. Their route was to the east of that I was pursuing; but I immediately changed direction, and rode rapidly across the country to overtake them. . . .

For the protection of my family, I travelled with them for two or three days, when, believing that they had passed out of the region of the marauders, I determined to leave their encampment at nightfall, to execute my original purpose [to cross to the trans-Mississippi Department, and there unite with the armies of E. K. Smith and Magruder, who it was thought, would still be able to uphold the Confederate cause until a treaty could be arranged].

My horse, and those of my party proper, were saddled preparatory to start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into the neighboring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a marauding party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saddled, and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down, fully dressed, to rest. Nothing occurred to rouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman — a free colored man, who faithfully clung to our fortunes — came and told me that there was firing over the branch, just behind our encampment. I turned back and told my wife that these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity.

My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached. It was therefore impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my "raglan"—a water-proof light overcoat without sleeves. It was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it. As I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl.

I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up, and ordered me to halt and surrender; to which I gave a defiant answer, and dropping

the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him. He levelled his carbine at me; but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me; and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle, and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action; and, recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire beyond the tent. Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached; they encountered each other and commenced firing, both supposing they had met an armed escort, and some casualties resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those who were engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Taylor Wood, with Lieutenant Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring exploits on the sea had made him, on the part of the Federal Government, an object of special hostility, and rendered it quite proper that he should avail himself of every possible means of escape. . . .

Wilson and others have uttered many falsehoods in regard to my capture, which have been exposed in publications by persons there present: by Secretary Reagan, by the members of my personal staff, by the colored coachman, Jim Jones — which must have been convincing to all who were not given over to believe a lie.— *Rise and Fall, Vol. II., p. 700.*

FINAL CONCLUSIONS.

My first object in this work was to prove, by historical authority, that each of the States, as sovereign parties to the compact of union, had the reserved power to secede from it whenever it should be found not to answer the ends for which it was established. If this has been done, it follows that the war was, on the part of the United States Government, one of aggression and

usurpation; and, on the part of the South, was for the defence of an inherent and unalienable right.

My next purpose was to show, by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people in their unequal struggle, how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause; that, by their humanity to the wounded and captives, they proved themselves the worthy descendants of civilized sires, and fit to be free; and that, in every case — as when our army invaded Pennsylvania — by their respect for private rights, their morality and observance of the laws of civilized war, they are entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind. . . .

In asserting the right of secession, it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable; but this did not prove it to be wrong. And now that it may not be again attempted, and that the union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth — the whole truth — should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease and then, on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States, there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto Perpetua.— Rise and Fall, Vol. II., p. 764.*

A *Short History of the Confederate States of America* was published after his death (1890)

DAVIS, John, an English navigator; born at Sandridge, about 1540; died at sea in the Straits of Malacca, December 29, 1605. Between 1585 and 1587 he distinguished himself by three voyages undertaken for the discovery of a northwest passage to Asia. In the first of these voyages he discovered the strait leading into Hudson's Bay, which

still bears his name; in the next year he sailed along the coast of Greenland, going as far north as latitude 72° 12′. In 1591 he was second in command in the unfortunate voyage of Cavendish to the South Sea. After this he made five voyages to the East Indies, and was finally killed by pirates in the Straits of Malacca. He was a sailor of extraordinary professional acquirements, and invented a quadrant for taking the sun's altitude at sea, which was some thirty years after superseded by Hadley's sextant. In 1595 he published a curious book entitled *The World's Hydrographical Description,* "wherein," as is stated on the title page, "is proved not only by aucthoritie of writers, but also by late experience of trauellers, and reasons of substantiall probabilitie, that the worlde in all his zones, clymates, and places, is habitable and inhabited, and the seas likewise universally nauigable, without any naturall anoyance to hinder the same; whereby appeares that from England there is a short and speedie passage into the South Seas to China, Malucca, Phillipina, and India, by northerly navigation, to the renowne, honour, and benefit of her maiesties state and communalty." By way of corroborating his theory he gives a short narrative of his voyages for the discovery of the Northwest Passage; his being the earliest account of voyaging in the Greenland seas:

IN SEARCH OF A NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

In my first voyage, not experienced of the nature of those clymattes, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certayne relation in what altitude that passage was to be searched, I shaped a Northerly course, and so sought the same towardes the South, and in that my Northerly course I fell upon the shore which in an-

cient time was called Groyland, five hundred leagues distant from the durseys West North West Northerly, the land being very high and full of mightie mountaines all couered with snow, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seene, and the shore two leagues of into the sea, so full of yse as that no shipping cold by any means come neere the same. The lothsome vewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yse was such, as that it bred strange conceipts among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sencible or vegitable creatures, whereupon I called the same Desolation; so coasting this shore towardes the South in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to trend towardes the west. I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtie leages it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtie leages sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yse and found many greene and plesant Ills bordering upon the shore, but the mountains of the maine were still covered with great quantities of snowe. I brought my shippe among those ylls, and there mored to refreshe our selves in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about. The people of the country, having espyed our shipps, came down unto us in their canoes, holding up their right hand to the Sunne and crying Yliaout, would stricke their brestes; we doing the like, the people came aborde our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tractable conditions; by whom, as signes would permit, we understoode that towardes the North and West there was a great sea, and using the people with kindnesse in geuing them nayles and knifes, which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yse, supposing our selves to be past all daunger we shaped our course West Nor West, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie sixe degrees, wee fell with an other shore, and there founde an other passage of 20 leages broade directly West into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped strayght. We intered into the same

thirty or fortie leages, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten; then, considering that the yeere, was spent, for this was in the fyne of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to retourne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search. An so retourning in a sharpe fret of Westerly windes, the 29 of September we arrived at Dartmouth.

And acquainting master Secretory with the rest of the honorable and worshipfull aduenturers of our procedinges, I was appointed againe the seconde yeere to search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for. In this second attempt the merchants of Exeter and other places of the West became aduenturers in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for sixe monthes, and having direction to search this straighte, untill we found the same to fall into an other sea upon the West side of this part of America, we should agayne retourne, for then it was not to be doubted but shipping with trade might safely bee conueied to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and arriving unto the south part of the coast of Desolation, costed the same upon his west shore to the lat. of 66 degres, and there ancored among the ylls bordering upon the same, where wee refreshed our selues. The people of this place came likewise vnto vs, by whome I vnderstood through their signes that towardes the North the sea was large. At this place the chiefe shipe whereupon I trusted, called the Marmayd of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceede she there forsooke me. Then considering howe I had giuen my fayth and most constant promise to my worshipfull good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest aduenturer in that action, and tooke such care for the perfourmance theereof that hee hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any fiue others whatsoeuer out of his owne purse, when some of the company haue bin slacke in giuing in their aduenture. And also knowing that I shoulde lose the

fauour of master Secretory, if I should shrinke from his direction, in one small barke of thirty tonnes, whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther comfort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and ariuing unto this straights followed the same eightie leages, vntill I came among ylandes, where the water did eb and flowe sixe fadome vpright, and where there had beene great trade of people to make trayne. But by such thinges as there we founde, wee knewe that they were not Xtians of Europe that vsed that trade; in fine, by searching with our boate, wee founde small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning againe recoured the sea and so coasted the shore towardes the South, and in so doing — for it was to late to search towardes the North — we founde an other great inlett neere fortie leages broade where the water entred in with violent swiftnes. This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt but the Northe partes of America are all ylands, by ought that I could perceiue therein; but because I was alone in a small barke of thirtie tonnes, and the yeere spent I entered not into the same, for it was now the seuenth of September, but, coasting the shore towardes the South, we saw an incredible number of birdes. Hauing diuers fishermen aborde our barke, they all concluded that there was a great scull of fish. Wee beeing vnprouided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle mayde a hoke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lynes, before the bayte was changed wee took more than fortie great cods, the fishe swimming so abundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to be reported of, which, with a small portion of salte that we had, wee preserued some thirtie couple, or there aboutes, and so retourned for England. And hauing reported to master Secretory the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded mee to present unto the most honorable Lorde high thresurer of England some parte of that fish, which when his Lordship saw and hearde at large the relation of this seconde attempt, I receiued fauorable countenance from his honour, aduising mee to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship conceiued a

very good opinion. The next yeere, although diuers of the aduenturers fel from the action, as al the western merchantes and most of those in London, yet some of the aduenturers, both honorable and worshipfull, continued their willing fauor and charge, so that by this meanes the next yeere 2 shippes were appointed for the fishing and one pynace for the discouery.

Departing from Dartmouth, through God's merciful fauour I ariued to the place of fishing and there according to my direction I left the 2 shippes to follow that business, taking their faithful promise not to depart vntill my returne vnto them, which should bee in the fine of August, and so in the barke I proceeded for the discouery, but after my departure in sixteene dayes the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, withoute regard to their promise. My selfe, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded in the discouerie and followed my course in the free and open sea, betweene North and Nor west, to the latitude of sixtie seuen degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east; then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would prooue but a gulfe. Notwithstanding, desirous to knowe the full certaintye, I proceeded, and in sixtie eight degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the western shore; thus I continued the latitude of seuentie fiue degrees, in a great sea, free from yse, coasting the western shore of Desolation. The people came continually rowing out vnto me in their Canoas, twenty-forty, and one hundred at a time, and would giue me fishe dried, Samon, Samon peale, cod, Caplin, Lumpe, stone base, and such like, besides diuers kindes of birdes, as Patrig, Fesant, Gulls, sea birdes, and other kindes of fleshe. I still laboured by signes to knowe from them what they knew of any sea towardes the North. They still made signes of a great sea as we vnderstood them; then I departed from that coast, thinking to discouer the North parts of America, and after I had sayled towardes the west neere fortie leages I fell upon a great bancke of yse; the wind being North and blewe much, I was

constrained to coast the same towardes the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yse towardes the North, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearchable depth. So coasting towardes the South I came to the place wher I left the shippes to fishe but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distress referring my selfe to the mercifull prouidence of God, shaped my course for England and vnhoped for of any, God alone releuing me, I ariued at Dartmouth. By this last discouerie it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment towardes the North, but by reason of the Spanish fleete and unfortunate time of master Secretoryes death, the voyage was omitted and neuer sithens attempted.

DAVIS, Sir John Francis, an English diplomat; born at London in 1795; died near Bristol, November 13, 1890. He entered the civil service at an early age, and in 1816 was attached to Lord Amherst's embassy to the Chinese court at Pekin. In 1834 he was made Joint Commissioner with Lord Napier to arrange commercial and other questions between Great Britain and China. From 1843 to 1848 he was British Plenipotentiary and Chief Superintendent of British Trade in China and Governor of the Colony of Hong-Kong. He was created a Baronet in 1845. The honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford, to which, in 1876, he gave the sum of £1,666 for the purpose of endowing a scholarship for the purpose of encouraging the study of the Chinese language and literature. Sir John Francis Davis wrote several

works relating to China; the most important of which are: *The Chinese: a General Description of China and its Inhabitants* (1836; enlarged edition, 1840); and *China During the War and Since the Peace* (1852; enlarged edition, 1857).

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE CHINESE.

The superiority which the Chinese possess over the other nations of Asia is so decided as scarcely to need the institution of an elaborate comparison. Those who have had opportunities of seeing both have readily admitted it. The moral causes of a difference so striking may perhaps occur to the reader of the subjoined work. The physical causes consist, it may reasonably be supposed, in the advantages which China possesses from its geographical situation; in the generally favorable climate, the average fertility of the soil and the great facility of internal intercourse with which the country has been favored by nature, and which has been still further improved by art. The early advancement of China, in the general history of the globe, may likewise be accounted for, in some measure, by natural and physical causes, and by the position of the whole of that vast country (with a very trivial exception) within the temperate zone.

An attentive survey of the tropical regions of the earth, where food is produced in the greatest abundance, will seem to justify the conclusion that extreme fertility, or the power of production, has been rather unfavorable to the progress of the human race; or, at least, that the industry and advancement of nations has appeared in some measure to depend on a certain proportion between their necessities and their natural resources. Man is by nature an indolent animal; and without the stimulant of necessity will, in the first instance, get on as well as he can with the provision that nature has made for him. In the warm and fertile regions of the tropics, or rather of the equinoctial, where lodging and clothing — the two necessary things after

food — are rendered almost superfluous by climate, and where food is produced with very little exertion, we find how small a progress has been made; while, on the other hand, the whole of Europe, and by far the greater part of China, are situated beyond the northern tropic.

If, again, we go farther north, to those arctic regions where man exists in a very miserable state, we shall find that there he has no materials to work upon. Nature is such a niggard in the returns she makes to labor that industry is discouraged and frozen, as it were, in the outset. In other words, the proportion is destroyed; the equinoctial regions are too spontaneously genial and fertile, the arctic too unkindly barren; and on this account it would seem that industry, wealth, and civilization have been principally confined to the temperate zone, where there is at once necessity to excite labor and production to recompense it. There are, no doubt, other important circumstances, besides geographical situation, which influence the advancement of nations; but this at least is too considerable an ingredient to be left out of the calculation.— *Introduction to The Chinese.*

DIFFUSION OF EDUCATION.

The general prosperity and peace of China have been very much promoted by the diffusion of intelligence and education through the lower classes. Among the countless millions that constitute the empire, almost every man can read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purposes of life; and a respectable share of these acquirements goes low down in the scale of society. Of the sixteen discourses which are periodically read to the people, the eighth inculcates the necessity of a general acquaintance with the penal laws, which are printed purposely in a cheap shape. They argue, that as men cannot properly be punished for what they do not know, so likewise they will be less liable to incur the penalty if they are made acquainted with the prohibition.

The general diffusion of education must be attributed to the influence of almost every motive of fear or hope that can operate on the human mind. It is inculcated

by positive precepts, and encouraged by an open competition for the highest rewards. One of the strongest motives to every Chinese to educate his sons must be the consciousness that he is liable to punishment for their crimes at any period of their lives, as well as to rewards for their merits. Parents are often promoted for the acts of their sons. Montesquieu, in violently condemning the liability to punishment, seems to have been unaware, or unmindful, that it is in some measure the result of that absolute power which is through life intrusted to the father; and that such a trust, with some show of reason, carries with it a portion of responsibility. He is not only punished, but rewarded, too, according as he has administered this trust. How such a system must operate as a motive to education is sufficiently obvious; and the only question is whether the amount of personal liberty sacrificed is balanced by the amount of public benefit gained. So sensible are they of the importance of education that the language is full of domestic or of State maxims in reference to it: "Bend the mulberry-tree when it is young;" "Without education in families, how are governors of the people to be obtained?" and so on. Every town has its public place of instruction, and wealthy families have private tutors.—*The Chinese, Chap. VII.*

THE FESTIVAL OF AGRICULTURE.

A festival much honored by the Chinese, and indicative of their ancient regard for agriculture, is that which takes place when the Sun reaches 15 of Aquarius. The governor of every capital city issues in state toward the eastern gate, to "meet the Spring," which is represented by a procession bearing a huge clay figure of the buffalo, called by the Chinese "water-bullock" (from its propensity for muddy shallows) which is always used to drag their ploughs through the flooded rice-grounds. The train is attended by litters, on which are borne children fancifully dressed, and decorated with flowers, representing mythological personages; and the whole is accompanied by a band of musicians. When they have reached

the governor's house, he delivers a discourse in his capacity of Priest of Spring, recommending the care of husbandry; and after he has struck the clay buffalo thrice with a whip, the people fall upon it with stones and break in pieces the image, whose hollow inside is filled with a multitude of smaller images in clay, for which they scramble. This ceremony bears some resemblance to the procession of the bull Apis in ancient Egypt, which was connected in like manner with the labors of agriculture, and the hopes of an abundant season.

The emperor himself, at about the same period of the year, honors the profession of husbandry by going through the ceremony of holding the plough. Accompanied by some princes of the blood, and a selection of the principal ministers, he proceeds to a field set apart for the purpose, in the enclosure which surrounds the Temple of the Earth, where everything has been duly prepared by regular husbandmen in attendance. After certain sacrifices, consisting of grain which has been preserved from the produce of the same field, the emperor ploughs a few furrows, after which he is followed by the princes and ministers in order. The "five sorts of grain" are then sown, and when the emperor has viewed the completion of the work by the husbandmen present, the field is committed to the charge of an officer, whose business it is to collect and store the produce for sacrifices.— *The Chinese, Chap. IX.*

DAVIS, Rebecca Blaine Harding, an American novelist; born at Washington, Pa., June 24, 1831. In very early life she removed to Virginia. She was reared and educated at Wheeling, W. Va., where she wrote her first published tales, *Life in the Iron Mills* and *A Story of To-Day,* which appeared in the *Atlantic* in 1861, the latter being again

published in book form under the title of *Margaret Howth* (1861). The following year she was married to L. Clark Davis, who was at that time connected with the editorial department of the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* and during the seven years of their residence in Philadelphia she continued industriously to write for the newspaper and periodical press, and to publish works of a more permanent character. Notable among the latter were, *Waiting for Verdict* (1867), and *Dallas Galbraith* (1868). In 1869 she became a regular writer on the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune,* and for a time she and her husband lived in New York. Her later works include: *The Captain's Story* (1874); *John Andros* (1874); *The Faded Leaf of History* (1875); *Kitty's Choice* (1876); *A Law Unto Herself* (1878); *Natasqua* (1886); *Dr. Warrick's Daughters* (1890); *Frances Waldeaux* (1895); and *Bits of Gossip* (1904).

"Mrs. Davis's stories," says *The Nation,* "are habitually spoken of as 'earnest' works. Their pretensions are something very different from the simple novel of entertainment, of character, and of incident. The writer takes life desperately hard, and looks upon the world with a sentimental — we may even say, a tearful — eye. The other novel — the objective novel, as we may call it for convenience — appeals to the reader's sense of beauty, his idea of form and proportion, his humanity in the broadest sense. Mrs. Davis's tales and those of her school appeal, we may say, to the conscience, to the sense of right and wrong, to the instincts of charity and patronage. She aims at instructing us, purifying us, stirring up our pity. Writers of

the other school content themselves with exciting our curiosity."

MOTHER AND SON.

Dallas went up the broad stone steps, and pushing open the weighty hall door, entered without touching the lion's-head of a knocker which scowled at him. It seemed natural for him to go in and out there: it was his home. No more skulking through dark side-passages or green-house doors: he was done with concealment. He carried his story with him; it was not his fault if it was fouled and blotted: that was done by a Hand outside of himself: where he had written it, it might be weak and paltry, but it was well-intentioned and honest.

The light was dim in the broad, high-roofed hall, for the November afternoon was fast merging into dusk: there was no sound within the closed doors on either side; but from the barnyard without he heard the rattle of the windlass and a man singing some old country ditty as he drew water from the well. The sound grated strangely on the melancholy silence and the choking weight which oppressed his breath. Moro, the old house-dog, got up from the wolf-skin on which he lay asleep and came drowsily up to the stranger standing motionless by the door, sniffed about him critically, then rubbed his approval against his legs, looking up at him. The very dog, Dallas thought, had the anxious shadow of disaster upon him. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" stroking his shaggy head. But his voice was hoarse and unnatural, even to himself: he was suddenly silent. He waited awhile without moving, but no door opened: only the ticking of the great clock that stood on the dim, broad stairs yonder told off the minutes. Moro crept back to his wolf-skin and lay down again to sleep. Dallas, after another moment's pause, chose the farthest door at random, and going toward it, with his slow, steady step, put his hand upon the lock. But he did not open it. What was it that waited for him at the other side of that thin oaken plank? The mother he had lost so long — a home — the only woman he had ever loved? Or the old solitary life, with

the damning disgrace on his head, heavier to bear than before.

It was his mother who sat inside by the clear red fire. She came often to this quiet little room: not for the books on the hanging shelves, as she asserted, but because of a picture which hung over the mantel-shelf. It was little Tom Galbraith in his boyish finery of velvet trousers and blouse, his arm over his pony's neck. "It is very like my son Dallas," she had told Madam Galbraith the first time she saw it, looking at it with steady eyes. "Only I was glad to dress him in corduroy. And Dallas had no pony: many a mile he trudged barefoot to carry home the clothes I had washed." It was the only bitter reproach the old lady had ever heard from her lips, and she made no retort to it. After that she never saw Mrs. Duffield glance toward the picture. Yet there was not a day when she did not come and sit alone, looking at it with her calm, unfathomable eyes, as she was doing now. . . .

She, too, heard the clock ticking through the dreary November afternoon, as she sat, her hands folded, her eyes on the child's eyes, a different meaning on her face from those which even her nearest friends had ever found there. She stood up at last at the sound of a step outside, and with her hand on the back of her chair, gave it a quick, parting glance, as if she asked for pity. She was but a weak little woman after all, and in heart, perhaps, was miserably solitary. . . . She turned as the door opened on its noiseless hinges, and a tall man, in a gray coat and planter's hat, who stood without, after a quick glance through the room, came in and paused in the shadow, looking at her. It required a moment's breath to bring Mrs. Duffield to her ordinary calm composure. The room was not light enough for her to detect the likeness which had troubled her, but her quick glance recognized at once the finely shaped head, the homely, noble features, which had first pleased her artistic eye.

"You are Dr. Pritchard's friend? You wish to see Madam Galbraith?" recovering her ordinary shallow, pleasant voice.

The man closed the door behind him, and came toward her, removing his hat. "No," he said slowly, "I did not come to see Madam Galbraith."

She began to speak again, hesitated, and stopped. Her nerves were unstrung, and some old echo in the hoarse, choked tones sent the blood with a frightful throb to her heart. Dallas stood silent, his hat in his hands, looking down at her. He would not frighten her. She was so weak and frail! He could see the gray hair and sunken temples. How long they had been apart!

But he did not speak a word, holding his hat tight clenched, the burning tears welling up slowly into his eyes. He came out now, trembling, into the clear firelight, where she could see him plainly.

"I am one of the Galbraiths," he said; "and I have been told that I was like your husband."

She leaned with one hand lightly on the table. The dull grating of the well-chain was heard without: the cold November daylight fell through the windows in a square patch beside him upon the worn carpet. He saw and heard even those trifles in that moment as he waited.

"Like my husband?" as one in a dream. But her keen eyes read his face. There was a sudden, strange change in her look, as though some vital chord within had been roughly jarred. "No, you do not resemble my husband," she said, with a strong effort to regain her usual calm courtesy. "But — I will go out, if you will pardon me. There is a likeness to some one whom I have lost, and it — it pains me." Then she lost herself utterly. "It was my little boy!" she cried, flinging her hands up toward the picture. "He is dead now — dead!"

He kneeled down at her feet in the blaze of the firelight; he pushed his hair with both hands from his face. "Mother!" he said, in a whisper. "He is not dead. It is I, mother."

She made no sign or cry: even in that moment her habit of self-control bound her strongly; she put her cold hands on his cheeks, drew his head closer, looking steadily into the long-ago familiar eyes, until her own grew slowly blind.

"Dallas?" the name was wrenched at last like a sob out of the heart where it had so long been hidden. "Dallas!" Then she stooped and would have kissed him; but her head fell a dead weight on his shoulder. He took her in his arms and placed her on the chair, rubbing her hands, her arms, and her forehead like a frantic man, but without saying a word. Neither mother nor son ever found the ordinary relief in words or outcry for the deeper passions in their hearts. When her eyes opened at last and the sense came slowly back to them, he brought her a goblet of water from a side table. "It's not as clear water as that from our famous well in Chester, mother," he said, cheerfully, to reassure her. Her face lighted at that remembrance of everyday life; she drew him down with one hand beside her as she lay back on the chair, but then did not speak to him for a long time, her eyes hungrily wandering over his face, her hand passing with a pathetic anxiety through his thick hair, down his close-shaven cheeks, examining his hard, muscular hands, while she shook her head with a sad smile. "Why, this is a man, and I don't know him. Dallas, I don't know him! And yet — it's the same old Dallas, after all."

"Yes, mother, the same old Dallas." If there were any way to make her feel and believe that before the story was told!

"And you remember the well?" with a laugh, the tears in her eyes. "Where you planted the gourd-vine? We were very happy in Chester. I think that was our happiest time, Dallas?" Again their eyes met with a meaning which no bystander could have understood. There was a history between them which neither of them had ever yet put into words. Nor would they ever do it.

"That is all over now, and I have come back to you, mother. To-morrow we will begin the world afresh."— *Dallas Galbraith.*

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

DAVIS, Richard Harding, an American novelist; born at Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, 1864. A son of L. Clark Davis and Rebecca Harding Davis, he was educated at Lehigh and Johns Hopkins Universities. He was connected with a number of Philadelphia and New York papers, among them the New York *Evening Sun,* in which have been published many of his short stories. He was managing editor of *Harper's Weekly* from 1890 to 1894. In 1898 he was a war correspondent in Cuba, and in 1900 acted in the same capacity in South Africa; and also in Japan in 1904. Among his works are: *Gallagher and Other Stories* (1891); *Stories for Boys* (1891); *Van Bibber and Others* (1892); *The West from a Car Window* (1892); *The Rulers of the Mediterranean* (1893); *The Exiles and Other Stories* (1894); *The Princess Aline* (1895); *About Paris* (1895); *Soldiers of Fortune* (1897); *The Lion and the Unicorn* (1900); *Captain Macklin* (1902); *The Bar Sinister* (1903); and *Miss Civilization,* a comedy (1905).

Upon the appearance of Mr. Davis in New York in the capacity of an editor of *Harper's Weekly,* he was greeted by the *Review of Reviews* in these appreciative words: "Of our younger American journalists and magazine writers, none has won public favor more rapidly or more completely than Richard Harding Davis. As a writer of short stories and of descriptive sketches, he is always exceedingly felicitous. He adds a truly literary touch to a marked journalistic instinct, and his place is already secure among the acceptable writers of the day." And speaking of his articles in *Scribner* on the *Great Streets of the World,*

the same journal prettily acknowledges that a New Yorker would find no difficulty in recognizing in the author's opening sketch the personality of the business men of lower Broadway.

ON THE OCEAN.

. . . The sea grew calmer the third day out, and the sun came forth and showed the decks as clean as bread-boards. Miss Morris and Carlton seated themselves on the huge iron riding-bits in the bow, and with their elbows on the rail looked down at the whirling blue water, and rejoiced silently in the steady rush of the great vessel, and in the uncertain warmth of the March sun. Carlton was sitting to leeward of Miss Morris, with a pipe between his teeth. He was warm, and at peace with the world. He had found his new acquaintance more than entertaining. She was even friendly, and treated him as though he were much her junior, as is the habit of young women lately married. Carlton did not resent it; on the contrary, it made him more at his ease with her. As she herself chose to treat him as a youth, he permitted himself to be as foolish as he pleased.

"I don't know why it is," he complained, peering over the rail, "but whenever I look over the side to watch the waves a man in a greasy cap always sticks his head out of a hole below me and scatters a barrelful of ashes or potato peelings all over the ocean. It spoils the effect for me. Next time he does it I am going to knock out the ashes of my pipe on the back of his neck."

Miss Morris did not consider this worthy of comment, and there was a long pause.

"You haven't told us where you go after London," she said; and then, without waiting for him to reply, she asked, "Is it your professional or your social side that you are treating to a trip this time?"

"Who told you that?" asked Carlton, smiling.

"Oh, I don't know. Some man. He said you were a Jekyll and Hyde. Which is Jekyll? You see, I only know your professional side."

"You must try to find out for yourself by deduction," he said, "as you picked out the other passengers. I am going to Grasse," he continued. "It's the capital of Hohenwald. Do you know it?"

"Yes," she said. "We were there once for a few days. We went to see the pictures. I suppose you know that the old Duke, the father of the present one, ruined himself almost by buying pictures for the Grasse gallery. We were there at a bad time, though, when the palace was closed to visitors, and the gallery too. I suppose that is what is taking you there?"

"No," Carlton said, shaking his head. "No, it is not the pictures. I am going to Grasse," he said, gravely, "to see the young woman with whom I am in love."

Miss Morris looked up in some surprise, and smiled consciously, with a natural feminine interest in an affair of love, and one which was a secret as well.

"Oh," she said, "I beg your pardon; we — I had not heard of it."

"No, it is not a thing one could announce exactly," said Carlton; "it is rather in an embryo state as yet — in fact I have not met the young lady so far, but I mean to meet her. That's why I am going abroad."

Miss Morris looked at him sharply to see if he were smiling, but he was, on the contrary, gazing sentimentally at the horizon-line, and puffing meditatively on his pipe. He was apparently in earnest and waiting for her to make some comment."

"How very interesting," was all she could think to say.

"Yes, when you know the details, it is — *very* interesting," he answered. "She is the Princess of Hohenwald," he explained, bowing his head as though he were making the two young ladies known to one another. "She has several other names, six in all, and her age is twenty-two. This is all I know about her. I saw her picture in an illustrated paper just before I sailed, and I made up my mind I would meet her, and here I am. If she is not in Grasse I intend to follow her wherever she may be." He waved his pipe at the ocean before him, and recited, with mock seriousness:

"'Across the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy Princess followed him.

"Only in this case, you see," said Carlton, "I am following the happy Princess."

"No; but seriously enough, though," said Miss Morris, "what is it you mean? Are you going to paint her portrait?"

"I never thought of that," exclaimed Carlton. "I don't know but what your idea is a good one. Miss Morris, that's a great idea." He shook his head, approvingly. "I did not do wrong to confide in you," he said. "It was, perhaps, taking a liberty; but as you have not considered it as such, I am glad I spoke."

"But you really mean to tell me," exclaimed the girl, facing about, and nodding her head at him, "that you are going abroad after a woman whom you have never seen, and because you like a picture of her in a paper?"

"I do," said Carlton. "Because I like her picture and because she is a Princess."

"Well, upon my word," said Miss Morris, gazing at him with evident admiration, "that's what my younger brother would call a distinctly sporting proposition. Only I don't see," she added, "what her being a Princess has to do with it."

"You don't?" laughed Carlton, easily. "That's the best part of it — that's the plot. The beauty of being in love with a Princess, Miss Morris," he said, "lies in the fact that you can't marry her; that you can love her deeply and forever, and nobody will ever come to you and ask your intentions, or hint that after such a display of affection you ought to do something. Now, with a girl who is not a Princess, even if she understands the situation herself, and wouldn't marry you to save her life, still there is always some one — a father, or a mother, or one of your friends — who makes it his business to interfere, and talks about it, and bothers you both. But with a Princess, you see, that is all eliminated. You

can't marry a Princess, because they won't let you. A Princess has got to marry a real royal chap, and so you are perfectly ineligible and free to sigh for her, and make pretty speeches to her, and see her as often as you can, and revel in your devotion and unrequited affection."

Miss Morris regarded him doubtfully. She did not wish to prove herself too credulous. "And you honestly want me, Mr. Carlton, to believe that you are going abroad just for this?"—*The Princess Aline.*

DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE, an Irish poet; born at Mallow, October 14, 1814; died at Dublin, September 16, 1845. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was admitted to the bar in 1838. In 1841 he became joint editor with John Dillon of the Dublin *Morning Register,* and upon the establishment of the Dublin *Nation,* in 1842, he became one of its leading writers. In 1839 he joined the Repeal Association, pledged to work for the repeal of the British act of Union, within which organization he started the Young Ireland Party, to oppose O'Connell's leadership. Under the signature of "A Celt," he wrote numerous lyrics and ballads, all inspired by a national spirit, which became very popular. An edition of his poems was published in New York in 1860.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning.
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,

And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you;
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't sever!"

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

DAVY, Sir Humphry, an English chemist and poet; born at Penzance, Cornwall, December 17, 1778; died at Geneva, Switzerland, May 29, 1829. He commenced the study of medicine in his native town, in 1795, but his attention was soon turned especially to chemistry. Before he had reached the age of twenty-three he was invited to London to become a lecturer on chemistry at the newly founded Royal Institution. His researches in chemistry, and the brilliancy of his lectures, form a striking chapter in the history of physical science. One of his most notable inventions was that of the "safety lamp" to be used in mines pervaded by the inflammable gas known as "fire damp." He was made a Knight in 1812, and a Baronet in 1818. In 1820 he succeeded Sir Joseph Banks as President of the Royal Society, and was annually re-elected for seven successive years. Besides his more strictly scientific works, Sir Humphry wrote *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing* (1828), and *Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher,* composed during his last illness, and published after his death. His works were collected, with a Memoir (9 vols., 1839–40) by his brother Dr. John Davy (1791–1868), himself the author of several important works. Sir Humphry Davy possessed a highly poetic temperament. Coleridge says, indeed, that "if Davy had not been the first chemist, he probably would have been the first poet of his age."

DROWNING FISHES.

I believe that the vulgar opinion of anglers that fish are, as it were, drowned by the play of the rod and reel,

is perfectly correct; though to apply the word "drowning" to an animal that lives in the water, is not quite a fit use of language. Fishes respire by passing water — which always holds common air in solution — through their gills, or bronchial membrane, by the use of a system of muscles surrounding the fauces, which occasion constant contractions and expansions, or opening or closing of this membrane; and the life of the fish is dependent on the process, in the same manner that a quadruped is, on respiring and expiring air.

When a fish is hooked in the upper part of the mouth, by the strength of the rod applied as a lever to the line, it is scarcely possible for him to open his gills, as long as this force is exerted, particularly when he is moving in a rapid stream; and when he is hooked in the lower jaw, his mouth is kept closed by the same application of the strength of the rod, so that no aërated water can be inspired. Under these circumstances, he is quickly deprived of his vital forces; particularly when he exhausts his strength by moving in a rapid stream. A fish, hooked in a part of the mouth where the force of the rod will render its efforts to respire unavailing, is much in the same state as that of a deer caught round the neck by the lasso of a South American peon, who gallops forward, dragging his victim after him, which is killed by strangulation in a very short time.

When fishes are hooked "foul," that is, on the outside of the body — as in the fins or tail — they will often fight for many hours; and in such cases, very large salmon are seldom caught, as they retain their power of breathing unimpaired; and if they do not exhaust themselves by violent muscular efforts, they may bid defiance to the temper and skill of the fisherman.

A large salmon, hooked in the upper part of the mouth, in the cartilage or bone, will sometimes likewise fight for a long while, particularly if he keep in the deep and still parts of the river; for he is able to prevent the force of the hook, applied by the rod, from interfering with his respiration; and, by a powerful effort, can maintain his place, and continue to breathe, in spite of the exertions of

the angler. A fish, in such a case, is said to be "sulky," and his instinct, or his sagacity, generally enables him to conquer his enemy. It is, however, rarely that fishes hooked in the mouth are capable of using freely the muscles subservient to respiration; and their powers are generally, sooner or later, destroyed by suffocation.— *Salmonia.*

THE OFFICE OF PAIN.

The laws of nature are all directed by Divine Wisdom for the purpose of preserving life, and increasing happiness. Pain seems in all cases to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the mere process of dying seems to be the falling into a deep slumber; and in animals, who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination, it can hardly be accompanied by very intense suffering. In the human being, moral and intellectual motives constantly operate in enhancing the fear of death, which, without these motives in a reasoning being, would probably become null, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust. But imagination is creative with respect to both these passions, which, if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or as instincts.

Pain seems intended by an all-wise Providence to prevent the *dissolution* of organs, and cannot follow their *destruction.* I know several instances in which the process of death has been observed, even to its termination by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating: Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his intimates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking; for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die." Dr. Black — worn out by age, and a disposition to pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low — whilst eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep, and died in so tranquil a manner that he had not even spilt the contents of the cup which rested on his knee. And the late Sir Charles Blagden, whilst at a social meal, with his friends,

Monsieur and Madame Berthollet and Gay Lussac, died in his chair so quietly, that not a drop of the coffee in the cup which he held in his hand, was spilt.—*Salmonia.*

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MIND.

The doctrine of the materialists was always, even in my youth, a cold, heavy, dull, and insupportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I had heard, with disgust, in the dissecting-rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual accretion of matter, and its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary by its own inherent forces, and at last issuing into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields or woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my feelings from nature to God. I saw in all the powers of matter the instruments of the Deity. The sunbeams, the breath of the zephyr, awakening animation in forms prepared by divine intelligence to receive it, the insensate seed, the slumbering eggs which were to be vivified, appeared, like the new-born animal, works of a divine mind; I saw love as the creative principle in the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute. Then my own mind I felt connected with new sensations and indefinite hopes — a thirst for immortality; the great names of other ages and of distant nations appeared to me to be still living around me, and even in the fancied movements of the heroic and the great, I saw, as it were, the degrees of the indestructibility of mind. These feelings, though generally considered as poetical, yet, I think, offer a sound philosophical argument in favor of the immortality of the soul. In all the habits and instincts of young animals, their feelings and movements, may be traced an intimate relation to their improved perfect state; their sports have always affinities to their modes of hunting or catching their food; and young birds even in the nests, show marks of fondness which, when their frames are developed, become signs of actions necessary to the reproduction and preservation of the species. The desire of glory, of honor, of immortal fame, and of constant knowledge, so usual in young per-

sons of well-constituted minds, cannot, I think, be other than symptoms of the infinite and progressive nature of the intellect — hopes which, as they cannot be gratified here, belong to a frame of mind suited to a nobler state of existence.

Religion, whether natural or revealed, has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that it exalts. But it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt; when submission in faith and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures, undecaying sources of consolation. Then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct; and gives a freshness to the mind, which was supposed to have passed away forever, but which is now renovated as an immortal hope. Then it is the Pharos, guiding the wave-tossed mariner to his home — as the calm and beautiful still basins or fiords, surrounded by tranquil groves and pastoral meadows, to the Norwegian pilot escaping from a heavy storm in the North Sea — or as the green and dewy spot, gushing with fountains, to the exhausted and thirsty traveller in the midst of the desert. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves. It appears as that evening-star of light in the horizon of life, which, we are sure, is to become, in another season, a morning-star; and it throws its radiance, through the gloom and shadow of death.—*Consolations in Travel.*

INTIMATIONS OF A FUTURE LIFE.

Music is the sensual pleasure which approaches nearest to an intellectual one, and may probably represent the delight resulting from the perception of the harmony of things, and of truth as seen in God. The palm as an evergreen tree, and the amaranth as a perdurable flower, are emblems of immortality. If I am allowed to give a metaphorical allusion to the future state of the blest, I should imagine it by the orange grove in that sheltered glen, on which the sun is now beginning to shine, and of

which the trees are at the same time loaded with sweet golden fruit and balmy silver flowers. Such objects may well portray a state in which hope and fruition become one eternal feeling.—*Consolation in Travel.*

LIFE.

Our life is like a cloudy sky 'mid mountains.
When in the blast the watery vapors float.
Now gleams of light pass o'er the lovely hills
And make the purple heath and russet bracken
Seem lovelier, and the grass of brighter green,
And now a giant shadow hides them all.
And thus is that, in all *earthly* distance
On which the sight can fix, still fear and hope
Gloom and alterable sunshine, each succeeds.
So of another and an unknown land
We see the radiance of the clouds reflected,
Which is the future life beyond the grave!

THOUGHT.

Be this our trust, that ages (filled with light
More glorious far than those faint beams which shine
In this our feeble twilight) yet to come
Shall see distinctly what we now but hope:
The world immutable in which alone
Wisdom is found, the light and life of things —
The Breath divine, creating Power divine —
The *One* of which the human intellect
Is but a type, as feeble as that image
Of the bright sun seen on the bursting wave —
Bright but without distinctness, yet in passing
Showing its glorious and eternal source.

THE CHANGEABLE AND THE UNCHANGEABLE.

Lo! o'er the earth the kindling spirits pour
The flames of life that bounteous Nature gives;
The limpid dew becomes the rosy flower,
The insensate dust awakes, and moves, and lives.

All speaks of change, the renovated forms
  Of long-forgotten things arise again;
The light of suns, the breath of angry storms,
  The everlasting motions of the main; —

These are but engines of the Eternal Will,
  That one Intelligence, whose potent sway
Has ever acted, and is acting still,
  While stars and worlds and systems all obey;

Without whose power the whole of mortal things
  Were dull, inert, an unharmonious band
Silent as are the harp's untuned strings
  Without the touches of the poet's hand.

A sacred spark, created by His breath,
  The immortal mind of man His image bears;
A spirit living 'mid the forms of death,
  Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal cares;

A germ preparing in the Winter's frost
  To rise and bud and blossom in the Spring;
An unfledged eagle, by the tempest tossed,
  Unconscious of his future strength of wing;

The child of trial, to mortality,
  And all its changeful influences, given;
On the green earth decreed to move and die,
  And yet by such a fate prepared for heaven.

To live in forests, mingled with the whole
  Of natural forms, whose generations rise
In lovely change, in happy order roll,
  On land, in ocean, in the glittering skies; —

Their harmony to trace; the Eternal Cause
  To know in love, in reverence to adore;
To bend beneath the inevitable laws,
  Sinking in death, its human strength no more.

Then, as awakening from a dream of pain,
With joy its mortal feelings to resign;
Yet all its living essence to retain,
The undying energy of strength divine;

To quit the burdens of its earthly days,
To give to Nature all her borrowed powers,
Ethereal fire to feed the solar rays,
Ethereal dew to glad the earth with showers!

DAWES, Rufus, an American poet; born at Boston, Mass., January 26, 1803; died at Washington, D. C., November 30, 1859. He entered Harvard College in 1820, but did not graduate, in consequence of an erroneous accusation of having participated in some breach of college discipline. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but did not engage in the practice of his profession. He contributed to the periodicals, and for a time was editor of *The Emerald,* published at Baltimore. He published *The Valley of the Nashaway and Other Poems* (1830); *Geraldine and Miscellaneous Poems* (1839); and *Nix's Mate,* an historical romance (1840). He was a member of the Swedenborgian Church, in which he frequently officiated as a preacher.

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

Yes, still I love thee! Time, who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
The heart he could not bow:—
Where love that cannot perish glows

For one alas! that little knows
How love may sometimes last;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose
Within its robe of light,
Can never touch a leaf that blows
Though seeming to the sight;
And yet it still will linger there,
Like hopeless love without despair,
A snow-drop in the sun!
A moment finely exquisite,
Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
Think momently of me;
Nor would I tear the chords apart
That bind me so to thee.
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild
As dew upon the roses wild,
I would not have thee know
The stream that seems to thee so still
Has such a tide below.

Enough, that in delicious dreams
I see thee, and forget;
Enough that when the morning beams
I feel my eyelids wet!
Yet could I hope, when Time shall fall
The darkness for creation's pall,
To meet thee and to love,
I would not shrink from aught below,
Nor ask for more above!

SUNRISE FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The laughing Hours have chased away the Night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem;
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the East,

Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy.
And see, the foolish Moon — but now so vain
Of borrowed beauty — how she yields her charms,
And, pale with envy, steals herself away!
The Clouds have put their gorgeous livery on
Attendant on the Day; the mountain-tops
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below
Send up a welcoming. No song of birds,
Warbling to charm the air with melody,
Floats on the frosty breeze; yet Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks!
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.
I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,
Temple of Nature! and look down with awe
On the wide world beneath us, dimly seen!
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued;
Firm as when the first rebellion bade them rise
Unrifled to the Thunderer. Now they seem
A family of mountains, clustering round
Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching
To meet the partial glances of the Day.
Far in the glowing east the flickering light,
Mellowed by distance, with the blue sky blending,
Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.
The Sun comes up! away the shadows fling
From the broad hills; and, hurrying to the west,
Sport in the sunshine, till they die away.
The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,
Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light,
Dances along with their perennial flow.
And there is beauty in yon river's path —
The glad Connecticut! I know her well
By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms;
At times she loiters by a ridge of hills
Sportively hiding; then again with glee
Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.
Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,
And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes, and woods
And all that hold a faculty entranced,

Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.
There is an awful stillness in this place,
A Presence that forbids to break the spell,
Till the heart pour its agony in tears.
But I must drink the vision while it lasts;
For even now the curling vapors rise,
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace
These towering summits — bidding me away.
But often shall my heart turn back again,
Thou glorious eminence! and when oppressed,
And aching with the coldness of the world,
Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

DAWSON, Sir John William, a Canadian naturalist; born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, October 13, 1820; died at Montreal, November 19, 1899. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and on his return to his native country, engaged in the study of the geology and natural history of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1842 he accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in his explorations in Nova Scotia. In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and in 1855 principal of the McGill University at Montreal, which post he resigned in 1893. He is the discoverer of the *Eozoon Canadense* of the Laurentian limestones, the oldest known form of animal life. Besides contributing largely to the *Proceedings* of the London Geological Society, he has written numerous works on natural history and geology, among which are: *Hints to Farmers of Nova Scotia* (1853); *Acadian Geology*

(1855); *Facts and Fancies in Modern Science; Archaia, or Studies on the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures* (1860); *The Story of the Earth and Man* (1872), combating the Darwinian theory; *The Dawn of Life,* an account of the oldest known fossil remains, the Eozoon Canadense (1875); *The Origin of the World according to Revelation and Science* (1877); *Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives* (1878); *The Change of Life in Geological Time* (1880); *Egypt and Syria* (1885); *Modern Science in Bible Lands* (1888); *The Geological History of Plants* (1888); *Modern Ideas of Evolution* (1890); *Salient Points in the Science of the Earth* (1893); *The Canadian Ice Age* (1893). In 1884 he was created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and in 1885 was elected President of the Royal Society of Canada.

THE BEGINNING.

It is a remarkable and instructive fact that the first verse of the Hebrew sacred writings speaks of the material universe — speaks of it as a whole, and as originating in a power outside of itself. The universe, then, in the conception of this ancient writer, is not eternal. It had a beginning — but that beginning in the indefinite and by us unmeasured past. It did not originate fortuitously, or by any merely accidental conflict of self-existent material atoms, but by an act — an act of will on the part of a Being designated by that name which among all the Semitic peoples represented the ultimate, eternal, inscrutable source of power, and object of awe and veneration. With the simplicity and child-like faith of an archaic age, the writer makes no attempt to combat any objections or difficulties with which this great fundamental truth may be assailed. He feels its axiomatic force as the basis of all true religion and sound philosophy, and the ultimate fact

which must ever bar our further progress in the investigation of the origin of things — the production from non-existence of the material universe by the eternal self-existent God.

It did not concern him to know what might be the nature of that unconditioned Self-existence; for though like our idea of Space and Time, incomprehensible, it must be assumed. It did not concern him to know how matter and force subsist, or what may be the difference between a material universe cognizable by our senses and the absolute want of all the phenomena of such a universe or of whatever may be their basis and essence. Such questions can never be answered, yet the succession of these phenomena must have had a commencement somewhere in time. How simple and how grand in his statement! How plain and yet how profound its teachings!

It is evident that the writer grasps firmly the essence of the question as to the beginning of things, and covers the whole ground which advanced scientific or philosophical speculation can yet traverse. That the universe must have had a beginning no one needs to be told. If any philosophical speculator ever truly held that there has been an endless succession of phenomena, science has now completely negatived the idea by showing us the beginning of all things that we know in the present universe, and by establishing the strongest probabilities that even its ultimate atoms could not have been eternal. But the question remains — If there was a beginning, what existed in that beginning? To this question many partial and imperfect answers have been given, but our ancient record includes them all.

If any one should say, "In the beginning was nothing." Yes, says Genesis; there was, it is true, nothing of present matter and arrangements of nature. Yet all was present potentially in the will of the Creator.

"In the beginning were atomes," says another. Yes, says Genesis; but they were created; and so says modern science, and must say of ultimate particles determined by weight and measure, and incapable of modification in their

essential properties —"They have the properties of a manufactured article."

"In the beginning were forces," says yet another. True, says Genesis; but all forces are one in origin — they represent merely the fiat of the Eternal and Self-existent. So says science, that force must in the ultimate resort be an "expression of Will."

"In the beginning was Elohim," adds our old Semitic authority, and in Him are the absolute and eternal thought and will, the Creator from whom and by whom and in whom are all things.

Thus the simple familiar words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," answer all possible questions as to the origin of things, and include all under the conception of theism. Let us now look at these pregnant words more particularly as to their precise import and significance.

The divine personality expressed by the Hebrew Elohim may be fairly said to include all that can be claimed for the pantheistic conception of "*dynamis*," or universal material power. Lange gives this as included in the term Elohim, in his discussion of this term in his book on Genesis. It has been aptly said that if, physically speaking, the fall of a sparrow produces a gravitative effect that extends throughout the universe, there can be no reason why it should be unknown to God. God is thus everywhere, and always. Yet He is everywhere and always present as a personality knowing and willing. From His thought and will in the beginning proceeded the universe. By Him it was created. . . .

The material universe was brought into existence in the "beginning"—a term evidently indefinite as far as regards any known epoch, and implying merely priority to all other recorded events. It can not be the first day, for there is no expressed connection, and the work of the first day is distinct from that of the beginning. It can not be a general term for the whole six days, since these are separated from it by that chaotic or formless state to which we are next introduced. The beginning, therefore, is the threshold of creation — the line that separates

the old tenantless condition of space from the world-crowded galaxies of the existing universe. The only other information respecting it that we have in Scripture is in that fine descriptive poem in Proverbs viii., in which the Wisdom of God personified — who may be held to represent the Almighty Word, or Logos, introduced in the formula "God said," and afterward referred to in Scripture as the manifested or conditioned Deity, the Mediator between man and the otherwise inaccessible Divinity, the agent in the work of creation as well as in that of redemption — narrates the origin of all created things:

> Jehova possessed me, the beginning of his way,
> Before his work of old.
> I was set up from everlasting,
> From the beginning, before the earth was;
> When there were no deeps I was brought forth,
> When there were no fountains abounding in water.

The beginning here precedes the creation of the earth, as well as of the deep which encompassed its surface in its earliest condition. The beginning, in this point of view, stretches back from the origin of the world into the depths of eternity. It is to us emphatically *the* beginning, because it witnessed the birth of our material system; but to the eternal Jehova it was but the beginning of a great series of his operations, and we have no information of its absolute duration. From the time when God began to create the celestial orbs, until that time when it could be said that He had created the heavens and the earth, countless ages may have rolled along, and myriads of worlds may have passed through various stages of existence, and the creation of our planetary system may have been one of the last acts of that long beginning. . . .

Fairly regarding, then, this ancient form of words, we may hold it as a clear, concise, and accurate enunciation of an ultimate doctrine of the origin of things, which with all our increased knowledge of the history of the earth we are not in a position to replace with anything better or more probable. On the other hand, this sublime dogma

of creation leaves us perfectly free to interrogate nature for ourselves, as to all that it can reveal of the duration and progress of the creative work. But the positive gain which comes from this ancient formula goes far beyond these negative qualities. If received, this one word of the Old Testament is sufficient to deliver us forever from the superstitious dread of nature, and to present it to us as neither self-existent nor omnipotent, but as the mere handiwork of a spiritual Creator to whom we are kin; as not a product of chance or caprice, but as the result of a definite plan of the All-wise; as not a congeries of unconnected facts and processes, but as a *cosmos,* a well-ordered though complex machine, designed by Him who is the Almighty and the supreme object of reverence. Had this verse alone constituted the whole Bible, this one utterance would, wherever known and received, have been an inestimable boon to mankind; proclaiming deliverance to the captives of every form of nature-worship and idolatry, and fixing that idea of unity of plan in the universe which is the fruitful and stable root of all true progress in science. We owe profound thanks to the old Hebrew prophet for these words — words which have broken from the necks of once superstitious Aryan races chains more galling than those of Egyptian bondage.—*The Origin of the World.*

DAY, THOMAS, an English poet and philanthropist; born at London, June 22, 1748; died September 28, 1789. He was educated at the Charter House, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; studied law in the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar, but never practised. He spent several years on the Continent, acquainting himself with the life and necessities of the poor. He took two young girls from the foundling hospital and educated them, with the

intention of marrying one of them; but although the scheme of education was successful, the marriage project failed. In 1778 Day married Miss Esther Milnes, a lady of Yorkshire, and retired to his estates for the remainder of his life. He was an eloquent speaker on political and other subjects, and wrote two poems, *The Devoted Legions* (1776), and *The Desolation of America* (1777), showing his sympathy with the American Colonies. In conjunction with Mr. Bicknell, who married one of the girls educated by Day, he wrote a poem to excite compassion for the West Indian slaves. His literary reputation rests upon *The History of Sandford and Merton* (1783–89), a book for boys inculcating courage, temperance, independence, generosity, humanity, which is one of the most popular books ever written for the young. He also published a shorter work of fiction, *The History of Little Jack.*

A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Master Merton became acquainted with this little boy in the following manner:—As he and the maid were walking in the fields on a fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wildflowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake suddenly started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. The fright they were both in at this accident may be imagined: the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the spot where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near, came running up, and asked what was the matter. Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find word, to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who, though young, was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened; and in-

stantly seizing the snake by the neck with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him off to a great distance. Just as this happened, Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and, after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt.

"No," said Tommy, "indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty, ugly beast would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled him off."

"And who are you, my dear," said she, "to whom we are all so much obliged?"

"Harry Sandford, madam."

"Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us."

"No, thank you, madam; my father will want me."

"And who is your father, my sweet boy?"

"Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill."

"Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth; will you?"

"If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too."

Mrs. Merton instantly dispatched a servant to the farmer's; and taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion, where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger, and Harry's bravery. Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was carried through costly apartments, where everything that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains of the finest silk; and the very plates and knives and forks were silver. At dinner, he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged him to eat with the most endearing kindness; but to the astonishment of everybody, he appeared neither pleased nor surprised at anything he saw. Mrs. Merton

could not conceal her disappointment; for, as she had always been accustomed to a great degree of finery herself, she had expected it should make the same impression upon everybody else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of, and added, that, though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would with great pleasure give it to his little friend.

"Yes, that I will," says Tommy; "for you know mamma, I have a much finer one than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver."

"Thank you with all my heart," said little Harry; "but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home."

"How!" said Mrs. Merton; "does your father eat and drink out of silver?"

"I don't know, madam, what you call this; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads."

"The child is a simpleton, I think," said Mrs. Merton. "And why are they better than silver ones?"

"Because," said Harry, "they never make us uneasy."

"Make you uneasy, my child!" said Mrs. Merton. "What do you mean?"

"Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it and looked as though you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it."

"I protest," said Mrs. Merton to her husband, "I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations."

The fact was, that during dinner one of the servants had let fall a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a severe scolding for his carelessness. After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a glass of wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but he thanked her, and said he was not thirsty.

"But my dear," said she, "this is very sweet and pleasant, and as you are a good boy, you may drink it up."

"Ay! but madam, Mr. Barlow says that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty; and that we must eat and drink only such things as are easily met with; otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them." . . .

"Upon my word," said Mr. Merton, "this little man is a great philosopher; and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher?"

"Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is; but I should like to be a king; because he's finer and richer than anybody else, and has nothing to do, and everybody waits upon him, and is afraid of him."

"Well said, my dear," replied Mrs. Merton; and rose and kissed him; "and a king you deserve to be, with such a spirit; and here's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer. And should not you like to be a king too, little Harry?"

"Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plough, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me."

"What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry.

"I am not sure," said Mr. Merton, "that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son. But should you not like to be rich, my dear?" said he, turning to Harry.

"No, indeed, sir."

"No, simpleton!" said Mrs. Merton, "and why not?"

"Because the only rich man I ever saw is Squire Chase, who lives hard by; and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor; and they say he does all this because he's rich; but everybody hates him, though they dare not tell him so to

his face; and I would not be hated for anything in the world!"

"But should you not like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?"

"As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep one warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do if I had a hundred of them."

Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with a sort of contemptuous astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.—*Sandford and Merton.*

A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

"Pray, sir," said Tommy, "what is a constellation?"

"Persons," answered Mr. Barlow, "who first began to observe the heavens as you do now, observed certain stars remarkable either for their brightness or position. To these they gave particular names, that they might the more easily know them again, and discourse of them to others; and these particular clusters of stars, thus joined together, and named, they term *constellations.* But, come, Harry, you are a little farmer, and can certainly point out to us Charles's Wain."

Harry then looked up to the sky, and pointed out seven very bright stars toward the north.

"You are right," said Mr. Barlow; "four of these stars have put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a wagon, and the three others of the horses; therefore, they have called them by this name. Now, Tommy, look well at these, and see if you can find any seven stars in the whole sky that resemble them in their position."

"Indeed, sir, I do not think I can."

"Do you not think, then, that you can find them again?"

"I will try, sir. Now, I will take my eye off, and look another way. I protest I cannot find them again. Oh!

I believe there they are. Pray, sir (pointing with his finger), is not that Charles's Wain?"

"You are right; and, by remembering these stars, you may very easily observe those which are next to them, and learn their names too, till you are acquainted with the whole face of the heavens."

"That is, indeed, very surprising. I will show my mother Charles's Wain the first time I go home: I dare say she has never observed it."

"But look on the two stars which compose the hinder wheels of the wagon, and raise your eye toward the top of the sky: do you not see a very bright star, that seems almost, but not quite, in a line with the two others?"

"Yes, sir, I see it plainly."

"That is called the Pole-star; it never moves from its place, and by looking full at it, you may always find the north."

"Then, if I turn my face toward that star, I always look to the north?"

"You are right."

"Then I shall turn my back to the south."

"You are right again; and now, cannot you find the east and west?"

"Is it not the east where the sun rises?"

"Yes; but there is no sun to direct you now."

"Then, sir, I cannot find it out."

"Do not *you* know, Harry?"

"I believe, sir," said Harry, "that if you turn your face to the north, the east will be on the right hand, and the west on the left."

"That is very clever indeed," said Tommy; "so then, by knowing the Pole-star, I can always find north, east, west, and south."—*Sandford and Merton.*

JACK-O'-THE LANTERN.

"Harry, said Mr. Barlow, "do you tell Master Merton the story of your being lost upon the great moor."

'You must know, Master Tommy," replied Harry, "that I have an uncle who lives about three miles off, across the great moor that we have sometimes walked upon.

Now, my father — as I am in general pretty well acquainted with the roads — often sends me with messages to my uncle. One evening I got there so late that it was hardly possible to reach home again before it was quite dark: it was at that time in the month of October. My uncle wished me very much to stay at his house all night; but that was not proper for me to do, because my father had ordered me to come back; so I set out as soon as I possibly could. But just as I had reached the heath, the evening grew extremely dark."

"And were you not frightened to find yourself all alone upon such a dismal place?"

"No; I knew the worst that could happen would be that I should stay there all night; and as soon as ever the morning should shine, I could find my way home. However, by the time that I had reached the middle of the heath, there came on such a violent tempest of wind, blowing full in my face, accompanied with such a shower, that I found it impossible to continue my way. So I quitted the track, which is never very easy to find, and ran aside to a holly-bush that was growing at some distance, in order to seek a little shelter. There I lay very conveniently, till the storm was almost over; then I arose, and attempted to continue my way; but, unfortunately, I missed the track, and lost myself."

"That was a very dismal thing indeed," said Tommy.

"I wandered about a long time; but still to no purpose. I had not a single mark to direct me, because the common is so extensive, and so bare of either trees or houses, that one may walk for miles and see nothing but heath and furze. Sometimes I tore my legs in scrambling through great thickets of furze; and now and then I plunged into a hole full of water, and should have been drowned if I had not learned to swim; so that, at last, I was about to give it up in despair, when, looking on one side, I saw a light at a little distance, which seemed to be a candle, and lantern that somebody was carrying across the moor."

"Did not that give you very great comfort?"

"You shall hear," answered Harry, smiling.

"At first I was doubtful whether I should go up to it;

but I considered that it was not worth anybody's pains to hurt a poor boy like me; and that no person who was out on any ill design would probably choose to carry a light. So I determined boldly to go up to it and inquire the way."

"And did the person with the candle and lantern direct you?"

"I began walking up toward it," answered Harry, "when immediately the light, which I at first observed on my right hand, moving slowly along by my side, changed its direction, and went directly before me, with about the same degree of swiftness. I thought this very strange; but I still continued the chase, and just as I thought I had approached very near, I tumbled into another pit full of water."

"That was very unlucky indeed."

"Well, I scrambled out, and very luckily on the same side with the light, which I began to follow again, but with as little success as ever. I had now wandered many miles about the common; I knew no more where I was than if I had been set upon an unknown country; I had no hopes of finding my way home unless I could reach this wandering light; and though I could not conceive that the person who carried it could know of my being so near, he seemed to act as though he were determined to avoid me. However, I was resolved to make one attempt, and therefore I began to run as fast as I was able, hallooing out at the same time to the person that I thought before me, to entreat him to stop."

"And did he?" inquired Tommy.

"Instead of that, the light, which had before been moving along at a slow and easy pace, now began to dance, as it were, before me, ten times faster than before; so that, instead of overtaking it, I found myself farther and farther behind. Still, however, I ran on, till I unwarily sank up to the middle in a large bog; out of which I at last scrambled with very great difficulty. Surprised at this, and not conceiving how any human being could pass over such a bog as this, I determined to pursue it no longer. But now I was wet and weary;

the clouds had indeed rolled away, and the moon and stars began to shine. I looked around me, and could discern nothing but a wide barren country, without so much as a tree to shelter me, or any creature in sight. I listened in hopes of hearing a sheep-bell, or the barking of a dog; but nothing met my ear except the shrill whistling of the wind, which blew so cold and bleak along that open country that it chilled me to the very heart. In this situation I stopped awhile to consider what I should do; and raising my eyes by accident to the sky, the first object I beheld was that very constellation of Charles's Wain; and above I discerned the Pole-star shining, as it were, from the very top of heaven. Instantly a thought came into my mind: I considered that, when I had been walking along the road which led toward my uncle's house, I had often observed the Pole-star full before me; therefore it occurred to me, that if I turned my back exactly upon it, and went straight forward in a contrary direction, it must lead me toward my father's house. As soon as I had formed this resolution I began to execute it. I was persuaded I should now escape, and therefore, forgetting my fatigue, I ran along as briskly as though I had but then set out. Nor was I disappointed; for though I could see no tracks, yet, taking the greatest care always to go on in that direction, the moon afforded me light enough to avoid the pits and bogs which are found in various parts of that wild moor; and when I had travelled, as I imagined, about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog, which gave me double vigor; and going on a little farther, came to some inclosures at the skirts of the common, which I knew; so that I then with ease found my way home, after having almost despaired of being so fortunate."

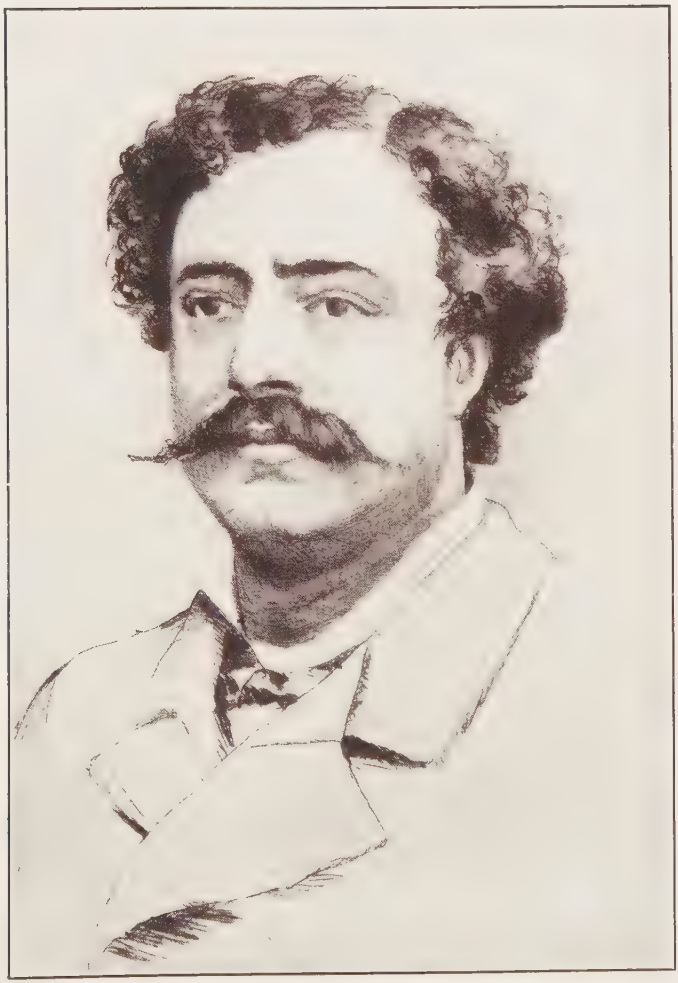
"Indeed," exclaimed Tommy, "then the knowledge of the Pole-star was of very great use to you. I am determined I will make myself acquainted with all the stars in the heavens. But did you ever find out what that light was which danced before you in so extraordinary a manner?"

"When I came home, my father told me it was what the common people called a Jack-o'-the lantern; and Mr. Barlow has since informed me that these things are only vapors, which rise out of the earth in moist and fenny places, although they have that bright appearance; and therefore told me that many people, like me, who have taken them for a lighted candle, have followed them, as I did, into bogs and ditches."— *Sandford and Merton.*

DE AMICIS, Edmondo, an Italian traveler; born at Oneglia, October 21, 1846. He was educated at Cuneo, Turin, and Modena. He then entered the army, and in 1867 was established at Florence as director of the Italia Militaire. On the occupation of Rome by the troops of Victor Emmanuel, he quitted the army, and gave himself to literary work. Among his works are *La Vita Militaire* (1868); *Ricordo del 1870–71;* a volume of *Novelle* (1872), containing *Gli Amica di Collegio, Camilla Furio, Un Gran Giorno, Alberto, Fortezza,* and *La Casa Paterna;* several interesting volumes of travels and notes on different countries — *Spain* (1873); *Notes on London* (1874); *Holland* (1874); *Constantinople* (1878); *Morocco* (1879); *Notes on Paris* (1879); *La Porte d'Italia* (1884); and *Sull' Oceana* (1889). These have been translated into several languages. He has also published a volume of *Poesie* (1881).

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The vision of the morning has vanished. The Constantinople of light and beauty has given place to a monstrous city, scattered about over an infinity of hills



EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

and valleys; it is a labyrinth of human ant-hills, cemeteries, ruins, and solitudes; a confusion of civilization and barbarism which presents an image of all the cities upon earth, and gathers to itself all the aspects of human life. It is really but the skeleton of a great city, of which the smaller part is walls and the rest an enormous agglomeration of barracks, an interminable Asiatic encampment; in which swarms a population, that has never been counted, of people of every race and every religion. It is a great city in process of transformation, composed of ancient cities that are in decay; new cities of yesterday, and other cities now being born; everything is in confusion; on every side are seen the traces of gigantic works, mountains pierced, hills cut down, houses levelled to the ground, great streets designed; an immense mass of rubbish and remains of conflagrations upon ground forever tormented by the hand of man. There is a disorder, a confusion of the most incongruous objects, a succession of the strangest and most unexpected sights, that make one's head turn round: you go to the end of a fine street, it is closed by a ravine or precipice; you come out of the theatre, to find yourself in the midst of tombs; you climb to the top of a hill, to find a forest under your feet and a city on the hill opposite to you; you turn suddenly to look at the quarter you have just traversed, and you find it at the bottom of a deep gorge, half hidden in trees; you turn toward a house, it is a port; you go up a street, there is no more city, only a deserted defile from which nothing but the sky is visible; cities start forth, hide themselves, rise above your head, under your feet, behind your back, far and near, in the sun, in the shade, among groves, on the sea; take a step in advance, behold an immense panorama; take a step backward, there is nothing to be seen; lift your eyes, a thousand minarets; descend one step, they are all gone. The streets, bent into infinite angles, wind among about small hills, are raised on terraces, skirt ravines, pass under aqueducts, break into alleys, run down steps, through bushes, rocks, ruins, sand-hills. Here and there the great city takes, as it were,

a breathing-time in the country, and then begins again, thicker, livelier, more highly colored: here it is plain, there it climbs, farther on it rushes downward, disperses, and again crowds together; in one place it smokes and is land, in another sleeps; now it is all red, now all white, again all gold-colors, and farther on it presents the aspect of a mountain of flowers. The elegant city, the village, the open country, the gardens, the port, the desert, the market, the burial place, alternate, without end, rising one above the other, in steps, so that at some points these embrace, at one glance, all the diversities of a province. An infinity of fantastic outlines are drawn everywhere upon the sky and water, so thickly and richly designed, and with such a wondrous variety of architecture, that they cheat the eye, and seem to be mingling and twisting themselves together. In the midst of Turkish houses rise European palaces; behind the minaret stands the bell-tower; above the terrace, the dome, beside the dome, the battlemented wall; the Chinese roofs of kiosks hang over the facades of theatres; the grated balconies of the harem confront the plate-glass window; Moorish lattices look upon railed terraces; niches, with the madonna within, are set beneath Arabian arches; sepulchres are in the courtyards, and towers among the laborers' cabins; mosques, synagogues, Greek churches, Catholic churches, Armenian churches, rise one above the other, amid a confusion of vanes, cypresses, umbrella-pines, fig and plane trees, that stretch their branches over the roofs — an indescribable architecture, apparently of expediency, lends itself to the caprices of the ground, with a crowd of houses cut into points, in the form of triangular towers, of erect and overturned pyramids, surrounded with bridges, ditches, props, gathered together like the broken fragments of a mountain.

At every hundred paces all is changed. Here you are in a suburb of Marseilles, and it is an Asiatic village; again, a Greek quarter; again, a suburb of Trebizond. By the tongues, by the faces, by the aspect of the houses, you recognize that the country is changed. There points of France, strips of Italy, fragments of England,

relics of Russia. Upon the immense facade of the city is represented, in architecture and in columns, the great struggle that is being fought out between the Christians, that reconquer, and the children of Islam, that defend with all their strength, the sacred soil. Stamboul, once a Turkish city only, is now assailed on every side by Christian quarters, which slowly eat into it along the shores of the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora; on the other side the conquest proceeds with fury; churches, palaces, hospitals, public gardens, factories, schools, are crushing the Mussulman quarters, overwhelming the cemeteries, advancing from hill to hill, and already vaguely designing upon the distracted land the outlines of a great city, that will one day cover the European shore of the Bosphorus, as Stamboul now covers the shore of the Golden Horn.

But from these general observations the mind is constantly distracted by a thousand new things; there is a convent of Dervishes in one street, a Moorish barrack in another, and Turkish cafés, bazaars, fountains, aqueducts, at every turn. In one quarter of an hour you must change your manner of proceeding ten times. You go down, you climb up, you jump down a declivity, ascend a stone staircase, sink in the mud, and clamber over a hundred obstacles, make your way now through the crowd, now through the bushes, now through a forest of rags hung out; now you hold your nose, and anon breathe waves of perfumed air. From the glowing light of an elevated open space whence can be seen the Bosphorus, Asia, and the infinite sky you drop by a few steps into the gloom and obscurity of a network of alleys, flanked by houses falling to ruin, and strewn with stones like the bed of a rivulet. From the fresh and perfumed shade of trees, into suffocating dust and overpowering sun; from places full of noise and color, into sepulchral recesses, where a human voice is never heard; from the divine Orient of our dreams, into another Orient, gloomy, dirty, decrepit, that gradually takes possession of the imagination. After a few hours spent in this way, should any one suddenly ask what is Con-

stantinople like, you could only strike your hand upon your forehead, and try to still the tempest of thoughts. Constantinople is a Babylon, a world, a chaos. Beautiful? Wonderfully beautiful. Ugly? It is horrible! Did you like it? Madly. Would you live in it? How can I tell? Who could say that he would willingly live in another planet? You go back to your inn, full of enthusiasm, and disgust; bewildered, delighted, and with your head whirling, as if cerebral congestion had begun, and your agitation gradually quiets down into a profound prostration and mortal tedium. You have lived through several years in a few hours — and feel old and exhausted.— *Constantinople.*

DE CANDOLLE, Alphonse Louis Pierre Pyrame, a Swiss botanist; born at Paris, October 28, 1806; died at Geneva, April 9, 1893. He was educated at the College of Geneva, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1824, but relinquished the practice of law to devote himself to the study of botany. Besides continuing and supplementing the works of his father, he published several important works of his own, among them, *Géographie Botanique,* 2 vols. (1855); *Origine des Plantes Cultivées* (1883); edited his father's *Mémoires* (1862), and began the *Monographiæ Phanerogomarum* (1878). His father bequeathed to him his collections, including an herbarium of over 70,000 species of plants, on the condition that they be kept open to the public.

PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE.

History shows us that wheat, maize, the sweet potato, several species of the genus Panicum, tobacco, and other

plants, especially annuals, were widely diffused before the historical period. These useful species opposed and arrested the timid attempts made here and there on less productive or less agreeable plants. And we see in our own day, in various countries, barley replaced by wheat, maize preferred to buckwheat and many kinds of millet, while some vegetables and other cultivated plants fall into disrepute because other species, sometimes brought from a distance, are more profitable. The difference in value, however great, which is found among plants already improved by culture, is less than that which exists between cultivated plants and others completely wild. Selection, that great factor which Darwin has had the merit of introducing so happily into science, plays an important part when once agriculture is established; but in every epoch, and especially in its earliest stage, the choice of species is more important than the selection of varieties.

The various causes which favor or obstruct the beginnings of agriculture, explain why certain regions have been for thousands of years peopled by husbandmen, while others are still inhabited by nomadic tribes. It is clear that, owing to their well-known qualities and to the favorable conditions of climate, it was at an early period found easy to cultivate rice and several leguminous plants in Southern Asia, barley and wheat in Mesopotamia and in Egypt, several species of Panicum in Africa, maize, the potato, the sweet potato, and manioc in America. Centres were thus formed whence the most useful species were diffused. In the north of Asia, of Europe, and of America the climate is unfavorable, and the indigenous plants are unproductive; but as hunting and fishing offered their resources, agriculture must have been introduced there late, and it was possible to dispense with the good species of the south without great suffering. It was different in Australia, Patagonia, and even in the south of Africa. The plants of the temperate region in our hemisphere could not reach these countries by reason of the distance, and those of the intertropical zone were excluded by great drought or by

the absence of a high temperature. . . . . The ancient Egyptians and the Phœnicians propagated many plants in the region of the Mediterranean, and the Aryan nations, whose migrations toward Europe began about 2500, or at latest 2000 B.C., carried with them several species already cultivated in Western Asia. We shall see, in studying the history of several species, that some plants were probably cultivated in Europe and in the north of Africa prior to the Aryan migration. This is shown by names in languages more ancient than the Aryan tongues; for instance, Finn, Basque, Berber, and the speech of the Guanchos of the Canary Isles. However, the remains, called kitchen-middens, of ancient Danish dwellings have hitherto furnished no proof of cultivation or any indication of the possession of metal. The Scandinavians of that period lived principally by fishing and hunting, and perhaps eked out their subsistence by indigenous plants, such as the cabbage, the nature of which does not admit any remnant of traces in the dung-heaps and rubbish, and which, moreover, did not require cultivation. The absence of metals does not in these northern countries argue a greater antiquity than the age of Pericles, or even the palmy days of the Roman republic. Later, when bronze was known in Sweden — a region far removed from the then civilized countries — agriculture had at length been introduced. Among the remains of that epoch was found a carving of a cart drawn by two oxen and driven by a man.— *Origin of Cultivated Plants.*

DE CANDOLLE, AUGUSTIN PYRAME, a Swiss botanist; born at Geneva, February 4, 1778; died at Turin, Italy, September 9, 1841. His family, one of the oldest in Provence, had been compelled to leave France some time during the sixteenth century, because of religious opinions. His father

was a noted printer of Geneva and a syndic of the university and of the republic. De Candolle was educated at the College of Geneva, where he studied philosophy under the celebrated Saussure. He first became interested in botany while a boy, spending some time with his mother in a small country village during the siege of Geneva, in 1792; but it was the lectures of Vancher, at the College of Geneva, which decided him to make the science of botany his life-study. In 1796 he went to Paris to continue his studies, and here he made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of Cuvier, A. von Humboldt, Biot, and Lamarck. In 1799 he published his first work, *Historia Plantarum Succulentarum,* 4 vols., and in 1802, *Astragalogia.* In 1804 he received his degree as doctor of medicine, his thesis for the occasion being an able essay on the medicinal properties of plants, *Essais sur les Propriétés Medicales des Plantes.* In 1805 he published the first volume of his revised edition of Lamarck's *Flore Française,* this revision being made at the request of the author. During the summers between the years 1806 and 1812 he was employed by the French Government in visiting every part of France, investigating its botany and agriculture, the results of which he published in 1813. In 1807 he was appointed Professor of Botany in the Faculty of Medicine at Montpellier and the director of the Botanic Garden. In 1810 he was transferred to the chair of botany of the Faculty of Sciences then just founded. This he resigned in 1816 to accept the chair of natural history at Geneva, which had been specially created for him. In 1818 he published the first volume of *Regni Vegetabilis Systema Naturale,* a work which was to comprise a description of all known

plants, but after the second volume it was discontinued, it being found to be on too large a scale for one man to complete, but it was continued in 1824 within more reasonable limits in his *Prodromus Systematis Naturalis Regni Vegetabilis,* but this he did not live to finish. In 1827 he published *Organographie Végétale,* a work in which he very minutely describes the organs of plants, and develops the theory of metamorphosis. In 1828 he was elected a foreign associate of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and Louis Philippe decorated him with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

De Candolle stands in the very first rank of botanists, and no one has contributed more advanced theories or more important work to the science.

ORGANS ESSENTIAL TO REPRODUCTION.

As soon as an organized being, and particularly a plant, or part of one, commences its visible existence, it only presents to us a development of organs; whence it has been concluded sometimes as a reality, at others as a figurative expression, that all these beings proceed from a germ. This name of GERM has been given to a body imperceptible to our senses, which is supposed to exist in organized bodies, and to be or to contain in miniature the body, or the part of one, which proceeds from it. The germs may be considered either as being formed by the organ, or by the being upon which they are developed, or by that which is transmitted to it at the period of fecundation; and in this case, the force which causes this creation of germs is termed the PLASTIC FORCE: or, it is supposed that the origin of these germs dates from the origin itself of organized beings, that they were all inserted into one another; so that all the germs of a given species, which are and will be developed, were all contained in one another, and all in the first which existed.

These two contradictory theories are so vast that they

seem to contain all the opinions of which the subject is susceptible, and, consequently, one of the two must be true. However, if we reflect, one is almost as unintelligible as the other; for — first, on the one hand, nothing among known facts can make us comprehend the creation of a germ, since we never see anything more in the inorganic kingdom than transformation of compositions; and, in the organic, than developments; and, second, nothing can make us conceive, either in imagination, or in reason, an indefinite insertion of pre-existing beings.

If we separate these questions, which are more metaphysical than physical, and limit ourselves to general facts, we shall see that an insertion (if this idea be not extended too far) is proved by evident examples, as in *Volvox*. We shall perceive, second, that the germs, or rudimentary beings, are often visible a long time before their ordinary appearance; as, for example, when we find in the centre of the trunks of palms the floral scapes which would be developed externally after several years. Third, we shall be obliged to acknowledge that all beings are developed, as if their nutritive matter, deposited in an invisible and pre-existing receptacle, had its place, thus to speak, fixed beforehand.

Thus, whether the expression Germ be taken either as a reality, or as an image, it will serve equally well to describe the origin of organized beings. In the two hypotheses, these germs arise from certain organs; in the theory of Plastic Forces they are formed by them; in that of the pre-existence of germs they are simply nourished and developed by their action. Whichever it be, they are presented in plants in two different states; either they are disposed in such a manner as to be developed as a natural effect of the laws of nutrition, as takes place in the development of branches, tubercles, offsets, layers, and suckers, for all these bodies may be considered as resulting from the development of germs more or less latent; or their development requires a preliminary operation, which has been named fecundation, which tends to give the germ a proper life and this is

performed by means of a complicated apparatus of organs, which collectively constitute the flower.— *Vegetable Organography; translation of* BOUGHTON KINGDON.

DEEMS, CHARLES FORCE, an American clergyman and author; born at Baltimore, Md., December 4, 1820; died at New York November 18, 1893. He was educated at Dickinson College, from which he graduated in 1839. He then went to North Carolina an agent for the American Bible Society. In 1840 he became Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina. After five years in this professorship, and one year as Professor of Natural Science in Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, he became a preacher at New Berne, N. C. In 1846 he became President of the Greensborough Female College, North Carolina, which post he held for five years. From 1854 to 1858 he held a pastorate, and was then appointed Presiding Elder of Wilmington and New Berne districts. In 1865 he went to New York, and was appointed pastor of the Church of the Strangers. His works include *The Home Altar, What Now?* addressed to young girls just entering on womanhood; *Weights and Wings* (1878); *Jesus,* a work on the life of Christ (1880); *A Lesson in the Closet* (1882); *Chips and Chunks for Every Fireside* (1886); and *My Septuagint* (1892).

THE USEFULNESS OF BEAUTY.

There has always been among men a measuring of the useful against the beautiful, as though they were an-

tagonistic, as though the useful were not the beautiful in every-day working dress, and as though the beautiful were not the useful in perfumed garments of glory. Really, and in God's sight, nothing is more useful than the beautiful. He turns His holy eyes nowhere that beauty is not. In those very material things which seem loathsome to us He perceives, and to the microscopic eyes of Science and to the telescopic eyes of Poetry, He reveals a thousand glorious beauties.

Your practical men are kept in sufficient animation to be practical by the beauty which is about them. They do not know it any more than the flower knows that it owes its life as well as its beauty to the sun. Strike out all the beautiful from the world, leave us only the useful — the manifestly useful — and we should lose all elasticity out of our lives, all strength out of our purpose, all energy out of our arms. It is the thousand-fold beauty, meeting our eyes at every turn, that saves us. It is what cost so much as Mary's pound of spikenard, poured forth in what seems to be such a waste to eyes like Judas's, which fills the world with odor, and comes to be monumental, when ledgers and bank-books are clean forgotten.

It is delightful to have something done without regard to the returns to the doer, to have something spontaneous, ample, gloriously useless; to have the savings of years bottled in a flask, and poured on feet and head that will be dead in a week; and then break the flask. To some it seems like a criminal waste to put all the skill and labor of a life-time on a few feet of canvas, while the painter can scarcely get bread, and then give that canvas to the world. But it will impart pleasure to thousands; and to be happy is of religion, and to create happiness is of piety. Let men be like God, lavish toward God as God is lavish toward men. Pour out your money on the beautiful. Encourage the workers in the beautiful. Do not be afraid that having all your lives had the reputation of being practical, you should now be suspected of being a fool for spending your money on the unuseful. You who are rich ought to provide the

beautiful for yourselves and for the poor.— *Religion in Beauty.*

DEFFAND, Maria De Vichy-Chamrond, Marquise du, a French letter writer; born at Château Chamrond, Burgundy, 1697; died at Paris, September 24, 1780. She received her education at a convent in Paris, and while there she showed not only remarkable intelligence, but also displayed the sceptical and cynical turn of mind which fitted so admirably the part she was afterward to play in the philosophical discussions of the Paris of that time. Her parents, who were alarmed at her liberal views, sent Massillon to reason with her, but without avail. When she was twenty-one years old they married her to the Marquis du Deffand without consulting her wishes. The marriage was an unhappy one, and she was speedily separated from her husband. She was afterward reconciled to her husband, though they soon found that it was impossible to live together, and they again separated. It has been said that she did not succeed in keeping herself uncontaminated by the vices of that time, though to what extent is not accurately known. Her nature would not permit of any strong attachment, but her remarkable intelligence and cynical views attracted around her a circle which included all the prominent philosophers and literary men of her time, and quite a number of celebrated visitors from abroad. She became blind in 1752, and shortly afterward she went to live in apartments in the Convent of St. Joseph, which had a separate entrance from the street.

This place became the favorite resort of such men as Choiseul, Bouflers, Montesquieu, Voltaire, d'Alembert, David Hume, Horace Walpole and others, but in 1764 there was a split in the two parties composing the society, caused by the defection of her companion, Mademoiselle de L'Espinesse. Her greatest affinity was with the nature of Horace Walpole, who came several times to Paris for the express purpose of visiting her, and who kept up a close and exceedingly interesting correspondence with her for fifteen years. Her correspondence with d'Alembert, Montesquieu, Henault and others was published in 1809 at Paris. Her letters to Horace Walpole, with a biographical sketch by Miss Berry, were published from the originals at London in 1810. All of her letters are much admired for their liberality and sound criticism.

"Her reputation as a *bel esprit,*" wrote the Countess of Blessington concerning Madame du Deffand, "entailed much discomfort on her, as it must on any one who acquires it. Once won, the winner is expected to sustain it—often a painful effort, when the health is less vigorous or the spirits less elevated than when this reputation was first attained. The *bel esprit,* in the consciousness of diminished vivacity, generally forgets how indulgent are the listeners to less brilliant *bonmots,* or less sprightly conversation, after the reputation of a wit has been established; though it is a fact well known, that people are often so prepared to admire whatever proceeds from certain lips, that they hardly wait to have the sentence concluded before they bestow their applause, even although it be unmerited. Dissatisfied with herself, and with the world, the Marquise du Deffand found no happiness in the present, no satisfac-

tion in the past, and no hope in the future; while, to those who look not beneath the surface, she was deemed an object of envy, because her salons were filled by persons of celebrity, her society sought by the great, and her sayings praised by those whose praise is considered to give fame."

"The master passion strong in death," says the *Quarterly Review*, "was never more strikingly exemplified than in Madame du Deffand. Her last words were as characteristic as the 'More Light' of Goethe, the '*Aber*' of Schlegel, the 'Give Dayrolles a chair' of Chesterfield, or the 'Life is a poor vanity' of Locke. They were, '*Vous m' aimez donc?*' addressed in a mixed tone of surprise and incredulity to the secretary, who knelt, dissolved in tears, at her bedside. She died doubting the existence, the bare possibility, of the feeling or faculty which helps, more than any other, to soften and sweeten life, to grace and elevate humanity!"

"Her penetration," writes her friend Horace Walpole, "her strength of mind, her ready comprehension, her natural faculty of judgment, her understanding, the simplicity of her language, and her thorough contempt of everything false or affected, her great knowledge of the world, her intimacy with most of the distinguished men of the time, were qualities which put her on a par with those celebrated sons of genius."

TO MADEMOISELLE DE L'ESPINASSE.

I hope, my queen, I shall never have to repent of what I do for you, and that you would not take the step of coming to me if you had not thoroughly made up your mind.

It remains for me to speak to you of the joy I should

DANIEL DEFOE.

have to see and live with you. Adieu! my queen; pack up your things, and come to make the happiness and consolation of my life; it will not be my fault if it is not reciprocal.

There is one article on which I must come to an understanding with you: it is, that the least artifice, and even the smallest art that you might put into your conduct with me, would be to me insupportable. I am naturally distrustful, and all those in whom I suspect *finesse,* become suspected by me to the point of my no longer placing any confidence in them. I have two intimate friends, Formont and d'Alembert: I am passionately attached to them, less by their agreeability and their friendship than by their extreme truthfulness.

You must then make up your mind to live with me in the greatest truth and sincerity; never resort to insinuation or exaggeration: in a word, never lose one of the greatest attractions of youth, which is *naïveté.* You have a great deal of *esprit;* you have gaiety; you are capable of sentiments; with all these qualities you will be charming so long as you give your *naturel* fair play, so long as you are without pretension and without equivocation.—*From Her Letters.*

DEFOE, Daniel, an English novelist; born at London in 1661; died there April 20, 1731. He was the son of a butcher of St. Giles, Cripplegate. His surname was Foe, and it was not until he was about forty years of age, that he changed his signature from D. Foe to Defoe. He was intended for the dissenting ministry, and spent five years in the dissenting academy at Newington Green, where he acquired a good knowledge of the classics and also received a special training in his own language, all disser-

tations being written, and all disputations being held in English. He afterward acquired a knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish. In 1680 he was nominated a Presbyterian minister, but did not choose to follow that vocation. He became a writer of political pamphlets, the earliest of which identified as his is entitled *A New Discovery of an Old Intrigue: a Satire Levelled at Treachery and Ambition.* Toward the end of 1685 he became a hose-factor. At the end of seven years after setting up in business, he became bankrupt, and fled to Bristol, where he compounded with his creditors. Afterward, when again prosperous, he honorably discharged his debts in full. A pamphlet, *The Englishman's Choice and True Interests, in the Vigorous Prosecution of the War against France,* procured him an appointment as Accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty, which post he held until the duty was abolished in 1699. He also set up a manufactory of bricks and pantiles at Tilbury. During these years he wrote numerous pamphlets, most of them being of a political character.

In 1701, when Louis XIV. of France resolved to accept the legacy of the Spanish crown for his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, Defoe produced a pamphlet, *The Two Great Questions Considered: I. What the French King will do in respect to the Spanish Monarchy. II. What Measures the English ought to take,* arguing that if Louis accepted the crown England should combine with the Emperor and the Dutch States, and compel the withdrawal of the Duke of Anjou. *The True-Born Englishman,* an answer in verse to a pamphlet entitled *Foreigners,* ridiculing the Dutch favorites of King William III., became the rage of the

hour, 80,000 copies of it being sold in the streets. In 1702, when the Bill against Occasional Conformity was introduced by the High-church party, Defoe published a pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with Dissenters,* in which he put the sentiments of the extreme High-church party into plain English. The Dissenters were unappreciative, the High-churchmen furious. A complaint was made against him in the House of Commons, and an order was issued for his arrest. He concealed himself, but when his publisher was arrested, he surrendered himself. His pamphlet was ordered to be burned by the common hangman, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of 200 marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find sureties for seven years' good behavior. While in Newgate awaiting his trial, Defoe had published a *Collection of the Writings of the Author of the True-Born Englishman,* and *More Reformation,* a satire on himself. When convicted of seditious libel he wrote a *Hymn to the Pillory,* which awakened such enthusiasm that his appearance in that place of humiliation became a triumph.

During his imprisonment he made good use of his pen. He began a semi-weekly paper, *The Review,* written entirely by himself. Under the heading *Mercure Scandale* he noticed current scandals and criticised the contemporary newswriters. The serious part of the paper was devoted to a review of the affairs, domestic and foreign, of all the states of Europe. Besides the *Review,* Defoe, while in prison, wrote and published *A Collection of the Most Remarkable Casualities and Disasters which Happened in the Late Dreadful Tempest, both by Sea and Land.* This minute and

circumstantial account of the great storm of November, 1703, accompanied with letters purporting to be from eye-witnesses, gives the same effect of reality as the *Journal of the Plague.* Defoe was released from imprisonment in 1704, through the intervention of Robert Harley, afterward Earl of Oxford, Secretary of State. He immediately published an *Elegy on the Author of the True-Born Englishman,* affirming that the condition of his release was that he should "not write what some people might not like." The government took him into its service, and he received a pension from the Queen. In 1705 he published *The Consolidator, or Memoirs of Sundry Transactions in the Moon,* and the *True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal,* one of the most successful impositions on the credulity of mankind ever written.

During the contest regarding the Occasional Conformity Bill, Defoe devoted his paper to articles on the subject of the bill, exhorting the nation to study peace and union. These articles were written in such a way as to infuriate the High-church party in the Commons, who, in order to pass the obnoxious bill, previously rejected by the Lords, had tacked it to a bill of supply. The High-church party having been defeated, Defoe gave all his energies to promote the union of England and Scotland. To further the cause he went to Edinburgh, at the risk of losing his life by the fury of the populace. Here he remained through the year 1707. On the dismissal of Harley from office, Defoe was urged by the retiring Secretary not to relinquish his service to the Queen, but to apply to Godolphin, his successor, for the continuance of his appointment. This he did, and in 1708 he was again despatched to

Edinburgh. During the next three years he issued several pamphlets, among them, *Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover, What if the Pretender should come?* and *An Answer to a Question that Nobody thinks of—viz: But what if the Queen should Die?* These pamphlets were misunderstood alike by Whig and Tory. Their author again suffered fine and four months' imprisonment. In 1715 he published *An Appeal to Honor and Justice,* in defence of his political conduct. With this appeal his political life was supposed to end; but the discovery of several letters in his handwriting proves that in 1718, at least, he was employed by the government as sub-editor of the Jacobite Mist's *Journal,* to tone down objectionable features, and render it inoffensive. Other journals seem also to have received this not dishonorable service from Defoe.

In 1719 *Robinson Crusoe* took the reading world by storm. It immediately became popular, and its extraordinary success induced its author to write numerous other narratives in a similar vein: *Duncan Campbell,* and *The Life and Perils of Captain Singleton* (1720); *The History of Colonel Jack,* and *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders* (1721); *Religious Courtship,* and *The Journal of the Plague Year, 1665* (1722); *Memoirs of a Cavalier,* and *The Adventures of Roxana* (1724); *A Tour Through the whole Island of Great Britain* (1724–27); *A New Voyage Around the World* (1725); and the *Memoirs of Captain Carleton* (1728). He also wrote a *Political History of the Devil* (1726); a *System of Magic;* a *History of Apparitions,* and *The Complete English Tradesman* (1727).

Defoe was the author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets. His *Journal of the Plague in London* and his *Memoirs of a Cavalier* have been accepted as veritable history, so minute was the author's knowledge of the times he describes, and so vivid was his conception of the effects of events upon the common mind. From contact with the denizens of the prison he gained a knowledge of the life and character of criminals, that enabled him to relate, as from his own soul, the experience of theirs. His style is unrivalled in simplicity and naturalness, his English is pure and unpretending.

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN'S PEDIGREE.

The Romans first with Julius Cæsar came,
Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards; and by computation,
Auxiliaries or slaves of ev'ry nation.
With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sueno came,
In search of plunder, not in search of fame;
Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' Hibernian shore;
And conquering William brought the Normans o'er.
All these their barb'rous offspring left behind,
The dregs of armies, they of all mankind;
Blended with Britons who before were here,
Of whom the Welsh have blest the character. . . .

The customs, surnames, languages, and manners
Of all these nations are their own explainers.
Whose relics are so lasting and so strong,
They have left a Shibboleth upon our tongue,
By which with easy search you may distinguish
Your Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, English.

The great invading Norman let us know
What conquerors in after-times might do.
To ev'ry musketeer he brought to town
He gave the lands which never were his own.
When first the English crown he did obtain,
He did not send his Dutchmen home again.

No re-assumptions in his reign were known:
Davenant might there have let his book alone.
No parliament his army could disband;
He raised no money, for he paid in land.
He gave his legions their eternal station,
And made them all freeholders of the nation.
He canton'd out the county to his men,
And ev'ry soldier was a denizen.
The rascals thus enrich'd, he called them lords,
To please their upstart pride with new-made words;
And dooms-day book his tyranny records.
And here begins our ancient pedigree
That so exalts our poor nobility.
'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
Who with the Norman bastard did arrive.
The trophies of the families appear:
Some show the sword, the bow, and some the spear
Which their great ancestors, forsooth, did wear,
These in the Herald's Register remain,
Their noble *mean* extraction to explain,
Yet who the hero was no man can tell,
Whether a drummer or a colonel;
The silent record blushes to reveal
Their undescended dark original. . . .
These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
And rail at the new-come foreigners so much,
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived:
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransack'd kingdoms, and dispeopled towns.
The Pict and painted Briton, treach'rous Scot,
By hunger, theft, and rapine hither brought;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-hair'd offspring ev'rywhere remains;
Who, join'd with Norman-French, compound the breed
From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.
And lest by length of time it be pretended
The climate may this modern breed have mended,
Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding care.

We have been Europe's sink, the jakes where she
Voids all her offal outcast progeny,
From our fifth Henry's time, the strolling bands
Of banish'd fugitives from neighb'ring lands
Have here a certain sanctuary found:
Th' eternal refuge of the vagabond,
Where, in but half a common age of time,
Borrowing new blood and manners from the clime,
Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn,
And all their race are true-born Englishmen. . . .
The wonder which remains is at our pride,
To value that which all wise men deride.
For Englishmen to boast of generation,
Cancels their knowledge, and lampoons the nation.
A true-born Englishman's contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction;
A banter made to be a test of fools,
Which those that use it justly ridicules;
A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe.

—*The True-Born Englishman.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S SHIPWRECK.

In this distress, the mate of our vessel laid hold of the boat, and with the help of the rest of the men got her slung over the ship's side; and getting all in her, let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea ran dreadfully high upon the shore, and might well be called *den Wild Zee*, as the Dutch called the sea in a storm. And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor if we had, could we have done anything with it; so we worked at the oar toward the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution; for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in

the most earnest manner; and the wind driving us toward the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could toward land.

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not; the only hope that could rationally give us the least shadow of expectation, was, if we might find some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or get under the lee of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing like this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea. After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grace*. In a word, it took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me a vast way on toward the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on toward the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, which I had no means or strength to contend with: my business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water if I could; and so, by swimming, to preserve my breathing and pilot myself toward the shore, if possible; my greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way toward the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it, when it gave back toward the sea.

The wave that came upon me again, buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness toward the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the waters went from me, and then took to my heels and ran, with what strength I had, farther toward the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me, for the sea having hurried me along, as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, and that with such force as it left me senseless, and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by the piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the waves went back. Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took I got to the mainland; where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and

sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of reach of the water.—*Robinson Crusoe.*

A FOOTPRINT.

It happened one day about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing nor see anything; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one: I could see no other impression but that one: I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot — toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimseys came into my thoughts by the way. When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.—*Robinson Crusoe.*

LONDON, IN JULY, 1665.

The face of London was now indeed strangely altered, I mean the whole mass of buildings, city, liberties, suburbs, Westminster, Southwark, and altogether; for as

to the particular part called the city, or within the walls, that was not yet much infected; but in the whole, the face of things, I say, was much altered; sorrow and sadness sat upon every face, and though some part were not yet overwhelmed, yet all looked deeply concerned; and as we saw it apparently coming on, so every one looked on himself, and his family, as in the utmost danger. Were it possible to represent those times exactly to those that did not see them, and give the reader due ideas of the horror that everywhere presented itself, it must make just impressions upon their minds, and fill them with surprise. London might well be said to be all in tears; the mourners did not go about the streets, indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relations were perhaps dying, or just dead, were so frequent to be heard, as we passed the streets, that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world to hear them. Tears and lamentations were seen almost in every house, especially in the first part of the visitation; for towards the latter end, men's hearts were hardened, and death was so always before their eyes, that they did not much concern themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that themselves should be summoned the next hour.

Business led me out sometimes to the other end of the town, even when the sickness was chiefly there; and as the thing was new to me, as well as to everybody else, it was a most surprising thing to see those streets, which were usually so thronged, now grown desolate, and so few people to be seen in them, that if I had been a stranger, and at a loss for my way, I might sometimes have gone the length of a whole street — I mean of the by-streets — and seen nobody to direct me, except watchmen set at the doors of such houses as were shut up; of which I shall speak presently. One day, being at that part of the town on some special business, curiosity led me to observe things more than usually; and indeed I

walked a great way where I had no business. I went up Holborn; and there the street was full of people; but they walked in the middle of the great street neither on one side or other, because, as I suppose, they would not mingle with anybody that came out of houses, or meet with smells and scents from houses that might be infected. The Inns of Court were all shut up, nor were very many of the lawyers in the Temple, or Lincoln's-inn, or Gray's-inn, to be seen there. Everybody was at peace, there was no occasion for lawyers; besides, it being in the time of the vacation too, they were generally gone into the country. Whole rows of houses in some places were shut close up, the inhabitants all fled, and only a watchman or two left.—*Journal of the Plague in London.*

LONDON, IN SEPTEMBER, 1665.

But to return to my particular observations, during this dreadful part of the visitation. I am now come, as I have said, to the month of September, which was the most dreadful of its kind, I believe, that ever London saw; for by all the accounts which I have seen of the preceding visitations which have been in London, nothing has been like it; the number in the weekly bill amounting to almost 40,000 from the 22d of August to the 26th of September, being but five weeks. The particulars of the bills were as follows, viz:

From August the 22d to the 29th.....	7,496
To the 5th of September.....	8,252
To the 12th.....	7,690
To the 19th.....	8,297
To the 26th.....	6,460
	38,195

This was a prodigious number of itself; but if I should add the reasons which I have to believe that this account was deficient, and how deficient it was, you would with me make no scruple to believe, that there died above ten

thousand a week for all those weeks, one week with another, and a proportion for several weeks, both before and after. The confusion among the people, especially within the city, at that time, was inexpressible; the terror was so great at last, that the courage of the people appointed to carry away the dead began to fail them; nay, several of them died, although they had the distemper before, and were recovered; and some of them dropped down when they have been carrying the bodies even at the pitside, and just ready to throw them in; and this confusion was greater in the city, because they had flattered themselves with hopes of escaping, and thought the bitterness of death was passed. One cart, they told us, going up Shoreditch, was forsaken by the drivers, or being left to one man to drive, he died in the street, and the horses going on, overthrew the cart, and left the bodies, some thrown here, some there, in a dismal manner. Another cart was, it seems, found in the great pit in Finsburyfields, the driver being dead, or having been gone and abandoned it, and the horses running too near it, the cart fell in and drew the horses in also. It was suggested that the driver was thrown in with it, and that the cart fell upon him, by reason his whip was seen to be in the pit among the bodies, but that, I suppose, could not be certain.

In our parish of Aldgate, the dead-carts were several times, as I have heard, found standing at the churchyard gate, full of dead bodies; but neither bellman or driver, or any one else with it. Neither in these, or many other cases, did they know what bodies they had in their cart, for sometimes they were let down with ropes out of balconies and out of windows; and sometimes the bearers brought them to the cart, sometimes other people; nor, as the men themselves said, did they trouble themselves to keep any account of the numbers.— *Journal of the Plague in London.*

PRECAUTIONS DURING THE PLAGUE.

It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen

days or thereabouts; and I could not restrain myself, but I would go and carry a letter for my brother to the post-house; then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the post-house, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard, and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leather purse, with two keys hanging at it, with money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it, or to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with, so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up; but so, that if the right owner came for it he should be sure to have it. So he went in and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder, and cast a good deal of powder upon the purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse; the train reached about two yards; after this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs red-hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose; and first setting fire to the train of powder, that singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that, but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burnt through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water, so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats and brass farthings.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields toward Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to

satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked how people did thereabouts. "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate, all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village," pointing at Poplar, "where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick." Then he pointing to one house, "They are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open, nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft; for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There," says he, "they all are dead, the man and his wife and five children." "There," says he, "they are shut up, you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses." "Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?" "Why," say he, "I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead." "How do you mean, then," said I, "that you are not visited?" "Why," says he, "that is my house," pointing to a very little low boarded house, "and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine, too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?" "Oh, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them, I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want." And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankful-

ness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. "Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live, then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat," says he, "and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from the house; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?" "Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor," pointing down the river a good way below the town; "and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?" pointing above the town. "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of infection: and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself, and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not for my own family; but I fetch provisions for them."

'Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since

all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village," said I, "is as it were the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he, "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farm houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I, "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread, too, and a salt fish, and some fresh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet?"

"No," said he, "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!" Here he stopped and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure comforter if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"Oh, sir," says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine?"

"Say'st thou so," said I, "and how much less is my faith than thine?" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he stayed in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presump-

tion, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God, and yet that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little away from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door and called, "Robert, Robert." He answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which were the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the end adds, "God has sent it all, give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

"Well, but," says I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings, too, which you said was your week's pay?"

"Yes, yes," says he, "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again, "Rachel, Rachel" (which, it seems, was her name), "did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all;" and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain from contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, "Hark thee, friend," said I, "come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me. God will never forsake a family that trusts in Him as thou dost;" so I gave him four other shillings, and bade him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankful-

ness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.—*Journal of the Plague in London.*

THE CARES OF ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold, all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, "I wish I had it in a foul clout;" in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that say-

ing, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields toward Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not

tell; at last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and seek to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. But with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for the purpose: and if there were any that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes a way to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a foot-path over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but, behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me; and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for it was a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow; but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity: I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently, then I began to think I had not so much as a half-penny of it

left, for a half-penny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down, not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hallooed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.—*The History of Colonel Jack.*

DE FOREST, JOHN WILLIAM, an American novelist; born at Seymour, Conn., March 31, 1826. His first volume was a *History of the Indians in Connecticut,* published in 1850. He had already resided nearly two years in Syria, and he now went to Europe, where he remained four years. On his return to America he published *Oriental Acquaintance* (1857); *European Acquaintance* (1858), and *Seacliff,* his first novel (1859). During the next two years he wrote numerous short stories. At the beginning of the Civil War he joined the Union army, and served for nearly four years. For three years after the war he was employed in various official positions under the Government. He wrote many short stories, essays, and sketches, and besides the novels already mentioned, *Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty* (1867); *Overland* (1871); *Kate Beaumont* (1871); *The Wetherell Affair* (1873); *Honest John Vane* (1874); *Playing the Mischief* (1875); *Irene the Missionary; The Bloody Chasm; or the Oddest of Courtships* (1881); *A Lover's Revolt* (1898); *Overland* (1899); and *The De Forests of Avesnes and New Netherland* (1900).

A CAUCUS.

As soon as the caucus had been organized and had listened to a pair of brief speeches urging harmonious action, it split into two furiously hostile factions, each headed by one of the gentlemen who talked harmony. Fierce philippics were delivered, some denouncing Bummer for being a taker of bribes and a pilferer of the United States Treasury, and some denouncing Saltonstall (as near as could be made out) for being a gentleman.

So suspicious of each others' adroitness were the two parties, and so nearly balanced did they seem to be in numbers, that neither dared press the contest to a ballot. The war of by no means ambrosial words went on until the air of the hall became little less than mephitic, and the leading patriots present had got as hoarse and nearly as black in the face as so many crows. At last, when accommodation was clearly impossible, and the chiefs of the contending parties were pretty well fagged with their exertions, Darius Dorman sprang to his feet (if, indeed, they were not hoofs), and proposed the name of his favored candidate. "I beg leave to point the way to a compromise which will save the party from disunion and from defeat," he screamed at the top of a voice penetrating enough to cleave Hell's thickest vapors. "As Congressman from this district, I nominate honest John Vane."

Another broker and general contractor, whose prompt inspiration, by the way, had been previously cut and dried with care, instantly, and, as he said, spontaneously, seconded the motion. Then, in rapid succession, a workingman who had learned the joiner's trade with Vane, and a Maine liquor-law orator who had more than once addressed fellow-citizens in his teetotal company, made speeches in support of the nomination. The joiner spoke with a stammering tongue and a bewildered mind, which indicated that he had been put up for the occasion by others, and put up to it, too, without regard to any fitness except such as sprang from the fact of his being one of the "hard-handed sons of toil"—a class revered and loved to distraction by men whose business it is to "run the political machine." The practiced orator palavered in a fluent, confident sing-song, as brassily penetrating as the tinkling of a bell, and as copious in repetitions. "Let the old Republican," he chanted, "come out for him; let the young Republican come out for him; let the Democrat, yea, the very Democrat, come out for him; let the native-born citizen come out for him; let the foreign-born citizen come out for him; let the Irishman, and the German, and the colored man come out for him; let the cold-water temperance man come out for him; let the

poor, tremulous, whisky-rotted debauchee come out for him; let the true American of every sort and species come out for him; let *all,* yea, *all* men come out for awnest Jawn Vane!"

There was no resisting such appeals, coming as they did from the "masses." The veteran leaders in politics saw that the "cattle," as they called the common herd of voters, were determined for once to run the common chariot, and most of them not only got out of the way, but jumped up behind. They were the first to call on Vane to show himself, and the first to salute his rising with deafening applause, and the last to come to order. A vote was taken on his nomination, and the ayes had it by a clear majority. Then Darius Dorman proposed, for the sake of the party of the good old cause, for the sake of this great Republic, to have the job done over by acclamation. There was not an audible dissenting voice; on the contrary, there was "wild enthusiasm." The old war-horses and wheel-horses and leaders all fell into the traces at once, and neighed and snorted and hurrahed until their foreheads dripped with patriotic perspiration, every drop of which they meant should be paid for in municipal or State or Federal dollars.—*Honest John Vane.*

AN OUTLOOK ON THE DESERT.

She could not help feeling like one of the spirits in prison as she glanced at the awful solitude around her. Notwithstanding the river, there still was the desert. This little plain was but an oasis. Two miles to the east the San Juan burst out of a defile of sandstone, and a mile to the west it disappeared in a similar chasm. The walls of these gorges rose abruptly two thousand feet above the hurrying waters. All around were the monstrous, arid, herbless, savage, cruel ramparts of the plateau. No outlook anywhere; the longest reach of the eye was not five miles; then came towering precipices. The travelers were like ants gathered on an inch of earth at the bottom of a fissure in a quarry. The horizon was elevated and limited, resting everywhere on harsh lines of

rock which were at once near the spectator and far above him. The overhanging plateau strove to shut him out from the sight of heaven. What variety there was in the grim monotony appeared in shapes that were horrible to the weary and sorrowful. On the other side of the San Juan towered an assemblage of pinnacles which looked like statues; but these statues were a thousand feet above the stream, and the smallest of them was at least four hundred feet high. To a lost wanderer, and especially to a dispirited woman, such magnitude was not sublime but terrifying. It seems as if these shapes were gods who had no mercy, or demons who were full of malevolence. Still higher, on a jutting crag which overhung the black river, was a castle a hundredfold higher than man ever built, with ramparts that were dizzy precipices and towers such as no daring could scale. It faced the horrible group of stony deities as if it were their pandemonium.

The whole landscape was a hideous Walhalla, a fit abode for the savage giant gods of the old Scandinavians. Thor and Wodin would have been at home in it. The Cyclops and Titans would have been too little for it. The Olympian deities could not be conceived of as able or willing to exist in such a hideous chaos. No creature of the Greek imagination would have been a suitable inhabitant for it except Prometheus alone. Here his ineternal agony and boundless despair might not have been out of place.

There was no comfort in the river. It came out of unknown and inhospitable mystery, and went into a mystery equally unknown and inhospitable. To what fate it might lead was as uncertain as whence it arrived. A sombre flood, reddish brown in certain lights, studded with rocks which raised ghosts of unmoving foam, flowing with a speed which perpetually boiled and eddied, promising nothing to the voyager but thousandfold shipwreck; a breathless messenger from the mountains to the ocean, it wheeled incessantly from stony portal to stony portal, a brief gleam of power and cruelty. The impression which it produced was in unison with the sublime malignity and horror of the landscape.— *Overland.*

IN A CANON.

The cañon through which he was flying was a groove cut in solid sandstone, less than two hundred feet wide, with precipitous walls of fifteen hundred feet, from the summit of which the rock sloped away into buttes and peaks a thousand feet higher. On every side the horizon was half a mile above his head. He was in a chasm, twenty-five hundred feet below the average surface of the earth, the floor of which was a swift river. He seemed to himself to be traversing the abodes of the Genii. Although he had only heard of *Vathek*, he thought of the Hall of Eblis. It was such an abyss as no artist has ever hinted, excepting Doré in his picturings of Dante's *Inferno*. Could Dante himself have looked into it, he would have peopled it with the most hopeless of his lost spirits. The shadow, the aridity, the barrenness, the solemnity, the pitilessness, the horrid cruelty of the scene, were more than might be received into the soul. It was something which could not be imagined, and which, when seen, could not be fully remembered. To gaze on it was like beholding the mysterious, wicked countenance of the father of all evil. It was a landscape which was a fiend.

The precipices were not bare and plane faces of rock, destitute of minor finish and of color. They had their horrible decorations; they showed the ingenuity and the artistic force of the Afreets who had fashioned them; they were wrought and tinted with a demoniac splendor suited to their magnitude. It seemed as if some goblin Michelangelo had here done his carving and frescoing at the command of the lords of hell. Layers of brown, gray, and orange sandstone alternated from base to summit; and these tints were laid on with a breadth of effect which was prodigious: a hundred feet in height and miles in length with a stroke of the brush. The architectural and sculptural results were equally monstrous. There were lateral shelves, twenty feet in width, and thousands of yards in length. There were towers, pilasters, and formless caryatides, a quarter of a mile in height. Great bulks projected, capped by gigantic mitre or diadems, and flanked

by cavernous indentations. In consequence of the varying solidity of the stone, the river had wrought the precipices into a series of innumerable monuments, more or less enormous, commemorative of combats. There had been interminable strife here between the demons of earth and the demons of water, and each side had set up its trophies. It was the Vatican and the Catacombs of the Genii; it was the museum and the mausoleum of the forces of nature. At various points tributary gorges, the graves of fluvial gods who had perished long ago, opened into the main cañon. In passing these the voyagers had momentary glimpses of sublimities and horrors which seemed like the handiwork of that "anarch old," who wrought before the shaping of the universe. One of these sarcophagi was a narrow cleft, not more than eighty feet broad, cut from surface to base of a bed of sandstone one-third of a mile in depth. It was inhabited by an eternal gloom which was like the shadow of the blackness of darkness. The stillness, the absence of all life, whether animal or vegetable, the dungeon-like closeness of the monstrous walls, were beyond language. Another gorge was a ruin. Along the sloping sides of the gap stood bowlders, pillars, needles, and strange shapes of stone, peering over each other's heads into the gulf below. It was as if an army of misshapen monsters and giants had been petrified with horror, while staring at some inconceivable desolation and ruin. There was no hope for this concrete despair; no imaginable voice could utter for it a word of consolation; the gazer, like Dante amid the tormented, could only "look and pass on." . . . The solitude of this continuous panorama of precipices was remarkable. It was a region without man, or beast, or bird, or insect. The endless rocks, not only denuded, but eroded and scraped by the action of bygone waters, could furnish no support for animal life. A beast of prey, or even a mountain goat, would have starved here. Could a condor of the Andes have visited it, he would spread his wings at once to leave it.— *Overland.*

DE KAY, CHARLES, an American poet; born at Washington, D. C., July 25, 1849. A grandson of Joseph Rodman Drake, he graduated from Yale and became a member of the staff of the New York *Times* in 1877, writing also for the magazines. He is the author of *The Bohemian: a Tragedy of Modern Life* (1878); *Hesperus and Other Poems* (1880); *The Vision of Nimrod* (1881); *The Vision of Esther* (1882); *The Love Poems of Philip Barneval* (1883), *Barye, Life and Works* (1889); and *Bird Gods in Ancient Europe* (1904).

WOOD LAUREL.

White in coverts of the wood
Where the even shadows brood,
On waving carpets young of fern
See the clusters steadfast burn —
Eyes of joy amid the dark
Lighting up the forest, stalk!
While the pine is bending over,
Tenderly, a rugged lover,
Thankful faces we must wear
Since the laurel blooms so fair.

At what altar shall we pray?
For his neighbor who shall say?
Each devout may draw his moral
For the generous blooming laurel.

Let the priest of gods triune
List to Nature's triple rune,
Symbols find in leaf and petal
Which no councils can unsettle,
Giving praise as well as prayer
That the laurel blooms so fair.

Here the lover of one God
One law reads in oak and sod;
Swedenborg's ethereal sons
May see the wood-sprite for the nonce;
And Moslem who toward Mecca yearns,
May spread his carpet 'mid the ferns,
And watching with adoring eyes
These petals tint with pink sunrise,
May lift to Allah thankful prayer
That the laurel blooms so fair.

Buddhist here can fix his gaze
Where encounter beauty's rays,
In this lovely form discern
Sign of Nature's yeasty churn;
And China's wise and formal seer
Beholds the perfect symbol here
Of work and work's consummate fruit,
In flower, in bush, and groping root.
These a moment more may spare
Since the laurel blooms so fair.

Laurel once was victor's meed,
This one's not of warlike breed;
Blooming, lost in forest dense,
With a shy luxuriance,
She is glad to be the bush
Favored by the brown-winged thrush,
Loving more his melting song
Than the plaudits of the throng;—
O, that I the woods might share
Which the laurel makes so fair!

THE TORNADO.

Whose eye has marked his gendering? On his throne
He dwells apart in roofless caves of air,
Born of the stagnant, blown of the glassy heat
O'er the still mere Sargasso. When the world
Has fallen voluptuous, and the isles are grown

So bold they cry, God sees not! — as a rare
Sun-flashing iceberg towers on high, and fleet
As air-ships rise, by upward currents whirled,
Even so the bane of lustful islanders
Wings him aloft. And scarce a pinion stirs.
There gathering hues, he stoopeth down again,
Down from the vault. Locks of the gold-tipped cloud
Fly o'er his head; his eyes, St. Elmo flames;
His mouth, a surf on a red coral reef.
Embroidered is his cloak of dark blue stain
With lightning jags. Upon his pathway crowd
Dull Shudder, wan-faced Quaking, Ghastly-dreams.
And after these, in order near their chief,
Start, Tremor, Faint-Heart, Panic, and Affray,
Horror, with blanching eyes, and limp Dismay.

Unroll a gray-green carpet him before,
Swathed in thick foam: thereon adventuring, bark
Need never hope to live; that yeasty pile
Bears her no longer; to the mast-head plunged
She writhes and groans, careens, and is no more.
Now, pricked by fear, the man-devourer shark,
Gale-breasting gull, and whale that dreams no guile
Till the sharp steel quite to the life has lunged,
Before his pitiless, onward-hurling form
Hurry toward land for shelter from the storm.

In vain. Tornado and his pursuivants,
Whirlwind of giant bulk, and Water-spout —
The grewsome, tortuous devil-fish of rain —
O'ertake them on the shoals and leave them dead.
Doomsday has come. Now men in speechless trance
Glower unmoved upon the hideous rout,
Or, shrieking, fly to holes, or yet complain
One moment to that lordly face of dread,
Before he quits the mountain of his wave,
And strews for all impartially their grave.
And as in court-yard corners on the wind
Sweep the loose straws, houses and stately trees
Whirl in a vortex. His answering tread

Winnows the isle bare as a thresher's floor.
His eyes are fixed; he looks not once behind,
But at his back fall silence and the breeze.
Scarce is he come, the lovely wraith is sped.
Ashamed the lightning shuts its purple door,
And heaven still knows the robes of gold and dun
While placid Ruin gently greets the sun.

ROBBER BLUE-BLACK.

Though it lacks two months of May,
  Frosts have nipped a genial thaw,
And the melted snow is thin,
  Crisp, and harsh to Reynard's claw,
White are curves where paths have been
  Winding through the ruddy swamp,
Pensive-gray the circling trees
  Etch the sky in gentle pomp.
Yet is Spring within the breeze,
  Gay in heart of yonder fowl,
  Screaming near a brooding owl
    His *jay — jay — jay!*

Wicked dandy, have you come,
  Dressed in suit of brightest blue,
Long among our hills to roam
  Till the woods your presence rue?
Malice sure your notes betray
While you flirt about each gray
  Brushy top and chestnut crest,
Jotting down in thievish brain
  Just the lay of every nest?
So, when summer's here again —
  Suck the eggs — away you fly
  With the parent-frighting cry
    Of *jay — jay — jay!*

Ah, the dainty rascal jay!
  Now's the time abroad to fling
With the heart and limbs of youth
  Ere the fickle-minded Spring

All the land with lakes endu'th!
Now across the oak-swamp race,
Following swift his airy trace;
Hound him down the icy path
Till he chatters full of wrath;
Chase him past the helpless owl,
And loudly mock the coward fowl
With *jay — jay — jay!*

DEKKER, EDUARD DOUWES, a Dutch novelist, who wrote under the pseudonym "MULTATULI;" born at Amsterdam, March 2, 1820; died at Nieder-Ingelheim, Germany, February 19, 1887. In 1860 he published a novel entitled *Max Havelaar of de Koffijveilingen der Nederlandsche Handelmaatshappij,* in which he described many of the abuses which have crept into the coffee trade of the Dutch commercial companies in Java, where Dekker had become involved in difficulties while acting as assistant resident at Lebak. His writings include other works on the Dutch East Indies, and several dramas and essays on social, political, and philosophical questions. He has been characterized as a remarkably original thinker, and a serious and vigorous writer. These were written in Germany, to which country, disappointed and discouraged at his failure to effect the reforms he sought among his own countrymen, he removed in 1866; and where, during the last years of his life, he lived retired at Nieder-Ingelheim on the Rhine. The most noted of these later writings were *La Sainte Vierge,* a novel; *Vorstenschool,* a very popular play;

and *Wontertje Pieterse,* an incomplete story which, with his letters, was published after his death.

The London *Athenæum,* reviewing Dekker's works shortly after the decease of the author, characterized him as a social reformer whose accusations against those with whom he had found fault had never been refuted, and who had greatly influenced the ideas of his countrymen about religion and literature. "He attacked cant, shams and red tape with a power of sarcasm in which he had not an equal in Holland. His knowledge of the East was so great that he foretold the course of events of the last twenty years in the Dutch colonial dominions. His style is unique; he excels in pathos, humor, and argument. His individuality impressed itself so strongly on his readers that he left no one indifferent. Some have an admiration for his genius and character which has no bounds; others he inspired with a feeling of aversion by his self-assertion and tone of authority."

SAÏDJAH AND ADINDA.

Saïdjah was now fifteen when, his mother having died broken-hearted, his father fled away to try to find work in the districts of Buitenzorg. But Saïdjah went not with his father, because he had other ideas. It has been told him that there were many fine gentlemen in Batavia who rode in carriages, and that he might easily obtain a place there as a driver. And with care he might save — who knows? — enough to buy himself two buffaloes; and with this happy thought he goes to the house of Adinda, and told it all to her.

"Only think! when I return, we shall have two buffaloes; and you and I will be old enough to get married. Only, Adinda, what if I should find you already married?"

"But you know, Saïdjah, that I shall never marry;

never anybody but you; for my father promised your father that I should be your wife."

"Well, but you?"

"Oh, as for me, rest assured that I shall marry you."

"Well, when I return, I will call aloud; from away off I will call as I come."

"But suppose we are in the village, stamping out the rice, how shall we hear?"

"True! — but — yes, that's it; you wait for me, Adinda, under the oak; be waiting under the Retapan."

"Yes, but, Saïdjah, how am I to know when to be at the Retapan?"

"By counting the moons, Adinda; for I shall be away just thrice twelve moons. So, make a notch on the rice-block every new moon; and when you have cut thrice twelve notches, the very next day I shall be there under the Retapan. Will you be there, Adinda? Do you promise?"

"I will be there, Saïdjah; when you return, you will find me near the oak, under the Retapan." — *From Max Havelaar.*

DEKKER, or DECKER, THOMAS, an English dramatist and humorist; born about 1575; died about 1640. Of his personal life little is known, except that much of it was passed in extreme poverty; that he was for a time connected with Ben Jonson in writing for the stage; that they afterward quarrelled, and lampooned each other. Dekker was also connected with Ford, Massinger, and Webster in the composition of several dramas. He was sole author of nearly thirty plays, the best of which are *Fortunatus* and *The Honest Whore,* the latter of which is highly praised by Hazlitt, who says that it "unites

the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry." He wrote many pamphlets ridiculing the follies of the times. In the work of collaboration he was assigned to writing the scenes laid in shops, inns, and suburban pleasure-houses, which he described with luxuriant fancy. Some of his characteristic works are *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft* (1600); *The Seven Deadly Sins of London* (1606); *News from Hell* (1606); *Westward Ho* (previous to 1605); *The Bellman* (1608); *The Gull's Hornbook* (1609); *Match Me in London* (1631), and *English Villainies* (1637).

MODEST AND IMMODEST WOMEN.

Nothing did make me, when I love them best,
To loathe them more than this: when in the street
A fair, young, modest damsel I did meet;
She seemed to all a dove when I passed by,
And I to all a raven: every eye
That followed her, went with a bashful glance:
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn: to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished, would they all vail;
'Gainst me swoln Rumor hoisted every sail;
She, crowned with reverend praises, passed by them;
I though with face masked, could not 'scape the hem
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on such,
Because they should be pointed-stocks to man,
Drest up in civilest shape, a courtesan,
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she's betrayed by some trick of her own.
— *The Honest Whore.*

LIFE AT COURT.

Fort.— For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath —
Like to condensed fogs — to choke that beauty,

Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No; I still boldly stept into their courts:
For there to live 'tis rare, Oh, 'tis divine!
There shall you see faces angelical;
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose starlike eyes have power — might they still shine —
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroes,
White-headed councillors, and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubim to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers-by being the fair workmanship.
And.— Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven!
I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.
Amp.— But tell me, father, have you in all courts
Beheld such glory, so majestical,
In all perfection, no way blemished?
Fort.— In some courts shall you see Ambition
Sit, piecing Dædalus's old waxen wings;
But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of Majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
Trickt in outlandish feathers; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All aspish, childish, and Italianate.

The best of his prose works is *The Gull's Hornbook*, which, says Drake, "exhibits a very curious, minute, and interesting picture of the manners and habits of the middle class of society in his time."

ON SLEEP.

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is! it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought: of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other: yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no, Look unto Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept three score and fifteen years; and was not a hair the worse for it! — *The Gull's Hornbook.*

DELAND, MARGARET WADE CAMPBELL ("MARGARET DELAND"), an American novelist; born at Allegheny, Pa., February 23, 1857. She was educated at Pelham Priory, New Rochelle, N. Y. After studying at Cooper Union, New York, she was a teacher of industrial design in the Normal College for Girls, New York, 1878–79. She was married, 1880, to Lorin F. Deland of Boston. In poetry she has published *The Old Garden, and Other Verses* (1886, republished with decorations, 1893). Her novels are *John Ward, Preacher* (1888); *Florida Days* (1889); *Sidney* (1890); *The Story of a Child*

(1892); *Tommy Dove and Other Stories* (1893); *Philip and His Wife* (1894); *The Wisdom of Fools* (1897); *Old Chester Tales* (1901); *Good for the Soul* (1902); *Dr. Lavendar's People* (1903); and *The Common Way* (1904). *John Ward, Preacher,* instantly commanded public attention by its vigor and keenness in tracing the abnormal influence of certain doctrinal beliefs formerly current in the Church and supposed to be a part of Christianity. The characterization of these beliefs verges at times on caricature, though undeniably able and with a basis of truth.

THE TOWN.

The singers could buy their flowers in the market, which is but a little way from the Cathedral. Whitewashed pillars uphold its ancient roof, and its brick floor is so old that it is worn into hollows; it used to be filled with stalls, where great heaps of vegetables and yellow oranges were displayed for sale, or where the wet sides of fish sparkled on every scale with wonderful color. There were sunbonneted women gossiping in the sunshine across their wares; men smoking under the streamers of moss from the live-oak trees, or chaffering over their mules and horses; a crowding, good-natured, quick-tempered people, bringing color and laughter into the little square; they came for the most part from the country beyond, along the shining shell-road and through the city gates.

As long ago as the beginning of this century the towers of the gateway in the wall about the town were crumbling and broken with age, so that they must have witnessed many things unknown to the tranquil life which comes and goes under their gray shadows to-day. They see nothing more startling now than lovers whispering in the twilight, perhaps; or the gay tramp of marching feet which have never known the hurry and terror of war; or a sob beside a funeral bier.

True, Love and Death — there could have been nothing more ultimate than they; but the expression changes; and these square pillars crumbling slowly in the white, hot sunshine, have seen quick and nervous lives and cruel deaths. The iron gates which used to hang between the two coquina towers, were always closed at night, and fastened with ponderous bolts, so that the little town might sleep peacefully within them. How many enemies of the King of Spain they have repulsed when the town was garrisoned by his soldiers, and how often they have received and sheltered terror-stricken wretches flying from the outlaws of the plains beyond!

A darky goes jolting through now, in a little two-wheeled cart, full of yellow oranges. He sings, perhaps, in a full sweet voice, but with a certain wild note in it, which will take many generations yet to tame. "Oh, my Lawd," he says, leaning forward, his elbows resting on his ragged knees, and the reins slipping carelessly between his fingers,—

> "Oh, my Lawd, don't you forgit me,
> Oh, my Lawd, don't you forgit me,
> Oh, my Lawd, don't you forgit me,
> Down by Bab'lon's stream."

With this morning freshness in the sparkling air, he sings because he cannot help it; long ago the Lord remembered the captivity in Babylon, but the song has found no deeper meaning in his soul; it is only a simple rejoicing in the sunshine. It is hard to realize, in the comfortable content among the negroes, living tranquil, sleepy lives in the old town, that these words were ever sung with tears and prayers; such pain meant alertness and eager life, for which one now looks in vain. These people would surely never rouse themselves to contradict the man who asserted, with grim disdain of all intense life, that the happiest moment each day, to the happiest person, was the moment when consciousness began to melt into sleep.

A woman, sitting in the sun with half-shut eyes, her

pipe gone out, perhaps, her head resting against the door-post, is quite satisfied and happy.

The boy in the jolting car, even though he sings, is half asleep. He apostrophizes his mule, or the oranges which tumble about his feet, with violence of words, but with a face full of lazy good nature. Indeed, he and his beast have the same placid way of taking life. The mule does not mark his abusive entreaties to proceed, any more than the boy notices or objects when his gray friend comes to a halt, and, turning slowly in the broken rope-mended harness, bites at a fly upon his shaggy side. But who shall dogmatize on such an attitude of the mind? Indifference, after all, may be, height instead of depth. Does not "A. B." (his modesty has given us no more than his initials) write, as long ago as 1595, in "The Nobleness of the Asse; a work rare, learned, and excellent," of that characteristic and admirable calm! "He (The Asse) refuseth no burden; he goeth whither he is sent without any contradiction; he lifts not his foot against any one; he bytes not; if strokes be given him, he careth not for them." A. B.'s honest appreciation of this patient and respectable animal leads him yet a little further. Their "goodly, sweet, and continual braying," he says; and adds that such brayings "forme a melodious and proportionate kinde of musicke." Still, all this is but the small adornment of an estimable character; the great thing is his beast's "tranquil calm."— *Florida Days.*

DE LA RAMÉE, LOUISE ("OUIDA"), an English novelist; born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1840. At an early age she began to write for periodicals, her first novel, *Granville de Vigne, a Tale of the Day,* being published in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine.* This novel was subsequently republished in 1863 under the title of *Held in Bondage.* Subse-

quently she wrote *Strathmore, a Romance* (1865); *Chandos* (1866); *Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes,* and *Idalia* (1867); *Tricotrin, a Story of a Waif and Stray,* and *Under Two Flags* (1867); *Puck* (1868); *Trecotrin* (1869); *Folle Farine* (1871); *A Dog of Flanders* and *A Leaf in the Storm* (1872); *Pascarel* (1873); *Two Little Wooden Shoes* (1874); *Signa* (1875); *In a Winter City* (1876); *Ariadne: the Story of a Dream* (1877); *Friendship* (1878); *Pipistrello* and *Moths* (1880); *The Village Commune* (1881); *In Maremma* (1882); *Wanda* (1883); *Othmar* and *A House Party* (1886); *Guilderoy* (1889); *Syrlin* and *Ruffino* (1890); *The New Priesthood* (1893); *Toxin* (1895); *The Mascarenes* (1897); *The Waters of Edera* (1900); *Street Dust* (1901); and *Helianthus* (1905). Her writings are vivacious and entertaining, and her work displays much genius.

STRIVINGS AGAINST NATURE.

The son of an athlete can never rest quiet at home and at school like the children of cobblers, and coppersmiths, and vinedressers. All my life was beating in me, tumbling, palpitating, bubbling, panting in me, moving incessantly, like the wings of a swallow when the hour draws near for its flight, and the thirst for the South rises in it. With all my force I adored my pale, lovely, Madonna-like mother, but all the same as I trotted toward the priest with a satchel on my back, I used to think, would it be very wicked to throw the books into the river, and run away to the fields? And, in truth, I used to run away very often, scampering over the country around Orte like a mountain hare, climbing the belfries of the churches, pulling off their weathercocks or setting their bells a-ringing, doing a thousand and one mischevious antics; but I always returned at nightfall to my mother's

side. It seemed to me it would be cruel and cowardly to leave her. For she had but me in the world.

"You promise to be sensible and quiet, Pippo?" the poor soul always murmured. And I used to say "Yes," and mean it. But can a bird promise not to fly when it feels in its instincts the coming of spring? Can a colt promise not to fling out his limbs when he feels the yielding turf beneath his hoofs? I never wished to be disobedient, but somehow, ten minutes after I was out of her sight, I was high above on some tower or belfry with the martens and pigeons circling about my curly head. I was so happy on high there! — and they spoke of making me into a monk, or, if I would not hear of that, of turning me into a clerk in the notary's office.

A monk! a clerk! when all the trees cried out to me to climb, and all the birds called to me to fly! I used to cry about it with hot and stinging tears, that stung my face like lashes, lying with my head hidden on my arms in the grass by the old Tiber water. For I was not twelve years old, and to be shut up in Orte always, growing gray and wrinkled, as the notary had done over the wicked, crabbed, evil-looking skins that set the neighbors at war — the thought broke my heart. Nevertheless I loved my mother, and I mended my quills, and tried to write my best, and said to the boys of the town: "I cannot bend iron, or leap, or race any more. I am going to write for my bread in the notary's office a year hence; and my mother wishes it, and so it must be." And I did my best not to look up to the jackdaws circling around the towers, or the old river running away to Rome. For all the waters cried to me to leap, and all the birds to fly.

And you cannot tell, unless you had been born to do it, as I was, how good it is to climb, and climb, and climb, and see the green earth grow pale beneath you, and the people dwindle till they are small as dust, and houses fade till they seem like heaps of sand, and the air gets so clear around you, and the great black wings flap close against your face, and you sit astride where the bells are, with some quaint stone face beside

you that was carved on the pinnacle here a thousand years and more ago, and has hardly been seen of man ever since; and the white clouds are so close to you that you seem to bathe in them, and the winds toss the mists and part them, and go by you, down to the world below to torment the trees, and the sea, the men at work, and the roofs that cover them, and the sails of their ships in the ocean; men are so far from you, and heaven seems so near; the fields and the plains are lost in the vapors that divide you from them, and all the noise of living multitudes come only very faintly to your ear, and sweetly, like the low murmuring of bees in the white blossoms of an acacia in the month of May. But you do not understand this, you poor toilers in cities, who pace the streets and watch the faces of the rich.

And I, to whom this life of the upper air was joy, was ecstasy, I was doomed to be a notary's clerk; I — called *Pipistrello* (the bat), because I was always whirling and wheeling in the air — was to be a clerk, so my mother and grandmother decided for me, with the old notary himself who lived at the corner, and made his daily bread by carrying fire and sword, where he could, through the affairs of his neighbors. He was an old rascal, but my mother did not know that; he promised to be a safe and trustworthy guardian of my youth, and she believed he had power to keep me safe from all dangers of destiny. She wanted to be sure that I should never run the risks of my father's career; she wanted to see me always before the plate of herb-soup on her table. Poor mother!

One day in Orte chance gave me another fate than this of her desires. One fine sunrise on the morning of Palm Sunday I heard the sharp sound of a screeching fife, the metallic clash of cymbals, the shouts of boys, the rattle of a little drum. It was the rataplan beating before a troop of wrestlers and jugglers who were traversing the Marche and Reggio-Emilia. The troop stationed themselves in a little square, burnt by the sun and surrounded by old crumbling houses; I ran with the rest of the lads of Orte to see them. Orte was in holiday guise; aged, wrinkled, deserted, forgotten by the world as

she is, she made herself gay that day with palms and lilies and lilac, and the branches of willow; and her people, honest, joyous, clad in their best, who filled the streets and the churches, and wine-houses, after mass flocked with one accord and pressure around the play-place of the strollers. It was in the month of April; outside the walls and on the banks of Tiber, still swollen by the floods of winter, one could see the gold of a million daffodils and the bright crimson and yellow of tulips in the green corn. The scent of flowers and herbs came into the town and filled its dusky and narrow ways; the boatmen had green branches fastened to their masts; in the stillness of evening one heard the song of crickets, and even a mosquito would come and blow his shrill little trumpet, and one was willing to say to him, "welcome," because on his little horn he blew the good news, "Summer is here!" Ah, those bright summers of my youth! I am old now, aye, old; though I have lived through only twenty-five years.

This afternoon on Palm Sunday I ran to see the athletes, as a moth flies to the candle; in Italy all the world loves the Saltimbank, be he dumb or speaking, in wood or in flesh, and all Orte hastened, as I hastened, under the sunny skies of Easter. I saw, I trembled, I laughed, I sobbed in ecstasy. It was so many years that I had not seen my brothers! Were they not my brothers all? This day of Palm, when our Orte, so brown and so gray, was all full of foliage and blossom, like an old picture full of orange-flowers for a bridal, it was a somewhat brilliant troop of gymnasts who came to amuse the town; the troop was composed of an old man and his five sons, handsome youths and very strong, of course. They climbed on each other's shoulders, building up a living pyramid; they bent and broke bars of iron; they severed a sheep with one blow of a sword; in a word, they did what my father did before them. As for me, I watched them, stupefied, fascinated, dazzled, blind, drunk with delight, and almost crazy with a torrent of memories that seemed to rain on me like lava as I watched

each exploit, as I heard each shout of the applauding multitudes.

It is a terrible thing, a horrible thing, those inherited memories that are born in you with the blood of others. I looked at them, I say, intoxicated with joy, and with recollection and with longing:— and my mother destined me to a notary's desk and wished me to be shut there all my life, pen in hand, sowing the seeds of all the hatreds, of all the crime, of all the sorrows of mankind, lighting up the flames of rage and of greed in human souls for an acre of ground, for a roll of gold! She wished me to be a notary's clerk? I gazed at these men who seemed to me so happy; these slender, agile, vigorous creatures, in their skins that shone like the skin of green snakes, in their broidered, glittering, spangled vests, in their little velvet caps, with the white plume in each —"Take me! take me;" I shrieked to them; and the old king of the troop looked hard at me, and when their games were finished, crossed the cord that marked the arena, and threw his strong arms about me and cried, "You are the little Pippo!" For he had been my father's mate. To be brief, when the little band left Orte I went with them. —*Pipistrello.*

THE FOUNTAINS OF ROME.

A Faun lives in this Ponte Listo water. Often in these days I heard him laughing, and under the splashing of the spouts caught the tinkle of his pipe. In every one of the fountains of my Rome a naiad, or a satyr, a god, or a genius, has taken refuge, and in its depths dreams of the ruined temples and the levelled woods, and hides in its cool, green, moss-growing nest all day long, and when the night falls, wakes and calls aloud.

Water is the living joy of Rome. When the sky is yellow as brass, and the air sickly with the fever-mist, and the faces of men are all livid and seared, and all the beasts lie faint with the drought, it is the song of the water that keeps our life in us, sounding all through the daylight and the darkness across the desert of brick and stone. Men here in Rome have "written their names

in water," and it has kept them longer than bronze or marble. When one is far away across the mountains, and can no more see the golden wings of the archangel against the setting sun, it is not of statues and palaces, not of Cæsars or senators, not even of the statues, that you think with wistful, longing remembrance and desire; it is of the water that is everywhere in Rome, floating, falling, shining, splashing, with the clouds mirrored on its surface, and the swallows skimming its foam.

I wonder to hear them say that Rome is sad, with all that mirth and music of its water laughing through all its streets, till the steepest and stoniest ways are murmurous with it as any brook-fed forest-depths. Here water is Protean: sovereign and slave, sorcerer and servant; slaking the mule's thirst, and shining in porphyry on the prince's terrace; filling the well in the cabbage-garden, and leaping aloft against the Popes' palace; first called to fill the baths of the Agrippines and serve the Naumachia of Augustus, it bubbles from a griffin's jaws or a wolf's teeth, or any other of the thousand quaint things set in the masonry at the street-corners, and washes the people's herbs and carrots, and is lapped by the tongues of the dogs, and thrashed by the bare brown arms of the washing-women; first brought from the hills to flood the green Numidian marble of the thermæ and lave the limbs of the patricians between the cool mosaic walls of the tepidarium, it contentedly becomes a household thing, twinkling like a star at the bottom of the deep old wells in dusky courts, its rest broken a dozen times a day by the clash of the chain on the copper pail, above it the carnations of the kitchen balcony and the caged blackbird of the cook.

One grows to love the Roman fountains as sea-born men the sea. Go where you will, there is the water: whether it foams by Trevi, where the green moss grows in it like ocean-weed about the feet of the ocean god, or whether it rushes, reddened by the evening light, from the mouth of an old lion that once saw Cleopatra; whether it leaps high in air trying to reach the gold cross on St. Peter's, or pours its triple cascade over the

Pauline granite, or spouts out of a great barrel in a wall in old Trastevere, or throws up into the air a gossamer as fine as Arachne's web in a green garden-way where the lizards run, or in a crowded corner where the fruit-seller sits against the wall;— in all its shapes one grows to love the water that fills Rome with an unchanging melody all through the year.— *Ariadne.*

DELAVIGNE, Jean François Casimir, a French poet and dramatist; born at Havre, April 4, 1793; died at Lyons, December 11, 1844. He was the son of a merchant, and was educated at the Napoleon Lyceum at Paris. He early showed a marked taste for poetry. Andrieux, to whom some of his pieces were shown, at first endeavored to dissuade him from writing; but on seeing his dithyramb *On the Birth of the King of Rome*, written in 1811, encouraged him to continue his poetical efforts. This poem also produced for Delavigne the patronage of the Count of Nantes. In 1814 the young poet competed for a prize offered by the French Academy. His poem *Charles XII. à Narva* received honorable mention, and a poem presented the next year, *Sur la Découverte de la Vaccine,* obtained a secondary prize. The humiliation of France in 1815 gave Delavigne a stirring subject. He wrote two poems, *Waterloo* and *La Dévastation du Musée,* to which he added a third poem, *Sur le Besoin de s'unir après le Départ des Étrangers,* and published the three in 1818 under the title of *Trois Messéniennes,* in allusion to the songs of the Messenians. In these poems he bewailed the misfortunes and

humiliation of France, and exhorted his countrymen to patriotism and union. They had large success, and their author received an appointment as Librarian of the Chancery. He next wrote two *Elegies sur la Vie et la Morte de Jeanne d' Arc;* and in 1819 produced his tragedy *Les Vêpres Siciliennes,* which was received with great favor. This was followed in 1820 by *Les Comédiens,* and in 1821 by *La Paria.* Several new *Messéniennes* appeared between 1821 and 1823, and in the latter year, *L'École des Vieillards.* For this drama he was awarded a place in the French Academy (1825). He produced *La Princesse Aurélie* (1828); *Marino Faliero* (1829); during the Revolution of 1830, *La Parisienne,* a lyric, was as enthusiastically received as the *Marsellaise* had been. Another tragedy, *Les Enfants d' Edouard,* was produced in 1833; *Don Juan d' Autriche,* in 1835; *Une Famille au Temps de Luther,* in 1836; *La Popularité,* a comedy, in 1838; *La Fille du Cid,* a tragedy, in 1839; and *Le Conseiller Rapporteur,* a comedy, in prose, in 1841. Delavigne was engaged upon a tragedy, *Mélusine,* when failing health obliged him to leave Paris. He reached Lyons, where he died after a few days' illness.

WATERLOO.

They breathe no longer: let their ashes rest!
  Clamor unjust and calumny
They stooped not to confute; but flung their breast
  Against the legions of your enemy,
  And thus avenged themselves; for you they die.

Woe to you, woe! if those inhuman eyes
  Can spare no drops to mourn your country's weal;
Shrinking before your selfish miseries;

Against the common sorrow hard as steel;
Tremble! the hand of death upon you lies;
You may be forced yourselves to feel.

But no — what son of France has spared his tears
For her defenders, dying in their fame;
Though kings return, desired through lengthening years,
What old man's cheek is tinged not with her shame?
What veteran, who their fortune's treason hears,
Feels not the quickening spark of his old youthful flame?

Great Heaven! what lessons mark that one day's page!
What ghastly figures that might crowd an age!
How shall the historic Muse record the day,
Nor, starting, cast the trembling pen away?
Hide from me, hide those soldiers overborne,
Broken with toil, with death-bolts crushed and torn —

Those quivering limbs with dust defiled,
And bloody corses upon corses piled;
Veil from mine eyes that monument
Of nation against nation spent
In struggling rage that pants for breath,
Spare us the bands thou sparedst, Death!
O Varus! where the warriors thou hast led?
Restore our legions! — give us back the dead!

I see the broken squadrons reel;
The steeds plunge wide with spurning heel;
Our eagles trod in miry gore;
The leopard standards swooping o'er;
The wounded on their slow cars dying,
The route disordered, waving, flying;
Tortured with struggles vain, the throng
Sway, shock, and drag their shattered mass along,
And leave behind their long array
Wrecks, corses, blood — the foot-marks of their way.

Through whirlwind smoke and flashing flame —
  O grief! — what sight appalls mine eye?
The sacred band, with generous shame.
  Sole 'gainst an army pause — to die!
Struck with the rare devotion, 'tis in vain.
The foes at gaze their blades restrain,
And, proud to conquer hem them round: the cry
Returns, "The guard surrender not! — they die!"

'Tis said, that, when in dust they saw them lie,
  A reverend sorrow for their brave career
Smote on the foe; they fixed the pensive eye,
  And first beheld them undisturbed with fear.

See, then, these heroes, long invincible,
  Whose threatening features still their conquerors brave;
Frozen in death, those eyes are terrible;
  Feats of the past their deep-scarred brows engrave:

For these are they who bore Italia's sun,
  Who o'er Castilia's mountain-barrier passed;
The North beheld them o'er the rampart run,
  Which frosts of ages round her Russia cast:
All sank subdued before them, and the date
  Of combats owed this guerdon to their glory,
Seldom to Franks denied — to fall elate
  On some proud day that should survive in story.

Let us no longer mourn them; for the palm
Unwithering shades their features stern and calm:
Franks! mourn we for ourselves — our land's disgrace —
The proud, mean passions that divide her race.
What age so rank in treasons! to our blood
The love is alien of the common good;
Friendship, no more unbosomed, hides her tears,
And man shuns man, and each his fellow fears,
Scared from her sanctuary, Faith shuddering flies
The din of oaths, the vaunt of perjuries.
O cursed delirium! jars deplored

That yield our home-hearths to the stranger's sword!
Our faithless hands but draw the gleaming blade
To wound the bosom which its point should aid.

The strangers raze our fenced walls;
The castle stoops, the city falls;
Insulting foes their truce forget;
The unsparing war-bolt thunders yet;
Flames glare our ravaged hamlets o'er,
And funerals darken every door;
Drained provinces their greedy prefects rue,
Beneath the lilied or the triple hue;
And Franks disputing for the choice of power,
Dethrone a banner, or proscribe a flower.
France! to our fierce intolerance we owe
The ills that from these sad divisions flow;
'Tis time the sacrifice were made to thee
Of our suspicious pride, our civic enmity:
Haste — quench the torches of intestine war;
Heaven points the lily as our army's star;
Hoist, then, the banner of the white — some tears
May bathe the thrice-dyed flag which Austerlitz endears.

France! France! awake, with one indignant mind!
With new-born hosts the throne's dread precinct bind!
Disarmed, divided, conquerors o'er us stand;
Present the olive, but the sword in hand.
And thou, O people, flushed with our defeat,
To whom the mourning of our land is sweet,
Thou witness of the death-blow of our brave!
Dream not that France is vanquished to a slave;
Gall not with pride the avengers yet to come:
Heaven may remit the chastening of our doom;
A new Germanicus may yet demand
Those eagles wrested from our Varus's hand.

— *Trois Messéniennes.*

DELILLE, or DE LILLE, JACQUES, a French didactic poet; born at Aigueperse, Auvergne, June 22, 1738; died at Paris, May 1, 1813. He was educated in Paris, and became Professor of the Humanities at the College of Amiens. In 1769 he published a translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil, with which Voltaire was so well pleased that he recommended Delille to the French Academy, to which he was admitted in 1774. His next poem, *The Gardens* (1780), was received with great favor, and has been translated into several languages. Previous to the Revolution he was a professor of belles-lettres in the University of Paris, and of Latin poetry in the College of France. In 1789 he lost his property. His name was put upon the list of the proscribed, but was effaced, it is said, at the request of a workman, a mason, who begged his blood-thirsty colleagues not to kill all the poets; it might be well to preserve some of them, "if only to celebrate our victories." In 1793, when it was decided to reinstate a belief in the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, Delille was appointed by Robespierre to celebrate those subjects in verse. The poet appeared before the President with the following verses:

"O ye who seize the thunders of Olympus,
Of law eternal overthrow the altars,
Ye cowards, of the earth the base oppressors,
Tremble! ye are immortal!
O ye who suffer, victims of oppression,
O'er whom God watches with an eye paternal,
To stranger shores the pilgrims of a moment.
Rejoice! ye are immortal!"

"That is well," said Robespierre to the poet, who expected punishment; "the time, however, has not come for the publication of these verses. You will be apprised of a suitable day." No message came; the silence was ominous; Delille withdrew from Paris to Saint Dié, and after the lapse of a year to Basel. He did not return to France until 1801. He had published in 1800 *L'Homme des Champs.* In 1803 he put forth another poem, *Malheur et Petié,* in 1804 a translation of the *Æneid* into French verse, and in 1805 a translation of *Paradise Lost.* His *Æneid* is regarded as the best French version of that poem. In the *Paradise Lost* he sacrificed many a beauty to the thraldom of rhyming verse, and gave Milton credit for sentiments not to be found in the English poem. In 1806 he published *Imagination,* a poem containing many beauties; in 1808 *The Three Kingdoms of Nature,* and in 1812 *La Conversation.*

TO THE SEA.

And thou, dread sea, tempestuous abode,
Already have I sung thy space sublime,
But of thy charms, immeasurable flood,
What son of man can drain the exhaustless source?
Thy might and thine immensity I sing:
Have I thy wealth, thy fruitfulness, half told?
Those countless nations, fluctuating hosts,
Like thy vast billows ever newly born?
Thine opulent bed encloses in its breast
A thousand empires, half the universe,
Their laws, their customs, chiefs, and colonies,
All hold, and move together, one vast throng.
Earth vainly nourishes the countless host
Of beasts, of nations scattered o'er her breast.
The earth is jealous of thy wide domain;
The elephants her lofty forests range,

And in thy dark abysses glides the whale.
Above us, from thy waves rise other seas
God from this ocean makes the sea of air
And who besides fills up those watery clouds
Outpoured in fertile vapors by the storm,
Upon the mountain shed, and o'er the field,
Ceaseless renewing and restoring all?
Girdled by earth, thy waves the earth enrich:
To heavenly force respond their ebb and flow,
The sun-god rules thy floods; they follow him,
And always threatening, they obey him ever.
Thou hollowest out the vales, the mountain's head
Thou raisest heavenward, and, turn by turn,
Now dost thou swallow up, now yield the plains.
And man, to whom at times the records old
Of earth are opened, reads, with awe-struck soul,
On mountain-tops the writing of the seas.

— *Imagination.*

DE MILLE, JAMES, a Canadian novelist; born at St. John, N. B., in August, 1837; died at Halifax, N. S., January 28, 1880. In 1860 he went to Acadia College as Professor of the Classical Languages, and retained this position until 1865, when he became Professor of History and Rhetoric in Dalhousie College, Halifax, where he remained until his death. He published *Helena's Household, a Tale of Rome in the First Century* (1858); *The Dodge Club,* a story of a party of Americans travelling in Italy (1866); *Cord and Creese, or the Brandon Myth* (1869); *The Lady of the Ice* (1870); *The Cryptogram* and *A Comedy of Terrors* (1871); *The American Baron* (1872); *An Open Question* (1873); *Babes in the Wood* (1874), and *The Living Link* (1875). He

also published two series of stories for boys, among which are *The Boys of Grand Prè School; Lost in the Fog; Fire in the Woods; Picked Up Adrift; Among the Brigands; The Seven Hills of Rome;* and *The Winged Lion, or Stories of Venice.*

ARRIVAL IN NAPLES.

At last their voyage ended, and they entered the harbor of Naples. Glorious Naples! Naples the captivating! *"Veda Napoli, e poi mori!"* There was the Bay of Naples — the matchless, the peerless, the indescribable! there the rock of Ischia, the isle of Capri; there the slopes of Sorrento, where never-ending spring abides; there the long sweep of Naples and her sister cities; there Vesuvius, with its thin volume of smoke floating like a pennon in the air!

About forty or fifty lazaroni surrounded the Dodge Club when they landed, but to their intense disgust the latter ignored them altogether, and carried their own umbrellas and carpet-bags. But the lazaroni revenged themselves. As the Doctor stooped to pick up his cane, which had fallen, a number of articles dropped from his breast-pocket, and among them was a revolver, a thing which was tabooed in Naples. A ragged rascal eagerly snatched it and handed it to a gendarm, and it was only after paying a piastre that the Doctor was permitted to retain it. Even after the travellers had started off on foot in search of lodgings, the lazaroni did not desert them. Ten of them followed everywhere. At intervals they respectfully offered to carry their baggage, or show them to a hotel, whichever was most agreeable to their Noble Excellencies. Their Noble Excellencies were in despair. At length, stumbling upon the Café dell' Europa they rushed in, and passed three hours over their breakfast. This done, they congratulated themselves on having got rid of their followers. In vain! Scarcely had they emerged from the café than Dick uttered a cry of horror. From behind a corner advanced their ten friends, with the same calm demeanor, the same unruffled

and even cheerful patience, and the same respectful offer of their humble services. — *The Dodge Club.*

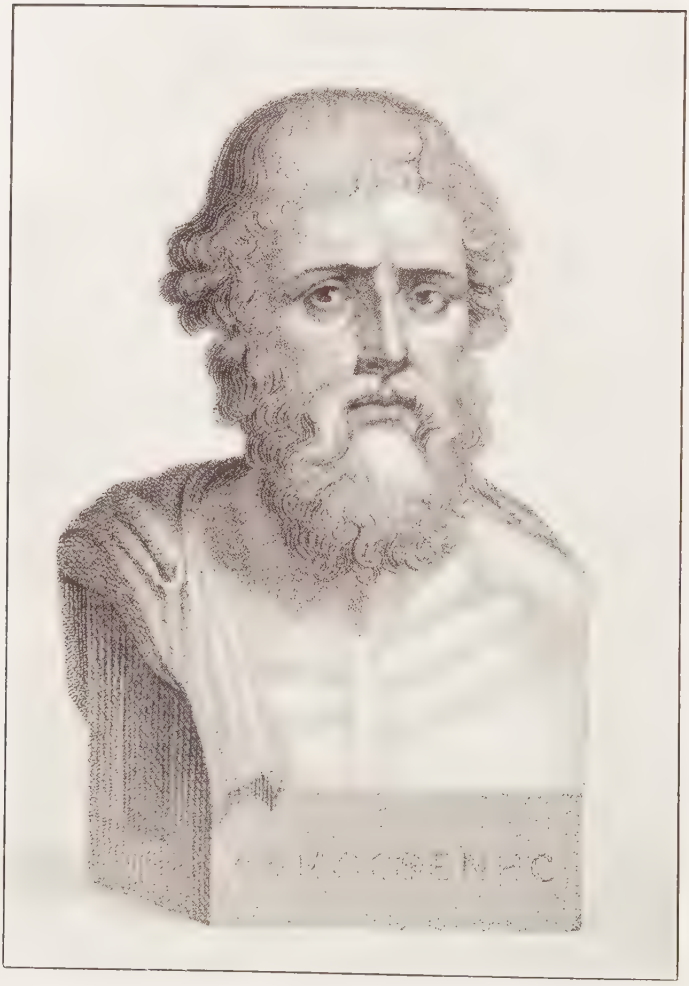
THE GROTTO OF THE SIBYL.

It was in the neighborhood that they found the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl. They followed the intelligent cicerone, armed with torches, into a gloomy tunnel. The intelligent cicerone walked before them with the air of one who had something to show. Seven stout peasants followed after. The cavern was as dark as possible, and extended apparently for an endless distance. After walking a distance of about two miles, according to the Senator's calculation, they came to the centre of interest. It was a hole in the wall of the tunnel. The Americans were given to understand that they must enter here. "But how?"

"How? Why on the broad backs of the stout peasants," who all stood politely offering their humble services. The guide went first, Buttons, without more ado, got on the back of the nearest Italian and followed. Dick came next; then the Doctor. Mr. Figgs and the Senator followed in the same dignified manner. They descended for some distance, and finally came to water about three feet deep. As the roof was low, and only rose three feet above the water, the party had some difficulty, not only in keeping their feet out of the water, but also in breathing. At length they came to a chamber about twelve feet square. From this they passed on to another of the same size. Thence to another, and so on. Arriving at the last, Bearer No. 1 quietly deposited Buttons on a stone platform, which fortunately rose about half an inch above the water. Three other bearers did the same. Mr. Figgs looked forlornly about him, and, being a fat man, seemed to grow somewhat apoplectic. Dick beguiled the time by lighting his pipe.

"So this is the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, is it?" said Buttons. "Then all I can say is that ——"

What he was going to say was lost by a loud cry



DEMOSTHENES.

which interrupted him and startled all. It came from the other chamber.

"The Senator!" said Dick.

It was indeed his well-known voice. There was a splash and a groan. Immediately afterward a man staggered into the room. He was deathly pale, and tottered feebly under the tremendous weight of the Senator. The latter looked as anxious as his trembling bearer.

"Darn it! I say," he cried. "Darn it! Don't! Don't!"

"Diavo — lo!" muttered the Italian.

And the next instant, plump went the Senator into the water. A scene then followed that baffles description. The Senator, rising from his unexpected bath, foaming and sputtering; the Italian praying for forgiveness; the loud voices of all the others shouting, calling, and laughing. The end of it was that they all left as soon as possible, and the Senator indignantly waded back through the water himself.— *The Dodge Club.*

DEMOSTHENES, a Greek statesman and orator; born at Athens, about 384 B.C.; died in 322 B.C. His father, who was of the same name, carried on manufactories of cutlery and furniture, in which some sixty slaves were employed. He also loaned money; and as the current rate of interest upon good security was from twelve to twenty per cent., his income must have been considerable. He died when his son was six years old, leaving an estate valued at fourteen talents: equivalent to $90,000 in our time.*

* The bullion value of the Attic talent was about $1,250; but the actual purchasing power of coin was much greater than it now is:— from various indicia we estimate it at five or six times greater. Moreover there were in Athens only a few citizens of very large fortunes. Callias, the wealthiest Athenian, was rated at 200 talents; and there were perhaps half a dozen held to be worth 100 talents.

Besides Demosthenes he left a widow and a young daughter. By his will, the widow was to marry one of his nephews, and another nephew was to marry the daughter when she grew up. These nephews, and another person, were made administrators of the estate and guardians of the son during his minority.

When Demosthenes, at the age of sixteen, attained his legal majority, he found that the greater part of his fortune had been wasted or stolen by his guardians, and there was left only the sum of two talents. He brought suit against them and obtained a verdict of ten talents; but it is not known whether the money was ever paid to him. He had, however, been carefully educated for the profession of a "rhetorician," or, as we should say, an advocate. He labored under some great disadvantages for the exercise of this profession. His constitution was delicate; his chest was weak; and he had a marked impediment in his speech. But gradually he overcame this disability; and though his early efforts met with slight success, before he had reached the age of thirty he had become one of the leading members of what we may call the Athenian "bar," and enjoyed a very large and lucrative practice.

Among the most important duties of an Athenian advocate was that of preparing pleas for his clients. If the client had sufficient confidence in himself — which seems to have been usually the case — he would commit this speech to memory, and deliver it to the "jury." An Athenian jury was composed of a large body of citizens. The usual number was five hundred; but there were sometimes two or three times as many. A skilful advocate would therefore so frame his plea that it might be supposed to come directly

from the client himself. There are extant about thirty pleas of this sort written by Demosthenes. From them one may learn many of the lights and shades of every-day life in Athens. We have the merchant and the manufacturer, the shipowner and the farmer, the rogue and the swindler, the rough and his victim, each speaking of himself or his opponent as he wished his "fellow citizens" to look upon them. Among the most characteristic of these pleas by Demosthenes, is one in a case of ordinary "assault and battery." The plaintiff, a respectable young Athenian, had been set upon and violently maltreated by a disreputable gang, to whom he had somehow become obnoxious. He brought suit against one Conon, a ringleader of the gang, and employed Demosthenes as his counsel. A portion of the speech delivered by the plaintiff, but composed by Demosthenes, runs thus:

SPEECH AGAINST CONON *et al.*

I was taking a walk one evening in the market-place, with a friend of my own age, when Ctesias, Conon's son, passed us, very much under the influence of wine. Seeing us, he made an exclamation like a drunken fellow muttering something indistinctly to himself, and went on his way. There was a drinking party near by, at the house of Pamphilus, the fuller; Conon and a lot of others were there. Ctesias got them to go with him to the market-place. We were near the temple Leocorium when we encountered them. As we came up, one of them rushed on my friend and held him. Conon and another tripped up my heels, and threw me into the mud, and jumped on me, and knocked me so violently that my lip was cut through, and my eye bunged up. In this plight they left me, unable to rise or speak. As I lay I heard them use shocking language, some of which I should

be sorry to repeat to you. One thing you shall hear. It proves Conon's malice, and that he was the ringleader in the affair: He crowed, mimicking fighting-cocks when they have won a battle; and his companions bade him clap his elbows against his sides, like wings. I was afterward found by some persons who came that way and carried home without my cloak, which these fellows had carried off.

When they got to the door, my mother and the maid-servants began crying and bewailing. I was carried with some difficulty to a bath; they washed me all over, and then showed me to the doctor. . . . Will you laugh and let Conon off because he says, "We are a band of merry fellows who, in our adventures and amours, strike and break the neck of any one we please?" I trust not. None of you would have laughed if you had been present when I was dragged and stripped and kicked, and carried to the home which I had left strong and well; and my mother rushed out, and the women cried and wailed as if a man had died in the house, so that some of the neighbors sent to ask what was the matter. . . .

Many of you know that gang. There's the gray-headed fellow, who all day long has a solemn frown on his brows, and wears a coarse mantle and single-soled shoes. But when they get together, they stick at no wickedness or disgraceful conduct. These are their nice and spirited sayings: "Sha'n't we bear witness for one another? doesn't it become friends and comrades?" "What will he bring against you that you're afraid of?" "Some men say they saw him beaten. We'll say, you never touched him." "'Stripped off his coat.' We'll say, 'They began.'" "'His lip was sewed up.' We'll say, 'Your head was broken.'"— Remember, I produce medical evidence; they do not; for they can get no evidence against me but what is furnished by themselves.

Up to his thirtieth year Demosthenes was busied simply as a lawyer. He now began to speak in the agora upon public matters, and more especially upon the foreign affairs of the commonwealth, which had

begun to assume a critical aspect. The most ominous feature was the growing power of Philip of Macedon, who threatened to acquire a supremacy over all the states of Greece, which were rent and torn by intestine quarrels. Demosthenes, who grew more and more into political consequence, took every occasion to warn his countrymen against the designs of Philip, and to urge a stricter union between the Grecian states in opposition to Philip. In 351 B.C. Demosthenes, being then thirty-three years of age, delivered the first of the great speeches known as the *Philippics* from their being specially directed against Philip; the third Philippic was delivered ten years later, but between these dates he delivered several other speeches, such as the *Olynthiacs* — of hardly less importance. Matters came to a crisis in 338 B.C., when the combined forces of Athens and Thebes were routed at Chæroneia by Philip and his young son Alexander. Demosthenes was one of the Athenian commanders, and fled back to Athens with the remnant of the forces.

He met at home with a reception which was hardly to have been expected. He was chosen to deliver the funeral oration over those who had fallen at Chæroneia and was charged with the duty of superintending the fortifications of the city, upon which an immediate attack was apprehended. But there was a strong faction by which he was bitterly assailed. The leader of this faction was Æschines, the professional rival, and personal and political enemy of Demosthenes. To bring the question between Demosthenes and Æschines to an issue, several months after the defeat at Chæroneia, one Ctesiphon introduced into the Senate a proposition for giving to Demosthenes a public testimonial

in the form of a golden crown, or rather wreath; and that this should take place in the theatre. The resolution passed the Senate, but it had to be submitted to the popular Assembly. Æschines denounced this as an illegal proposition, and brought an indictment to that effect against Ctesiphon. Technically, the proposition was an illegal one; for it was contrary to the laws of Athens to confer such an honor upon any public officer while his accounts were yet unaudited; and moreover the honor must be proclaimed, not in the theatre, but in the Pnyx, or open-air meeting-place of the people.

For some unexplained reason the trial of Ctesiphon was delayed for eight years. It at length came on in 330 B.C. The defendant was nominally Ctesiphon, but was actually Demosthenes; the real question at issue being whether the official conduct of Demosthenes had been such as to entitle him to the proposed public honor. The prosecution was conducted by Æschines; Demosthenes, though nominally appearing as the counsel for Ctesiphon, conducting his own defence. The speeches on both sides have come down to us, and are by common consent pronounced to be the most notable examples of Grecian oratory. The result of the trial was the utter discomfiture of Æschines. The jury consisted of 1,500 members. Of these less than 500 voted for Æschines. According to Athenian law a prosecutor who failed to gain the votes of one-fifth of the jury was himself liable to punishment for malicious prosecution. Æschines fled from Athens, and took refuge in Rhodes, where he taught oratory with great success for more than fifteen years.

For six years after his triumph over Æschines Demosthenes took no part in public affairs — indeed,

strictly speaking, there were no public affairs to be conducted in Athens. In 324 B.C. Alexander of Macedon came back to Babylonia after his great expedition to India. He had left one Harpalus as satrap in Babylonia. This man heaped up immense riches by every kind of extortion; he had also made favor with the Athenians, to whom he fled, dreading the vengeance of Alexander. It is said that he brought with him treasure to the amount of 5,000 talents. He soon found it advisable to quit Athens, leaving, it is said, 720 talents, which was deposited in the public treasury. When the money came to be counted there were only 350 talents to be found. It was believed that much if not all the missing money had found its way as bribes into the hands of public men and orators, among whom Demosthenes was named. The Areopagus instituted an investigation, one result of which was that 20 talents were reported to have been received by Demosthenes, who was sentenced to pay a fine of 50 talents — equivalent to about $300,000. It is impossible at this day to decide with any reasonable certainty as to the guilt or innocence of Demosthenes in this matter. Eminent historians like Thirlwall and Grote think that the weight of evidence is in favor of his innocence. Not paying his fine, he was imprisoned, but soon made his escape and took refuge in the territory of Argos, whence he was recalled a few months after, upon the death of Alexander.

Demosthenes met with an enthusiastic reception on his return to Athens. An attempt, in which he bore a leading part, was made to unite the Grecian states into a great confederacy against Antipater, who had succeeded to the government of Macedonia. The confed-

erates were defeated at the battle of Cranon, 322 B.C. Antipater took possession of Athens, and demanded the rendition of Demosthenes, who had taken refuge in the temple of Poseidon, on the little island of Calauria. Feeling assured that the inviolability of this sanctuary would not be respected, he took poison, which he carried about on his person. He then dragged himself outside the sacred inclosure, so that it might not be polluted by a death within its walls. He thus died at the age of sixty-two.

There are extant sixty orations attributed to Demosthenes; though the authenticity of several of them has been questioned from very early times. The greatest of these is that *Upon the Crown,* delivered in his fiftieth year. This oration has been translated into English by many persons — among whom are Leland, Kennedy, Collier, Brandt, and Brougham. Our extracts are taken from the translation of Brougham — himself, like Demosthenes, famous as a lawyer, a statesman, and an orator.

EXORDIUM TO THE ORATION OF THE CROWN.

Let me begin, men of Athens, by imploring of all the heavenly powers that the same kindly sentiments which I have throughout my public life cherished toward this country and each of you, may now be shown toward me in the present contest. Next, I beseech them, to grant, what so nearly concerns yourselves, your religion, and your reputation, that you may not take counsel of my adversary touching the course to be pursued in hearing my defence—that would indeed be hard! — but that you may regard the laws and your oath, which, among so many other just rules, lay down this — that both sides shall be equally heard. Nor does this merely import that no one shall be prejudiced, or that equal favor shall

be extended to both parties; it also implies that each antagonist shall have free scope in pursuing whatever method and line of procedure he may be pleased to prefer.

Upon the present occasion, Athenians, as in many things, so especially in two of great moment, Æschines has the advantage of me. One is, that we have not the same interests at stake; it is by no means that same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for him to fail in his impeachment. That to me indeed — but I would fain not to take so gloomy a view in the outset. Yet he certainly brings his charge, an unprovoked volunteer. My other disadvantage is, that all men are naturally prone to take pleasure in listening to invective and accusation, and to be disgusted with those who praise themselves. To him, therefore, falls the part which ministers to your gratification, while to myself is only left that which, I may say, is distasteful to all. And yet, if from such apprehensions I were to avoid the subject of my own conduct, I should appear to be without defence against his charges, and without proof that my honors were well earned; although I cannot go over the ground of my councils and my measures without speaking oftentimes of myself. This, therefore, I shall endeavor to do with all moderation; while the blame of my dwelling on topics indispensable to my defence must justly rest upon him who has instituted an impeachment of such a kind. But at least I think I may reckon upon all of you, my judges, admitting that the question concerns me as much as Ctesiphon, and justifies on my part an equal anxiety; for to be stripped of any possession, and more especially by an enemy, is grievous and hard to bear, but worst of all thus to lose your confidence and esteem — of all my possessions the most precious.

PERSONAL AND PUBLIC CHARACTER.

To all the invectives of Æschines, then, and the calumnies cast upon my private life, hear my honest and plain reply. If you know me to be such as he has described — and I have never lived anywhere but among you — then let me not be suffered to utter one word, be

the merits of my administration ever so perfect, but rise up this instant and condemn me. If, on the contrary, you know and believe that I am far better than him, and sprung from better men; that I and mine are in no way inferior to any others of moderate pretensions (I would speak without offence) — then give him no credit for his other statements, which are all manifestly fictions of the same mould, but continue to me henceforth the same confidence which you have. But you, Æschines, with all your crafty malice, have been simple enough to believe, in good sooth, that I should turn away from the subject of my conduct and policy in order to deal with your calumnies. I shall do no such thing; I shall proceed instantly to the most sifting discussion of those measures which you have been distorting and running down; and afterward I shall advert to the ribaldry you have so shamefully poured forth, if indeed there be any wish to hear that exposed.

WHAT ÆSCHINES SHOULD HAVE DONE.

The crimes laid to my charge are many and grave; they are such as the laws visit with heavy, nay with the severest punishment. . . . If Æschines saw me acting injuriously toward the State, especially if I were doing the things he has been declaiming and ranting about, it was his duty to enforce the penal laws against me while facts were recent; if he saw me committing an impeachable offence, he ought to have impeached me, and thus dragged me before you to justice; if he saw me illegally propounding, he should have proceeded against me for Illegal Proposition; for never can he with any justice assail Ctesiphon through me; and yet it is plain that, had he any hope of convicting me, he never would have accused Ctesiphon. But if he saw me doing any of those other things which he is now attacking and running down, or saw me in any way whatever injuring your interests, there are statutes for all such cases, and penalties, and sentences condemning to heavy and bitter punishments. All these he might have enforced against me; and had he done so, and pursued his course

against me, then, indeed, his charges would be consistent with his conduct. But now, departing from the straightforward and the just path, and shunning all accusation at the time, he trumps up, after so long an interval, his collected complaints, and invectives, and scurrilities. Then he accuses *me,* but he prosecutes *him;* he envelops his whole proceedings with the fiercest hatred of me, and, without even meeting me fairly, endeavors to rob another of his good name. . . . It is easy, then, to see that all the charges against me are as little founded in justice and in truth as those. Nevertheless I am desirous of examining them, each and all, especially his falsehoods touching the Peace and the Embassy, respecting which he has transferred to me his own delinquencies and those of his associate, Philocrates. . . .

THE PEACE WITH PHILIP.

After the Phocian war broke out, not through me, for I had not then entered into public life, you were at first inclined to save the Phocians, although well aware of their misconduct, and to rejoice at the loss of the Thebans, with whom you were offended, and not unreasonably or unjustly, for they had not borne their good fortune at Leuctra with moderation. Then the whole Peloponnesus was rent in divisions, and neither the enemies of the Spartans were powerful enough to overthrow them, nor were those who, through Spartan influence, had been formerly placed at the head of the peninsular cities, any longer in possession of them; but there prevailed among them and the other Greek states, an unexplained strife and perturbation. Philip perceiving this — for it was not difficult to see — lavished his bribes among the traitors everywhere, and put all the states in collision and conflict with one another; then, as they all fell into a mistaken or a profligate policy, he took advantage of it, and grew in strength at their expense. But when it became evident that the Thebans, worn out with the length of the war, after all their insolence, must be under the necessity, in their present reverses, of flying to you for refuge, Philip, to prevent this, and obstruct the

union of those states, proffered peace to you, succor to them. What, then, enabled him thus to overreach you, who were, I might almost say, wilfully deceiving yourselves? It must be admitted that the other Greek states, either from cowardice or infatuation, or both, would give no assistance, either in money or in men, or in any other way, to you, who were carrying on a long and uninterrupted war for the common benefit of all, as the facts plainly show; and you, not unfairly or unnaturally angry at this, lent a willing ear to Philip's offers. The peace, then, which you granted to him was the consequence of these circumstances, and not of my efforts, as Æschines has falsely alleged. . . .

THE OFFICIAL CONDUCT OF DEMOSTHENES.

Those possessions which Philip seized and kept before I entered into public life, before I began to debate, I say nothing of; for I do not consider them as concerning me at all. But those which, ever since I came forward, he has been prevented from seizing upon, of them I shall remind you, and shall render my account by a single observation. A prospect of great advantage opened to Philip. In the Greek states, not one or two, but all, there shot up a crop of traitors, mercenary and abandoned, men hateful to the gods, such as no one's memory served him to recollect at any former period of time. Engaging these supporters and fellow-laborers, Philip seduced the Greeks, already ill-disposed and seditiously inclined, to a worse disposition, deceiving some, bribing others, corrupting the rest in every way; and split into many factions those who ought to have had all one only common interest — that of preventing his aggrandizement. But in this state of things, and in the prevailing ignorance of all the Greeks as to the mischief which really existed and was growing apace, your duty, Athenians, is to examine what course it was expedient for the country to choose and pursue, while you call me to account for what was done; for the man who then assumed the conduct of affairs — that man am I. . . .

I would now ask whosoever most blames our policy,

what part he would rather the country had taken: that of those who have contributed so largely to the disasters and disgraces which have befallen Greece — among whom may be reckoned the Thessalonians and their associates; or the part of those who suffered all that happened, in the hope of working their own individual aggrandizement — among whom may be classed the Arcadians, Argives, and Messenians? But many, or rather all of them have fared worse than ourselves; and, indeed had Philip, as soon as his object was attained, gone straightway home, and remained thenceforward at peace, offering no kind of injury either to his allies or to the other Greek states, still they who had done nothing to resist his aggressions would have been exposed to complaint and to blame. But if he stripped all alike of their dignity, their sovereignty, their freedom, nay, of their form of government, whenever he had the power, did you not follow the most glorious of all counsels when you listened to me?

I come back to this point: What ought the country to have done, Æschines, when it saw Philip preparing to assume the dominion and government of all Greece? Or what was I to urge or to propound in the Councils of Athens? — (for the very place is material) — I who knew that from all the time up to the very day when I first mounted the rostrum, my country had ever struggled for supremacy, and honor, and glory, and had lavished more blood and more treasure for her own renown and the interests of all Greece, than any other state had ever risked for its individual benefit; I, who saw that very Philip, with whom our conflict for command and sovereignty was maintained, have his eye torn out, his collar-bone fractured, his hand and his leg mutilated, abandoning to Fortune whatever part of his body she chose to take, so that the rest might survive to honor and glory?

Yet even then no one would have dared to say that in a man bred at an obscure and paltry town like Pella, such magnanimity could be engendered as to make him entertain the desire of subjugating Greece, or form in his mind such a plan, while in you, who are in Athens,

and day by day contemplate the achievements of your ancestors in speeches and spectacles, such poorness of spirit could be bred, that willingly and of your own accord you should surrender to him the liberties of Greece. That is what no one would have dared to say. It remains then to confess, as a necessary consequence, that whatever he attempted of injury to you, you might justly resist. This, therefore, you did from the first, naturally and properly. This I advised and propounded all the time I was in public life. I admit it. But what ought I to have done? That I earnestly demand of you.

He who seizes on Eubœa, and rears a fortress over against Attica, and lays his hands on Megara, and occupies Oreum, and destroys Porthmus, and establishes Philistides as tyrant of Oreum, and Clitarchus of Eretria, and takes possession of the Hellespont, and besieges Byzantium, and razes to the ground some of the Greek cities, while he sends back their exiles to others — is he, I demand, who does all this a wrong-doer, a breaker of treaties, a disturber of the peace, or is he not? For if not, and if Greece must be what we proverbially call a "Mysian prey," while the Athenians yet had life and being, assuredly I was undertaking a bootless task in making these statements, and the country was doing a bootless thing in listening to my counsels — and then let all the faults committed, and all the errors be mine! But if some one was required to oppose Philip, who, save the people of Athens, could be found fit for the task? Such, then, was my course of policy; and seeing that he threatened the freedom of all mankind, I opposed him, and persevered in foretelling and in forewarning you against yielding to him. And he it was, Æschines, who broke the peace by the capture of our ships — not this country. Produce the Decrees and his letter, and read the documents in their order. For by attending to them, it will appear clearly to whom each event must be ascribed.

INVECTIVE AGAINST ÆSCHINES

Having, then, made it clear to all what is the righteous and just vote to give, it seems incumbent upon me, however little given to invective my nature may be, in consequence of the slanders which Æschines has vented — not indeed like him to bring forward a multitude of falsehoods — but to state what is most necessary to be known respecting him, and to show what he is, and from what sort of race sprung, who is so prone to evil speaking, and who carps at some of my expressions, after himself saying such things as no decent person would have dared to utter. For if Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, or Minos, were my accuser instead of this wordmonger, this hack of the courts, this pestilent scribe, I don't much think they would have spoken, nor should we have heard them delivering themselves like ranting stage-players — "O Earth! O Sun! O Virtue!" and so forth; and then invoking, "Intellect and Education, whereby Right and Wrong are distinguished," as we just now heard him declaiming. Why, what had ever you or yours — you abomination — to do with Virtue, or what discrimination of Right and Wrong? Whence did you get it? or how attain to anything so respectable? How should you be permitted to name the name of Education, which they who are really well-educated never allude to — nay, blush if another so much as mentions it? But those who, like you, are without it, make pretence to it, from sheer went of sense, till they sicken their hearers while they speak, without at all making their own education appear. . . .

The matter stands thus: I am in possession of many proofs that he was in those times employed in serving the enemy and calumniating me. . . . All the other things which he clandestinely did, the country might possibly have been able to bear. But one thing, men of Athens, he worked out besides, which gave the finishing stroke to all the rest — one on which he bestowed a great part of his speech, dwelling upon the decrees of the Locrian Amphissians, to pervert the whole truth.

But it will not do. How should it? Quite the reverse. Never will you be able to expiate that passage of your life, speak you ever so long!

But here in your presence, Athenians, I invoke all the heavenly powers which have the Attic regions under their protection; and the Pythian Apollo — the hereditary deity of this state, I supplicate them all, if I now am speaking the truth before you — if I constantly spoke out before the people when I perceived this infamous man attempting the wicked act (for I was aware of it — I was quickly aware of it) then that they would vouchsafe me their favor and protection. But if, through personal enmity, or mere contentiousness of spirit, I falsely press this charge, may they bereave me of every blessing. . . .

If to you alone of all others, Æschines, the future had been revealed at the time of our public deliberations on these matters, you were bound to disclose it. If you did not foresee it, you were responsible for being as ignorant as the rest of us. How dare you then accuse me on this score than I am to accuse you? So much better a citizen was I then than you, in the circumstances of which I am speaking, that I devoted myself to what all men deemed to best interests of the State, shrinking from no personal danger — nor so much as throwing away a thought upon it — while you gave no better advice — (if you had, mine would not have been followed) — nor did you lend your aid in executing mine; but whatever the meanest and most disaffected person could do, that you are found throughout these transactions to have done. . . . You prove this by all the life you lead, and all the things you do, and all the measures you propound, and all the measures you do not propound. Is there anything in agitation for the interests of the country: Æschines is mute. Does anything go wrong: forth comes Æschines; as old fractures and sprains annoy us afresh, the moment the body is stricken by disease.

DEMOSTHENES AND THE PEOPLE.

Æschines — impeaching my whole conduct, and bidding you hold me cheap, as the cause of the country's alarms and perils, would fain strip me of the credit of this moment, and thus deprive you of the glory ever after. For if you condemn Ctesiphon on account of my policy having been wrong, you will be proved to have yourselves done wrong, instead of merely suffering under the dispensations of fortune. But it is not true. It is not true that you have done wrong, men of Athens, in fighting the battle of all Greece for her freedom and salvation. No! By your forefathers, who for that cause rushed upon destruction at Marathon, and by those who stood in battle array at Platæa, and those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis, and by the warriors of Artemisium, and by all the others who now repose in the sepulchres of the nation — gallant men, and to all of whom, Æschines, the State decreed a public funeral, deeming that they too had earned such honors — not those only who had combated fortunately, and had come off victorious; and with strict justice — for the duty of the brave had been done by all — but what fortune Providence bestows on each, that they had shared. And such — execrable pedagogue — such being the case — is it that you would fain strip me of the respect and love of those very countrymen, and for this purpose dwell upon the trophies and battles, and the great deeds of old, with what title of which has this trial the least connection? And when I came forward — thou third-rate actor — to counsel the State touching her claim of sovereignty, with what sentiments did it become me to be inspired on mounting this bema? Should I have spoken things unworthy of these proud recollections? Then would I have deserved to die. For yourselves, Athenians, ought not to hear private and public causes in the same temper of mind; but as the daily transactions of life should be judged strictly, and according to the rules and practices of society, so should measures of State be considered with a view to the dignity of our ancestors; and each of you, in coming to decide upon

State prosecutions, should, together with the staff and badge of justice, take upon himself the impression of the country's greatness, if you feel that you should act up to those worthy recollections.

DEMOSTHENES NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR DEFEAT.

Nor yet, will you find that our very defeat befell the country in any wise through my policy. Consider only, Athenians: Never from any embassy upon which you sent me did I come off worsted by Philip's ambassadors: not from Thessaly, not from Ambracia, not from Illyria, not from the Thracian kings, not from the Byzantines, nor from any other quarter whatever; nor, finally, of late, from Thebes. But wheresoever his negotiators were overcome in debate, thither he marched, and carried the day by his arms. Do you, Æschines, require this of me, and are you not ashamed — at the moment you are upbraiding me for weakness, to require that I should defy him single-handed, and by force of words alone? For what other weapons had I? Certainly not the lives of men, nor the fortunes of warriors, nor the military operations of which you are so blundering as to demand an account at my hands.

But whatever a minister can be accountable for, make of that the strictest scrutiny, and I do not object. What, then, falls within this description? To decry events in their first beginnings, to cast his look forward, and to warn others of their approach: all this I have done. Then to confine within the narrowest bounds all delays and backwardness and ignorance and contentiousness — faults which are inherent and unavoidable in all states; and, on the other hand, to promote unanimity, and friendly dispositions, and zeal in the performance of public duty: — and all these things I likewise did; nor can any man point out any of them that, so far as depended on me, was left undone.

If, then, it should be asked by what means Philip for the most part succeeded in his operations, every one would answer, "By his army, by his largesses, by corrupting those at the head of affairs." Well, then,

I neither had armies, nor did I command them; and therefore the argument respecting military operations cannot touch me. Nay, in so far as I was inaccessible to his bribes, there I conquered Philip! For, as he who buys up any one overcomes him who has received the price and sold himself, as he who will not take the money, nor consent to be bribed, has conquered the bidder. Thus, as far as I am concerned, this country stands unconquered.

These, and such as these — besides many others — are the grounds which I furnish in justification of Ctesiphon's Decree in my favor.

SUMMATION OF DEMOSTHENES'S ADMINISTRATION.

This repair of the walls and the fosses which you revile, I deem to merit favor and commendation: wherefore should I not? Yet, I certainly place this far below my administration of public affairs. For I have not fortified Athens with stone walls and tiled roofs: no, not I! Neither is it on deeds like these that I plume myself. But would you justly estimate my outworks, you will find armaments, and cities, and settlements, and harbors, and fleets, and cavalry, and armies to defend us. These are the defences that I drew around Attica, as far as human prudence could defend her; and with such outworks as these I fortified the country at large — not the mere circuit of the arsenal and city.

Nor was it I that succumbed to Philip's policy and his arms: very far otherwise! but the captains and forces of your allies yielded to his fortune. What are the proofs of it? They are manifest and plain, and you shall see them. For what was the part of a patriotic citizen? What the part of him who would serve his country with all earnestness, and zeal, and honesty of purpose? Was it not to cover Attica — on the seaboard with Eubœa, inland with Bœotia, on the Peloponnesus with the adjoining territories? Was it not to provide for making corn-trade secure, that every coast our ships sailed along, till they reached the Piræus, might be friendly to us? Was it not to save some points of our dominion — such as Preconnesus, the Chersonese. Tenedos — by dispatching suc-

cors, and making the necessary statements, and proposing the fit decrees? Was it not to secure from the first the co-operation and alliance of other states? Was it not to wrest from the enemy his principal forces? Was it not to supply what this country most wanted? Then all these things were effected by my decrees and my measures. All these things, Athenians — if any one chooses to examine the matter without prejudice — he will find both correctly advised by me, and executed with perfect integrity: and that no opportunity was lost by me, through carelessness, or through ignorance, or through treachery; nor anything neglected which it could fall within the power and the wisdom of one man to do.

But if the favor of some deity, or of fortune, or the remissness of commanders, or the wickedness of traitors — like you, Æschines — in different states, or if all these causes together, have embarrassed our whole affairs, and brought them to ruin — wherein has Demosthenes been to blame? But if there had been found in any Greek state one man such as I have been in my sphere among you — rather — if Thessaly had only possessed a single man, and if Arcadia had possessed any one of the same principles with me — none of all the Greeks, whether within Thermopylæ or without, would have been suffering their present miseries; but all remaining free and independent, and secure from alarm, would in perfect tranquillity and prosperity have dwelt in their native land, rendering thanks to you and the rest of the Athenian people for so many and such signal blessings conferred on them through me.

PERORATION OF THE ORATION ON THE CROWN.

Two qualities, men of Athens, every citizen of ordinary worth ought to possess: He should both maintain in office the purpose of a firm mind and the course suited to his country's pre-eminence; and on all occasions, and in all his actions, the spirit of patriotism. This belongs to our nature; victory and might are under the dominion of another power.

These dispositions you will find to have been abso-

lutely inherent in me. For observe: neither when my head was demanded, nor when they dragged me before the Amphictyons, nor when they threatened, nor when they promised, nor when they let loose on me these wretches like wild beasts, did I ever abate in any particular my affection for you. This straightforward and honest path of policy, from the very first, I chose: the honor, the power, the glory of my country to promote — these to augment — in these to have my being. Never was I seen going about the streets elated and exulting when the enemy was victorious; stretching out my hand, and congratulating such as I thought would tell it elsewhere, but hearing with alarm any success of our own armies, moaning and bent to the earth, like those impious men who rail at this country, as if they could do so without also stigmatizing themselves; and who, turning their eyes abroad, and seeing the prosperity of the enemy in the calamities of Greece, rejoice in them, and maintain that we should labor to make them last forever.

Let not, O gracious God — let not such conduct receive any manner of sanction from thee! Rather plant even in these men a better spirit and better feelings! But if they are wholly incurable, then pursue them — yea, themselves by themselves — to utter and untimely perdition by land and by sea; and to us who are spared, vouchsafe to grant the speediest rescue from our impending alarms and an unshaken security.

DENHAM, Sir John, a British poet; born at Dublin in 1615; died at London in March, 1668. His father was Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. Denham was educated at Oxford, and intended to practice law, but his uncontrollable passion for gambling made him unsuccessful.

During the civil war he was actively engaged on the Royalist side. After the triumph of the Parliament, his estates were confiscated by the victorious party; but he recovered them upon the restoration of Charles II., by whom he was made a Knight of the Bath, and surveyor of the royal buildings. His place in literature rests mainly upon his descriptive poem *Cooper's Hill,* published in 1642, of which Dryden said, "For majesty of the style it is, and will ever be, the exact standard of good writing." Denham wrote a tragedy entitled *The Sophy,* which had a temporary success upon the stage, and *An Elegy on Mr. Abraham Cowley.* He commanded the admiration and esteem of all his contemporaries. Waller says: "He broke out like the Irish rebellion, three-score thousand strong, when nobody was aware of or in the least suspected it." Dr. Johnson says: "Denham is deservedly considered one of the fathers of English poetry." He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

DESCRIPTION OF THE THAMES.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames, among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,

Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tours
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

—*Cooper's Hill.*

ELEGY UPON COWLEY.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires:
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets, near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower

That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace his wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language — though to none
Of th' others — as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's heights by him are reached;
When on that gale his wings are stretched;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to t'other seemed too much:
His severe judgment giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.

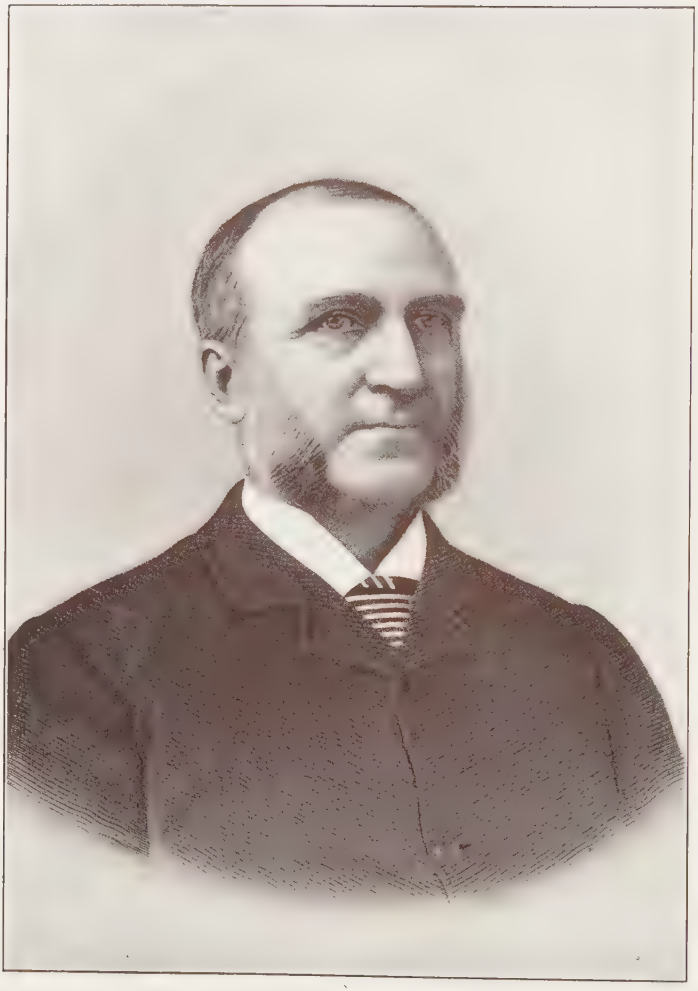
DENNIE, Joseph, an American journalist and critic; born at Boston, Mass., August 30, 1768; died at Philadelphia, Pa., January 7, 1812. He was graduated from Harvard in 1790; and studied law at Charlestown, N. H., where he was admitted to the bar. In 1795 he removed to Walpole, N. H., where he became editor of *The Farmer's Weekly Magazine,* which he conducted very ably for three years, when the publisher became bankrupt. In 1799 he went to Philadelphia, then the national capital, as private secretary to Mr. Pickering, the Secretary of State. On January 1, 1801, he commenced, in conjunction with Asbury Dickens, *The Portfolio,* a weekly journal, which was soon changed to a monthly. He was connected until his death with *The Portfolio,* which contained contributions from John Quincy Adams, Francis Hopkinson, Robert Walsh, Horace Binney, Charles Brockden Brown, and other prominent men. His best writings, published under the title of *The Lay Preacher* (1796), originally appeared in *The Farmer's Weekly Magazine.*

THE PLEASURES OF BOOKS.

Whenever I reflect upon my habitual attachment to books, I feel a new glow of gratitude toward that Power who gave me a mind thus disposed, and to those liberal friends who have allowed the utmost latitude of indulgence to my propensity. In sickness, in sorrow, in the most doleful days of dejection, or in the most gloomy seasons of the calendar, study is the sweetest solace and the surest refuge. . . . The utility and delight of a taste for books are as demonstrable as any axiom of the severest science. The most prosperous fortune is often

harassed by various vexations. The sturdiest son of strength is sometimes the victim of disease. Melancholy will sometimes involve the merriest in her shade, and the fairest month in the year will have its cloudy days. In those dreary seasons from which no man may hope to escape, sensual delights will fill scarcely a nook in the gloomy void of the troubled time. Brief as the lightning in the darksome night, this pleasure may flash before the giddy eyes, but then merely for a moment, and the twinkling radiance is still surrounded with the merriest glow. Eating, drinking, and sleeping; the song and the dance, the tabret and viol, the hurry of dissipation, the agitation of play — these resources, however husbanded, are inadequate to the claims of life.

On the other hand, the studious and contemplative man has always a scheme of wisdom by which he can either endure or forget the sorrows of the heaviest day. Though he may be cursed with care, yet he is surely blessed while he readeth. Study is the *dulce lenimen laborum* of the Sabine bard. It is sorrow's sweet assuager. By the aid of a book he can transport himself to the vale of Tempé or the gardens of Armida. He may visit Pliny at his villa, or Pope at Twickenham. He may meet Plato on the banks of Ilissus, or Petrarch among the groves of Avignon. He may make philosophical experiments with Bacon, or enjoy the eloquence of Bolingbroke. He may speculate with Addison, moralize with Johnson, read tragedies and comedies with Shakespeare, and be raptured by the eloquence of Burke. . . . A book produces a delightful abstraction from the cares and sorrows of this world. They may press upon us, but when we are engrossed by study we do not very acutely feel them. Nay, by the magic illusion of a fascinating author, we are transported from the couch of anguish, or the gripe of indigence, to Milton's Paradise, or the Elysium of Virgil. — *The Lay Preacher.*



CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.

DEPEW, Chauncey Mitchell, an American statesman and orator; born at Peekskill, N. Y., April 23, 1834. He was graduated from Yale in 1856, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He was a member of the New York Assembly in 1861-62, and its speaker during part of his term; was elected Secretary of State of New York in 1863, serving from 1864 to 1866. His service as legal counsel for railways began in connection with the New York & Harlem Railroad Company in 1866; and at the consolidation of that company with the New York Central Railroad Company in 1869, he became the general counsel of the united companies; was made second vice-president in 1882, and president in 1885. In 1897 he was president of the West Shore Railroad, and a director in thirty-four companies, and held voting proxies representing $70,000,000. He received three-fourths of the Republican vote in the New York legislature for United States Senator in 1877, but withdrew in favor of Warner Miller; declined the nomination for United States Senator in 1892; and declined appointment as Secretary of State to succeed James G. Blaine. In the Republican National Convention in 1888, he received one hundred votes as candidate for nomination to the presidency. In the convention of 1892 he was the leader of those who favored President Harrison's renomination. He served as president of the Union League Club of New York, and of the Yale Alumni Association. His unfailing geniality and sincerity of spirit, with his flashing wit and his brilliant and forcible diction, placed him in the front rank of popular post-prandial speakers of the United

States. A collection of his more notable orations was published, in 1890; and his later speeches in 1894. His literary reputation rests upon *One Hundred Years of American Commerce,* 1895.

THE POLITICAL MISSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

The subject assigned to me falls more naturally into the domain of the philosophical theorist, or of the practical politician, than of the active man of affairs. We are all men of business, and absorbed in its details, and neither our time nor our associations admit of prolonged speculations upon the possibilities of government. We are an industrial people, and the great question with us is, How do institutions best serve our needs? We are not so wholly materialistic that we cannot deeply feel the sentiments of liberty and nationality, and yet both form the broad foundation upon which we must build for permanence. No intelligent consideration of the question affecting our present and future is possible without an understanding of the successive stages in the development of our system.

The political mission of the United States has so far been brought out by individuals and territorial conditions. Four men of unequalled genius have dominated our century, and the growth of the West has revolutionized the Republic. The principles which have heretofore controlled the policy of the country have mainly owed their force and acceptance to Hamilton, Jefferson, Webster, and Lincoln.

The two great creative contests of America were purely defensive. They were neither the struggles of dynastic ambitions nor of democratic revenges. They were calm and determined efforts for good government, and closed without rancor or the husbanding of resources for retaliation. The Revolution was a war for the preservation of well-defined constitutional liberties, but dependent upon them were the industrial freedom necessary for the de-

velopment of the country, the promotion of manufactures, and independence of foreign producers.

The first question which met the young confederacy, torn by the jealousies of its stronger and weaker colonies, was the necessity of a central power strong enough to deal with foreign nations and to protect commerce between the States. At this period Alexander Hamilton became the saviour of the Republic. If Shakespeare is the commanding originating genius of England, and Goethe of Germany, Hamilton must occupy that place among Americans. At seventeen he had formulated the principles of government by the people so clearly, that no succeeding publicist has improved them. Before he was twenty-five he had made suggestions to the hopeless financiers of the Revolution which revived credit and carried through the war. With few precedents to guide him, he created a fiscal system for the United States which was so elastic and comprehensive that it still controls the vast operations of the treasury and the customs. Though but a few years at the bar after his retirement from public life, his briefs are embodied in Constitution and statutes, and to his masterly address the press owes its freedom.

This superb intelligence, which was at once philosophic and practical, and with unrivalled lucidity could instruct the dullest mind on the bearing of the action of the present on the destiny of the future, so impressed upon his contemporaries the necessity of a central government with large powers, that the Constitution, now one hundred and one years old, was adopted, and the United States began their life as a nation.

At this period, in every part of the world, the doctrine that the Government is the source of power, and that the people have only such rights as the Government had given, was practically unquestioned, and the young Republic began its existence with the new and dynamic principle that the people are the sole source of authority, and that the Government has such powers as they grant to it, and no others.

Doubt and debate are the compound safety valves of freedom, and Thomas Jefferson created both. He feared

the loss of popular rights in centralization, and believed that the reserved powers of the States were the only guarantee of the liberties of the people. He stands supreme in our history as a political leader, and left no successor. He destroyed the party of Washington, Hamilton, and Adams, and built up an organization which was dominant in the country for half a century. The one question thus raised and overshadowing all others for a hundred years, half satisfied by compromises, half suppressed by threats, at times checking prosperity, at times paralyzing progress, at times producing panics, at times preventing the solution of fiscal and industrial problems vital to our expansion, was, Are we a Nation?

For nearly fifty years the prevailing sentiment favored the idea that the federal compact was a contract between sovereign States. Had the forces of disunion been ready for the arbitrament of arms, the results would have been fatal to the Union. That ablest observer of the American experiment, De Tocqueville, was so impressed by this that he based upon it an absolute prediction of the destruction of the Republic. But, at the critical period, when the popularity, courage, and audacity of General Jackson were almost the sole hope of nationality, Webster delivered in the Senate a speech unequalled in the annals of eloquence for its immediate effects and lasting results. The appeals of Demosthenes to the Athenian democracy, the denunciation of Cicero against the conspiracies of Catiline, the passionate outcry of Mirabeau pending the French Revolution, the warnings of Chatham in the British Parliament, the fervor of Patrick Henry for Independence, were of temporary interest, and yielded feeble results, compared with the tremendous consequences of this mighty utterance.

It broke the spell of supreme loyalty to the State and created an unquenchable and resistless patriotism for the United States. It appeared in the school books, and, by declaiming glowing extracts therefrom, the juvenile orators of that and succeeding generations won prizes at academic exhibitions and in mimic congresses.

Children educated parents, and the pride of the fathers

and the kindled imaginations of the sons united them in a noble ideal of the great Republic. No subsequent patriotic oration met the requirements of any public occasion, great or small, which did not breathe the sentiment of "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." As the coldest clod, when first inspired by the grand passion of his life, becomes a chivalric knight, so, when at last the Union was assailed by arms, love of country burst the bonds of materialism and sacrificed everything for the preservation of the Nation's life. From the unassailable conviction of the power of the General Government to protect itself, to coerce a State, to enforce its laws everywhere, and to use all the resources of the people to put down rebellion, came not only patriotism, but public conscience. With conscience was the courage, so rare in commercial communities, which will peril business and apparent prosperity for an idea. This defeated the slave power, and is to-day the most potent factor in every reform.

The field for the growth and development of this sentiment, and for its practical application without fear of consequences, was the great West. Virginia's gift to the Union of the Northwest Territory, which now constitutes five great States, and its prompt dedication to freedom, and Jefferson's purchase from the first Napoleon of the vast area now known as Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and the Indian Territory, were the two acts of generosity and consummate statesmanship which definitely outlined the destiny of the Republic and its political mission.

In the genesis of nations there is no parallel with the growth of the West and its influence upon the world. The processes of its settlement reduce to comparative insignificance the romances and realities of the State-builders of the past. Movements of peoples which at other periods have been devastating migrations, or due to the delirium of speculations, are here the wise founding and sober development of prosperous communities.

The fabled Argo, sailing for the Golden Fleece, neither

bore nor found the wealth carried and discovered by the emigrants' wagons on the prairies. The original conditions surrounding our hardy and adventurous pioneers; the riches in poverty, where hope inspired the efforts, and the self-denial to clear, or develop, or improve, or stock the farm, which was to be at once the family home and estate; the church and the school-house growing simultaneously with the settlements; citizenship of the great Republic, which could only come through the admission of the Territory as a State into the grand confederacy of commonwealths, and only be lost by the dissolution of the Union; citizenship which meant not only political dignity and independence, but incalculable commercial and business advantages and opportunities — these were the elements which made the West, and these were the educators of the dominant power in the nation for the present and the future. Thus the West, the child of the Union, met the slave-power with determined resistance, and its threats with a defiant assertion of the inherent powers of the Nation, and with the pledge of its young and heroic life for their enforcement. This double sentiment found its oracle and representative in Abraham Lincoln. He consolidated the Northwest by declaring that the Mississippi should flow unvexed to the sea. In the great debate with Douglas, his challenge rang through the whole land, a summons to battle. "A house divided against itself," he said, "cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved — I do not expect the house to fall — but I do expect it will cease to be divided." To enforce that expectation he called a million of men to arms, he emancipated four millions of slaves by presidential proclamation, and when the victory was won for liberty and unity, this most majestic figure of our time, clothed with the unlimited powers of a triumphant Government, stood between the passions of the strife, and commanded peace and forgiveness. When he fell by the hand of the assassin the hundred years' struggle of national existence was ended. He throttled sectionalism and buried it. The Republic for

which half a million men had died, and a million had been wounded, was so firmly bedded in the hearts, the minds, and the blood of its people, that the question of dissolution will never more form part of the schemes of its politicians or require the wisdom of its statesmen and the patriotism of its people.

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, an English essayist; born at Manchester, August 15, 1785; died at Edinburgh, December 8, 1859. Among the adventurers who came over with William the Conqueror was one who hailed from the village of Quincé, in Normandy, and was styled Richard de Quincé. The family flourished in England, and in the thirteenth century there were several of them who were Earls of Winchester. In the course of time the family declined from the rank of the nobility, dropped the *de* from their names, which they wrote indifferently Quincie, Quincy, and Quincey. The subject of this sketch appears to have been among the first who resumed the *de;* he, however, wrote his name Thomas de Quincey. His father, Thomas Quincey, published in 1775 a little book entitled *A Short Tour in the Middle Counties of England,* the substance of which had appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* the year before. He was then about twenty-three years of age. Five years later we find him a flourishing merchant of Manchester, trading with the Levant and some of the West India Islands, having an establishment at Manchester, and a little country house, known as "the Farm," not far off. He married a Miss Penson, a friend of Hannah Moore. His affairs prospered,

so that about 1791 he purchased a considerable piece of land, upon which he put up a villa called Greenhay, at the cost of about £6,000. Our Thomas de Quincey was the fifth child, and second son, of his father. Thomas Quincey died at the age of forty, when his son was about seven years old. For several years he was afflicted with a pulmonary affection which compelled him to reside at Lisbon or in some West India island, still conducting his business, and making only occasional visits to England, so that the son saw but little of his father until a few weeks before his death, when he came home to die with his kinsfolk. He left to his family well-invested property bringing in a clear income of £1,600 a year — equivalent to $20,000. Half of this was left absolutely to his wife; to each of his four sons was left £150 a year, to each of the two surviving daughters £100 a year.

Thomas de Quincey was of slight frame. When he had attained his full growth his height was barely five feet. He was sent to good schools, and at an early age manifested unusual talents, and attained high proficiency in all studies. Finally, at the age of fifteen, he was placed at the Grammar School in his native Manchester. Among the inducements for this was the fact that this school had several "exhibitions," which entitled the pupils who had attended for three years to be sent to Brasenose College, Oxford, with £50 a year guaranteed to them for seven years. With this £50, and his patrimonial inheritance of £150 a year, he could live at Oxford in a style befitting a gentleman. He, however, took a dislike to the Manchester School, and after a year and a half begged his mother and his guardians to remove him. To his mother he

wrote a long letter, setting forth his grounds of complaint and summing them all up as follows: "How could a person be happy, or even easy, in a situation which deprives him of *health,* of *society,* of *amusement,* of *liberty,* of *congeniality,* of *pursuits,* and which, to complete the precious picture, admits of no variety?" His petition being refused, he resolved to run away from school. To get the necessary money, he wrote to Lady Carberry, a friend of his mother, and with whom he was a special favorite, asking for £5; the lady, not suspecting his object, sent him £10. So one July morning in 1802 he slipped away from school, with a volume of Euripides in one pocket, and a book of English poems in another.

His intention was to go to the Lake region, where Wordsworth had his home, and some of whose poems he had read, and greatly admired. His mother was then residing near Chester, forty miles from Manchester; thither the lad went on foot. The good lady was, says De Quincey, "startled, much as she would have been upon the opening of the seventh seal in the Revelation." But it happened that her brother, who had made a fortune in India, and was now at home upon a three years' furlough, viewed the matter in a different light; and at his suggestion it was decided that if the boy wanted to ramble about for a while, he should have a guinea a week, with liberty to go where he chose.

From July to November he rambled from village to village in North Wales, living at good inns when he had money, and doing the best he could when he had none. Then an impulse seized him to go to London, without letting his friends know what had become of

him. This involved the giving up of his guinea a week; but he believed that in London he could find money-lenders who would advance him a couple of hundred pounds upon his very considerable expectations. In his *Confessions of an Opium-eater* he has told of his experiences in London — perhaps somewhat idealized. But it is certain that he suffered extreme privations, was often upon the verge of actual starvation, and walked the streets night after night because he had no lodging-place. Some accident made his whereabouts known to his family and he was brought home. His guardians looked askance at his escapade. They would send him to Oxford, if he wished; but he should have an allowance of only £100 a year. To Worcester College, Oxford, he accordingly went in the autumn of 1803.

De Quincey's residence at Oxford continued nominally for about six years, though much of the latter period was passed in London. He was known as a quiet, studious young man. For some reason or other he did not present himself for examination for his degree of B.A. During the latter part of this time, notwithstanding his small allowance, he was in possession of a good deal of money. Where it came from can only be conjectured; perhaps it may have come, in part at least, from his wealthy uncle, who certainly purchased an estate for De Quincey's mother, at a cost of £12,000; and from some circumstances it has been not improbably thought that he had transactions with money-lenders, converting the whole futurity of his inheritance into present cash. He had become acquainted with Coleridge, and learning that he was in great pecuniary distress, De Quincey went to the good

Joseph Cottle of Bristol, and asked him to forward £500 to Coleridge, as coming from "a young man of fortune who admired his talents," and wanted to make him a present. Cottle induced him to reduce the sum to £300, which was sent to Coleridge. This was in the autumn of 1807.

In the autumn of 1809 Wordsworth, for whom De Quincey's admiration had been constantly increasing, removed from the little cottage at Grasmere to a larger one a mile distant. De Quincey, now in his twenty-fourth year, leased this cottage, which became his nominal home for the ensuing twenty-seven years. He kept up a bachelor's establishment for seven years, when he married Margaret Simpson, the beautiful and excellent daughter of a small farmer living near by. In his *Autobiographic Sketches,* written late in life, he gives some pictures of his life at Grasmere. One of the sketches relates to the year 1812:

DE QUINCEY AT TWENTY-EIGHT.

And what am I doing among the mountains? Taking opium? Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysicians, or the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, etc. And how, and in what manner do I live? In short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period — viz., in 1812 — living in a cottage; and with a single female servant *(honi soit qui mal y pense),* who amongst my neighbors passes by the name of my "housekeeper." And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that indefinite body called *gentlemen.* Partly on the ground I have assigned, partly because, from having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune, I am so

classed by my neighbors; and, by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, etc., *Esquire*. . . .

Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since "the rainy Sunday," and "the stately Pantheon," and the "scientific druggist" of 1804? Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-taking? In short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader. In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth (though, in order to satisfy the theories of some medical men, I ought to be ill), I was never better in my life than in the year 1812; and I hope sincerely that the quantity of claret, port, or "London particular Madeira," which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken and design to take, for every term of eight years during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by all the opium I had taken (though in quantity such that I might well have bathed and swum in it) for the eight years between 1804 and 1812.—*Autobiographic Sketches.*

DE QUINCEY AT TWO-AND-THIRTY.

Let there be a cottage standing in a valley eighteen miles from any town; no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile in average width; the benefit of which provision is that all families resident within its circuit will comprise, as it were, one large household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house;" let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene) a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering around the windows, through all the months of Spring, Summer, and Autumn, beginning, in fact, with May roses and ending with jasmine. Let it, however,

not be Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn, but Winter in its sternest shape. . . .

But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained; but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the "drawing-room;" but being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed "the library;" for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books; and furthermore paint me a good fire, and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see me on such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers upon the tea-tray; and if you know how to paint such a thing, symbolically or otherwise, paint me an eternal teapot — eternal *a parte ante* and *a parte post;* for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for oneself, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's: — but no, dear M——! not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty, or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil.

Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself — a picture of the Opium-eater, with his "little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" lying

beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that;* you may paint it if you choose; but I apprise you that no "little" receptacle would, even in 1816, answer my purpose, who was at a distance from the "stately Pantheon" and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No, you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a sublunary wine-decanter as possible. In fact, one day, by a series of happily conceived experiments, I discovered that it was a decanter. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum; that and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood.— *Autobiographic Sketches.*

De Quincey began the use of opium in 1804, he being then in his nineteenth year. He had come up from Oxford to London. For a week or two he had suffered from neuralgia, and a friend advised him to take laudanum to allay the intense pain; so one rainy Sunday he entered a druggist's shop in Oxford Street, "near the stately Pantheon," purchased a vial of the drug, and carried it to his lodgings. The effect of the first dose was something magical; not only was the pain removed, but it acted upon him as an intellectual stimulant and exhilarant. From that day to his death — fifty-five years — there were probably few days in which he did not use opium in some form; at first habitually in moderate doses; only on Saturdays he was wont to shut himself up for what he calls an "opium debauch." This appears to have been his condition up to 1812. "It was then," he writes, "that I became a regular and confirmed (no longer an intermitting) opium-eater." From this time the quantity consumed grew larger and larger until it rose to 320 grains of solid opium, or 8,000 drops of laudanum

a day — that is, to about seven wine-glasses. Not long before his marriage, in 1816, he reduced the quantity by seven-eighths — taking for a year or more only 1,000 drops of laudanum instead of 8,000 a day. "That was," he say, "a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers) set, as it were, and insulated in the gloomy umbrage of opium." But the reformation was brief; during the following two years he not only resumed his former rate of consumption, but increased it to sometimes 12,000 drops a day.

He had long meditated a great philosophical work, to be entitled *De Emendatione Intellectus,* but the opium habit had rendered him incapable of any continuous use of his intellectual powers, and the idea was tacitly abandoned. At this time he happened to receive a copy of Ricardo's *Principles of Political Economy.* "The author," he said, "was the first man who shot light into what had hitherto been a dark chaos of materials." He wrote, or dictated to his wife gentle thoughts which grew out of his reading; and in time the manuscript for a book to be called *Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy* was completed all but a few pages. Arrangements had been made for printing it; but when a thing *must* be done, De Quincey found himself unable to do it; the arrangements were countermanded, and the work was left unfinished.

Early in 1819 De Quincey found himself in great pecuniary straits. This seems to have enabled him partially to shake off the fetters of opium, and to do something. He gladly accepted the offer of the editorship of the *Westmoreland Gazette,* a journal which had been set up by some gentlemen who called them-

selves "Friends of the Constitution," to oppose the "infamous levelling doctrines" of Mr. Brougham and the Whigs. The salary was to be three guineas a week; but as the paper was published at Kendal, some leagues from his home, De Quincey acceded to an arrangement by which two guineas a week was to be paid to a sub-editor, he himself receiving only one guinea. His career as editor was not a very successful one, and lasted only about a year. He had, however, made some kind of arrangement to write for *Blackwood* and *The Quarterly Review* — engagements which would bring him £180 a year; at least so he wrote to his wealthy uncle, who had returned to India, concluding with a request to be allowed to draw upon him for £500, "say £150 now, and the other £350 in six or eight months hence." It was his purpose, he added, to remove to London, and resume his training for the profession of the law. But his destiny was to shape itself quite otherwise.

The leading metropolitan magazine was then *The London Magazine,* which had a brilliant corps of contributors, among whom were Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Henry Francis Cary, and "Barry Cornwall." The booksellers, Taylor and Hessey, who were the publishers, were also the nominal editors; but for assistant editor there was a young man of twenty-three, named Thomas Hood. In this magazine for September, 1821, appeared an article of twenty pages, entitled *Confessions of an Opium-eater, being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar;* to which was appended an editorial note stating that "the remainder of this very interesting article will be given in the next number." The second part of the *Confes-*

sions appeared in October. These papers excited no little attention, and a continuation of them was strongly urged. This was promised by the author; but the matter was never furnished, and in September, 1822, the two parts of the *Confessions* were published in a small volume, with an apology from the publishers for the failure to supply the continuation. Among the most striking passages in the *Confessions* are those in which De Quincey describes his later dreams while under the influence of opium. Two of these may be taken as exemplars of many:

DREAMS OF THE ORIENT.

Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time, nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates.

It contributes much to these feelings that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the world most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast gives a further sublimity to

the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China — over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia — I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and by the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals.

All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horrors with which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feelings of tropical heat and vertical sunlights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, and reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Siva lay in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the Ibis and the Crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions amongst weeds and Nilotic mud. . . . Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of Eternity and Infinity.

Into these dreams only it was, with one or two exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But

here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles — especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life. The abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions, and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent *human* creatures.— *Opium-eater.*

DREAMS OF STRUGGLE.

Suddenly would come a dream of far different character — a tumultuous dream — commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep — music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like *that,* gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where — somehow, but I know not how — by some beings, but I knew not by whom — a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages — was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama,

with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams, where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power and yet not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had *not* the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrying to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives — I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms and features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, with heart-breaking parting; and then everlasting farewells; and with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells! And again, and yet again reverberated — everlasting farewells! — And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!" — *Opium-eater.*

Although the promised continuation of the *Confessions* was not written, De Quincey contributed papers on many subjects, all bearing the signature of "The English Opium-eater." His connection with the *London Magazine* lasted from his thirty-seventh to his forty-first year. During these four years he lived in humble lodgings in London, his family remaining at the cottage in Grasmere, where he visited them rarely, if ever. He intimates that the days of his opium-eating were past. But this must be taken in the quali-

fied sense that he used smaller quantities, upon the whole. To John Wilson he wrote in February, 1825:

DE QUINCEY AT FORTY.

At this time I am quite free from opium; but it has left the liver — the Achilles's heel of almost every human fabric — subject to affections which are tremendous for weight of wretchedness attached to them. To fence with these on the one hand, and with the other to maintain the war with the wretched business of hack-author, with all its horrible degradation, is more than I am able to bear. At this moment I have not a place to hide my head in. Something I meditate — I know not what. . . . With a good publisher, and leisure to premeditate what I write, I might yet liberate myself: after which, having paid everybody, I would sink into some dark corner, educate my children, and show my face no more.

It is certain that during this residence in London De Quincey was miserably poor. Near the close of that year, as we learn quite incidentally, he received a considerable remittance from his mother, so that he was able to return to his family at Grasmere. John Wilson, with whom De Quincey had formed a close friendship while both resided in the Lake region, was now the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine;* and through his interest De Quincey was formally engaged as a contributor to that publication. His first paper, upon *Lessing's Laocoon,* was printed in January, 1827; next month appeared the famous essay *On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts;* and this was followed in March by the paper on *The Toilette of a Hebrew Lady.* This connection with *Blackwood* naturally drew him to Edinburgh, where for the next three years he passed his

time much as he did at Grasmere. Finally it was decided by or rather *for* De Quincey, that his wife and children should come to him at Edinburgh. They accordingly left Grasmere in 1830, although De Quincey was nominally the tenant of the cottage there for several years longer. When the family was reunited at Edinburgh, he was forty-five years of age; his wife about thirty-two. During the next four years he was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood.* Then there was an unexplained interruption of his papers in that periodical. But the connection was resumed in 1837, when appeared a narrative article entitled *The Revolt of the Tartars;* followed in succeeding years by many others, among which is the essay on *The Essenes.*

De Quincey had begun to write for *Tait's Magazine,* in which for several years appeared some of his most notable papers, prominent among which is the series entitled *Sketches of Life and Manners from the Autobiography of an English Opium-eater.* During these years at Edinburgh, he developed those marked eccentricities in personal conduct of which his biographers have made so much. Domestic bereavements followed one after another. His youngest son died in 1833 at the age of five. Two years after, at the age of eighteen, died his eldest son, William, "my first-born child, the crown and glory of my life," wrote De Quincey long afterward. Two years later — that is, in 1837 — died his wife, to whom he had been married twenty-one years before.

De Quincey, at the age of fifty-six, was left a widower, with six children, Margaret, the eldest, being a girl yet in her teens. For a couple of years he lived in lodgings by himself, which he had taken so

that he might have a place for his books and where he could carry on his literary labors. Then Margaret and her younger brother Horace took household matters into their own hands. Not without the consent of their father — who in all practical affairs was as helpless as an infant — they took a pretty cottage at Lasswade, seven miles from Edinburgh. That, of course, required money; but this was not wanting. Where it came from we can only guess; certainly not from De Quincey's own scanty earnings as a magazinist; most likely from his mother and her wealthy brother, now far advanced in years. This Lasswade cottage, known yet as "De Quincey's Villa," was his nominal home during the twenty remaining years of his life, though much of it was spent in obscure lodgings at Edinburgh, where he did his work. He shifted these from time to time, as they became filled up with his accumulated books and papers. At one time, as we are told, he was paying rent for four or five such obscure lodging-places; but whenever he walked out to Lasswade, there was a cheerful home ready for his reception. In a letter to Mary Russell Mitford he gives a pleasant description of his daughters and of their life at Lasswade, after his sons, now grown up, had gone to follow their respective vocations: one with the army in China; another in India; the third, as a physician, to Brazil.

DE QUINCEY'S DAUGHTERS.

They live in the most absolute harmony I have ever witnessed. Such a sound as that of dissension in any shade or degree, I have not once heard issuing from their lips. And it gladdens me beyond measure that all day long I hear from their little drawing-room intermit-

ting sounds of gayety and laughter, the most natural and spontaneous. Three sisters more entirely loving to each other, and more unaffectedly drawing their daily pleasures from sources that will always continue to lie in their power, viz., books and music, I have not either known or heard of.

One of these sisters furnishes a picture of De Quincey when at home in the Lasswade cottage. One room was set apart for him, where he could work day and night to his heart's content. The evenings, or the intervals between his daily working time and his nightly working time or stroll, were spent in the drawing-room, with his children and any of his friends or theirs who happened to be present. Of this time his daughter says:

DE QUINCEY AT LASSWADE.

The newspaper was brought out, and he, telling in his own delightful way, rather than reading the news, would on questions from this one or that one of the party, often including young friends of his children, neighbors, or visitors from distant places, illuminate the subject with such a wealth of memories, of old stories, of past or present experiences, of humor, of suggestions, even of prophecy, as by its very wealth makes it impossible to give any taste of it. . . . He was not a reassuring man for nervous people to live with, as those nights were exceptions on which he did not set something on fire; the commonest incident being for some one to look up from a book or work to say casually, "Papa, your hair is on fire;" of which a calm "Is it, my love?" and a hand rubbing out the blaze was all the notice taken.

This idyllic way of life was brought to a close in the most natural way. In 1853 Margaret, the eldest daughter, was married to Robert Craig, the son of

a neighbor, and the young couple took up their residence in Ireland. Two years afterward, Florence, the second daughter, went out to India to become the wife of Colonel Baird Smith, a distinguished officer of Engineers, whose name appears often in the history of the Sepoy mutiny. Emily, the youngest daughter, was thereafter much away visiting her sister in Ireland or other friends. After this De Quincey lived mainly in his modest lodgings in Edinburgh, where he could best perform his literary work, which now assumed a new direction. The Boston house of Ticknor & Fields had already undertaken, with De Quincey's approbation and assistance, to bring out a collected edition of his Works, James T. Fields undertaking the labor of collecting the writings from the various periodicals in which they had from time to time appeared. This American edition, begun in 1851 and completed in 1855, is in twenty volumes. In 1853 Mr. Hogg, the Edinburgh publisher, arranged with De Quincey to prepare another edition of his Works. The two editions differ in this: The American edition comprises all the writings of De Quincey (with the exception of *Klosterheim,* a very poor novel, published in 1832, and never formally acknowledged by him) as they were originally written. The Edinburgh edition not only omits many of the writings entirely, but also in many cases several papers are fused into one. The Edinburgh edition, in fourteen volumes (to which two more were added after the death of De Quincey), bore the title, *Selections, Grave and Gay, from writings published and unpublished, by Thomas De Quincey.*

During the later years of his life De Quincey had carefully ascertained the least quantity of opium which

would render life endurable, and he limited himself to that quantity — a very considerable one indeed. Up to the autumn of 1859, when he had entered upon his seventy-fifth year, his mental power was unabated. He indeed meditated writing a *History of England* in twelve volumes, which he thought he could complete in four years. His physical health also was better than it had been at any period during the last half-century. But late in October he took to his bed. His youngest daughter, who was upon a visit to her sister in Ireland, was hastily summoned to his lodgings in Edinburgh, and found him too weak to bear removal to Lasswade. On the 4th of December, his daughter, Mrs. Craig, was summoned from Ireland. She arrived just in time to be recognized and welcomed by her dying father.

Though De Quincey's career was distinctively that of a man of letters, he entered upon it at a later period of his life than did any great English author, with the single exception of Cowper. The *Confessions of an Opium-eater,* his first, and perhaps his most notable work, was written at the age of thirty-six. That and all the rest of the twenty volumes of his collected Works, were written as magazine articles, and for the mere sake of earning his daily bread — and his daily opium. Except from necessity he would most likely never have written a page for publication. Yet from the reading of his works no one would imagine that any of them were written except because he had something which he must say to the world. For amplitude of learning, subtlety of thought, and magnificence of diction, he has few equals in all literature.

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